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DECEMBER 1983 \$3.95

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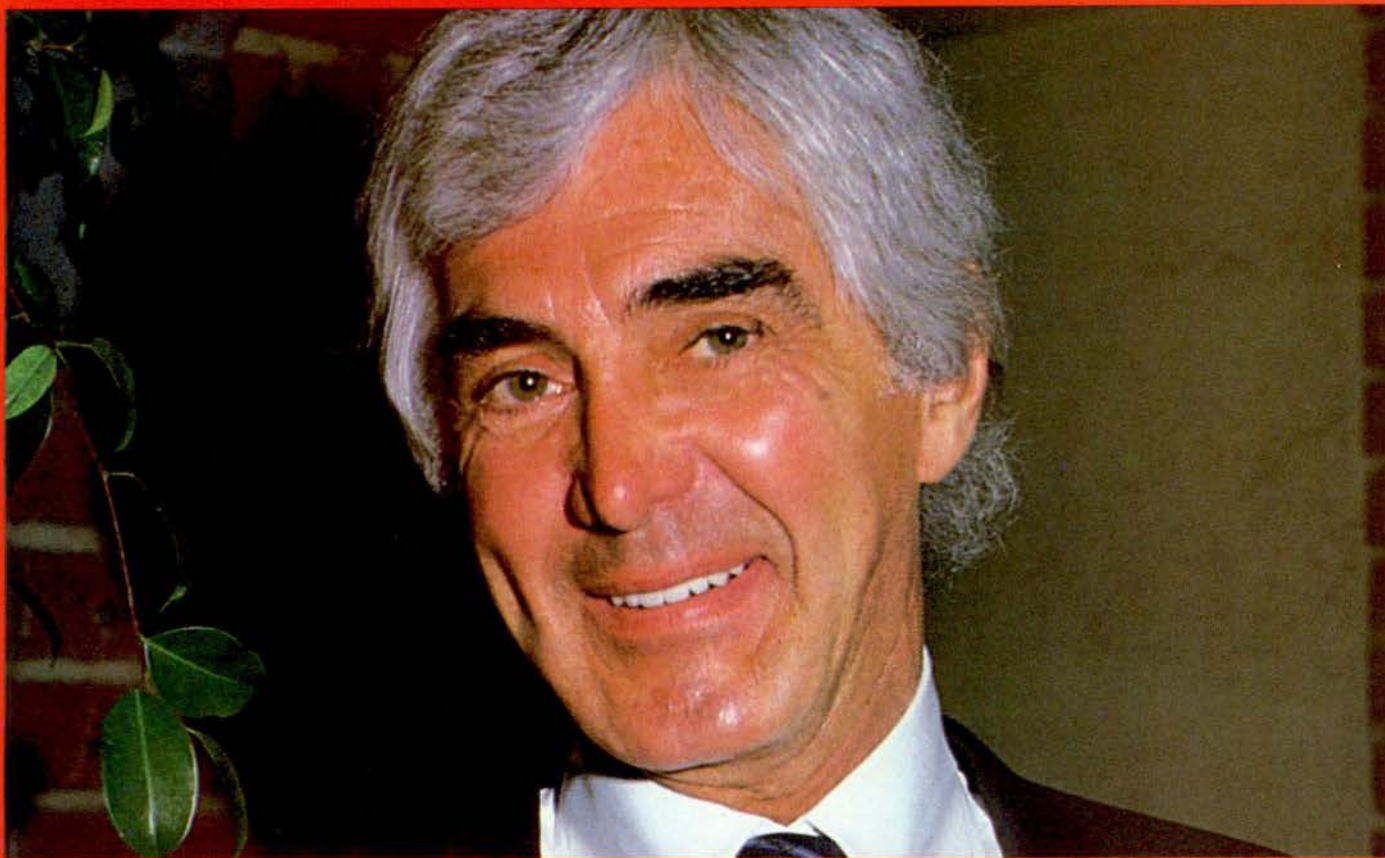


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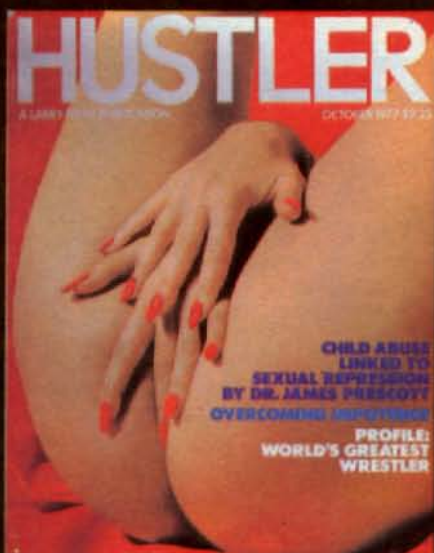
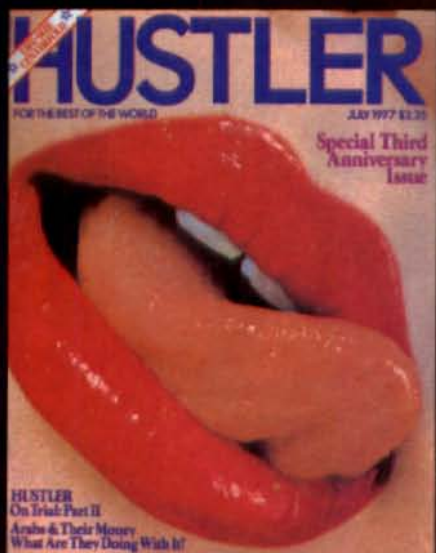
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The U.S. Edition of HUSTLER MAGAZINE (ISSN 0149-4635) is published monthly by HUSTLER MAGAZINE INC., 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, CA 90067-3034. Advertising inquiries: 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, CA 90067-3034. Copyright © 1983 by HUSTLER MAGAZINE INC. Return postage must accompany all manuscripts, drawings, photographs, etc., if they are to be returned, and no responsibility can be assumed for unsolicited materials. All rights to letters sent to HUSTLER will be treated as unconditionally assigned for publication and copyright purposes and as subject to HUSTLER's right to edit and to comment editorially. All rights reserved on entire contents; nothing may be reproduced in whole or in part without written permission from the publisher. Any similarity between persons and places in fiction in this magazine and any real persons and places is purely coincidental. All photographs posed by professional models except as otherwise noted. Neither said photographs, nor the words used to describe them, are meant to depict the models' actual conduct, statements or personalities.

## HUSTLER DECEMBER 1983 VOLUME 10 NUMBER 6

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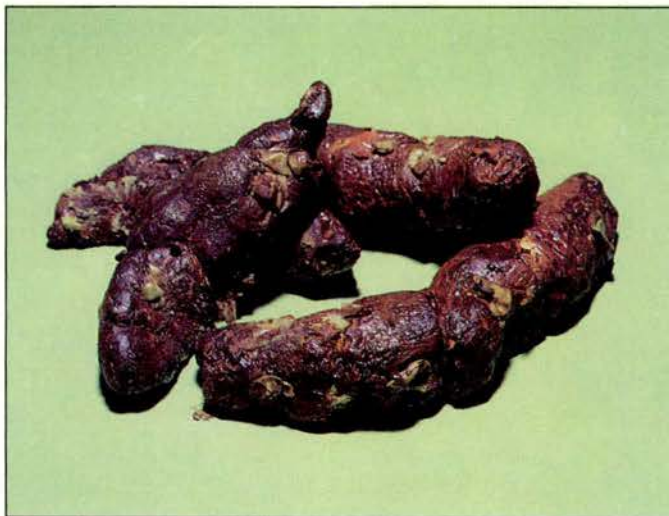


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# THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO LARRY



## Call Me Mr. Sleaze

**M**y critics—among them columnist George Will and evangelist Jerry Falwell—will deem it appropriate that I have replaced my photograph, which routinely appears on this page, with a pile of shit. But I am proud to have done so because I print good shit; as a matter of fact, it is the best shit to be found anywhere in the world. I also print the greatest sleaze porn in the world. I am as committed to my porn as the Pope is to his celibacy. So when they call me a smut peddler, I demand they preface the name with *Mr.*, for I have earned the title.

I make millions of dollars by printing shit jokes and beaver-shots of pussies and taking cheap-shots at politicians—and the eager audience for all three grows constantly. But there is a method to my madness. It costs someone only \$3.95 a month for HUSTLER, an amount that hardly bites into a welfare check. So for under four bucks, HUSTLER bombs the mind of the common man.

Although the ruling class has had its leather-bound editions of pornography since the Victorian era, there is a false myth in America that fucking must be respectable—between the sheets, in matrimony and in the dark with the lights out. Not even the family hound is supposed to hear the panting or smell the jism. Any mention of sex in print has to be staid, statistical and—at most—suggestive.

Before HUSTLER, porn magazines pretended to be of social-redeeming importance with effete, pseudo-intellectual articles and cartoons that only hinted at sexual permissiveness. Understatement was the mode of the day, and sex was a tit fetish in a thousand-dollar gown. The established order was discreetly supported while Hugh Hefner fucked middle-class daughters in his big, round, rotating bed.

But the message was loud and clear: The Archie Bunkers could read about or even peek at the elite, free-swinging, newly liberated lifestyle. They could envy the padded red-satin smoking jackets and lounging robes, but they weren't supposed to join in the fun. Theirs was strictly the voyeur route. The Playboy Clubs, for example, put whores beyond the reach of the average man; only the local massage parlors that later sprang up around the nation brought them into the \$25 range.

But myth is not reality. So lo and behold, along came HUSTLER, saying openly and brazenly to the common man and woman, "Hey, everybody can do it. *Fucking is fun, shit stinks, cunts are cute, snot is slimy, women come too, and nothing is sacred.*"

Nothing is sacred to me either. Not the poverty that gnaws at the land, the corruption of our political system, the insanity of the military who want to blow us all to hell, the phoniness of the venerable institutions, or the mawkish love offered by the churches. They can kiss my ass. They're all as fake as a three-dollar bill. HUSTLER exposed it all, irreverently satirizing everything. So HUSTLER was busted. And I was the one who was hauled into court. I am convinced my crime was that I appealed to the common man.

Sex is a human being's single most powerful driving force. If your sex life can be controlled, *you* can be controlled—totally, completely and absolutely. If you are free of the guilt and anxiety attached to sex, you are free from those who use guilt and anxiety to control you. Because HUSTLER pokes fun at everything—telling you to let it all hang out, beat it if you want to, use it when it feels good—HUSTLER has become a danger to the established order. But have no fear; the sexual revolution is irreversible, and the day is near when we shall remove the massive, repressive hand of the ruling class from our crotches. Then, and only then, will we truly be free.

HUSTLER is fiercely committed to this concept of freedom, and I adamantly refuse to compromise the principles necessary to achieve this goal. In the pages of this magazine the only reason you don't see thick, glistening, throbbing, rock-hard, vein-popping, pulsating cocks sunk deep into every bodily orifice is a marketing decision, not an editorial decision. I am forced to discipline HUSTLER to the marketplace; otherwise, it would not be available on newsstands. Yet the progression toward more-explicit pornography is rapid, and you can rest assured that HUSTLER will be in the forefront, clearly establishing me as the world's greatest provider of sleaze porn. Therefore, the Wills and Falwellians on this planet had gawdamn well better show me the respect I deserve by calling me *Mr. Sleaze*.

Editor





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**T**his isn't just another great issue of **HUSTLER**. It's a holiday gift to our readers... our way of saying thanks for another 12 months of loyal support. And since we wanted to provide the best Yule gift possible, we've worked extra-hard to put this issue together.

One man's influence on these pages is unmistakable—and he's the main reason this **HUSTLER** is so outstanding. With this issue, Publisher **LARRY FLYNT** has once again taken over the editorial reins—and he is looking to the future, determined to make **HUSTLER** the finest magazine in the world. Great as this issue is, Larry promises, it's only a hint of things to come.

Opening presents this time of year can make anyone feel like a wide-eyed kid. But in this month's interview, **BIG BABIES: THE FETISH OF INFANTILISM**, you'll read about grown men who also dress and act the part—for sexual pleasure. Finding out the facts behind this bizarre phenomenon took a tremendous group effort by several staffers at our sister publication **GENTLEMAN'S COMPANION**. Executive Editor **JIM HEINISCH** led the reporting force that included Managing Editor **DOUG OLIVER**, Articles Editor **JAMES GREGORY** and Associate Editor **ANGELA HERD**. "Instead of relying on second- and third-hand information," says Heinish, "we decided to go out and talk directly to the people who are into this fetish. We came up with the kind of honest, hard-hitting stuff that puts **HUSTLER** above the rest." The accompanying photos are by our very talented Contributing Photographer **LADI VON JANSKY**.

An extra effort to get the inside scoop is also evident in December's article, **SHOW-DOWN IN LAS VEGAS: THE WORLD SERIES OF POKER**. On the scene at Binion's Horseshoe Casino to cover the 14th annual competition, **HUSTLER** Articles Editor **RICHARD WARREN LEWIS** lived and breathed big-time poker for four days straight. "The only way to really understand the tournament strategy was to interview the players away from the tables," Lewis recalls. "So I hung out with them—drank with them—sometimes long into the night. Fact is, I spent so much time with the players and their strategies that I began to feel like one of the players myself. The only dif-



Robert A. Bloch



Richard Warren Lewis



David Mann

ference was, I didn't have the \$10,000 entry fee." Lewis's last appearance in **HUSTLER** was July's startlingly candid interview with Larry Flynt.

At the poker table or behind the typewriter, there's no substitute for time-tested talent. That's why we called on **ROBERT A. BLOCH** to provide this month's humorous fiction, **THE SHRINK AND THE NYMPHO**. A professional author for 49 years, Bloch wrote the widely acclaimed horror thrillers *Psycho* and *Psycho II*. "There are so many straight sex stories about nymphomania," Bloch says, "I thought I'd treat the subject a little bit differently." He has written for everyone from *Reader's Digest* to *Playboy*, but this marks his first appearance in **HUSTLER**. The companion artwork is by **DAVID MANN**, who illustrated October's fiction, *Talk to a Live Nude Girl!*

When it comes to talking to nude girls, a few well-chosen words can literally work wonders. But do you know what to say to get her hot and horny? Find out in December's *Sex Play*, **QUIZ: CAN YOU TALK DIRTY?** by **GERALD COLLINS**. "Knowing what to say—and when to say it—can be the difference between getting turned down and getting laid," says Collins. The *Sex Play* illustration was rendered by **HUSTLER** regular **PAT DUNN**, who also illustrated August's fiction, *The Pit*.

On the light side this month, we've provided a hilarious look at **CHRISTMAS IN AMERICA**. This photo-essay mixing fun and pointed social comment was the brainchild of **STEPHEN SAYADIAN**. Having Sayadian back in our pages is like old home week. Formerly our Advertising Creative Director, he designed many of the outrageous ad parodies that appeared in **HUSTLER** during the 1970s. The sets and styling for this stunning Christmas special were accomplished by Production Designer **RALPH FOWLER**, Associate Production Designer **KEN DeMARTINES** and Stylist **EFFIE CARRIE**. The busy Ladi von Jansky did the camerawork.

This issue also marks the arrival of **DEAR GRANNY**—the lovable, big-titted senior citizen who's dispensed her down-home sexual advice for years in **GENTLEMAN'S COMPANION**. Every month, this Ann Landers of sex provides accurate, no-bull advice that cuts through to the heart of the matter—and you won't find it anywhere else.

Without further ado, then, it's time to celebrate the holiday with this special Christmas issue. Enjoy, and remember this is just the beginning. With Larry Flynt serving as Editor as well as Publisher, we're going to get better every month. 🍷



James Gregory, Jim Heinish, Angela Herd and Doug Oliver



# "THE SECRETS ARE IN HIS PAGES."\*

—Columnist William F. Buckley

## HOW TO PICK UP TEENAGE GIRLS

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you wanted  
to know about  
getting some  
of that  
young stuff,  
but were  
afraid you'd get  
ten-to-twenty  
instead.



by Congressman Daniel Crane\*

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worked  
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I were  
alive today,  
I'd buy  
this book."

—Alfred Bloomingdale

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\*AD PARODY—NOT TO BE TAKEN SERIOUSLY



**Dog Lover:** The photograph you printed of Linda Lovelace in the October *Bits & Pieces* section was really good—even the dog. I'm writing to ask whether they ever came out with that movie of her and the dog. I think it would be a great movie. Could you let me know where I could get it? Please do not print this letter.

—Doil May  
P.O. Box 962  
Chickasha, Oklahoma

*In our nine-year history we have never published a letter from anyone who requested that we not do so. But for you, asshole, we are going to break that tradition. We did not publish the photo of Linda and Bowser in order to pander to bestiality freaks. We did so only to prove that the born-again porn star was a liar when she first denied having co-starred with Rin Tin Tin. What else are you into, creepo? Jerking off to Sesame Street and molesting kids?*

**Flynt for President?** What is Larry Flynt's political affiliation? Who has he supported in the past, and who does he intend to vote for in next year's Presidential election? Has Larry ever thought about running for president himself? He would make a good one, and Althea would make a fantastic First Lady.

—D. W.  
Des Moines, Iowa

*Larry has no political affiliation. He is an anarchist who has traditionally supported women and minorities. Unless a black or spic runs for president next year, it's doubtful that he will vote for anyone. At this time, Larry is contemplating entering the New Hampshire primary as a Republican. As far*



*The Anarchist's Choice*



*Linda Lovelace and Her Canine Friend*

*as his wife is concerned, he'll have to go it alone. Althea says she wants no part of politics. That's right! She's refusing to be First Lady.*

**Dear Larry Flynt:** It's great to have you back at the helm of HUSTLER! In my opinion you're the hero that everyone says is missing in America today. Though many would disagree with me, I rank you higher than the late John Wayne for standing up for the "American way." While the Duke often spoke of the freedoms guaranteed by our Constitution, you, sir, have lived them! Because of you, our children may be able to grow up to change the things that are wrong with our country. Providing, that is, that some trigger-happy politician doesn't decide to create Ground Zero in our front yards.

I have no children of my own, but I point out to the children of my friends and relatives that you are a truly great man. For what it's worth, my friends and I are behind your values one hundred percent.

—Tad Phillips  
Dunsmuir, California

**Canadian Censors:** This letter concerns the censorship by unknown sources of your August issue. We realize you have no control over this irresponsible act once the magazine leaves for distribution. We feel that whoever does the censoring should at least warn the prospective buyer with a disclaimer. We counted 57 black dots in the August issue alone. Our rights as adults have been unjustly violated, and we feel something should be done.

—Audit Group, Pratt & Whitney  
Aircraft of Canada Ltd.  
St. Hubert, Quebec, Canada

*In order to get HUSTLER into Canada, we*

*must get approval from Canadian customs officials. They have the freedom to censor whatever they choose. We feel it is better that you get HUSTLER censored than not at all.*

**Black Stud:** Cleaning out the garage recently, I ran across some old HUSTLERS my husband keeps in a cardboard box. I started looking through one of your 1975 issues and discovered the photos of a white girl and a black man with a huge penis. I just had to tell you, those photos excited me to no end!

As a Southern white woman, I guess I've always had a secret longing to make it with a big black man. Of course, I would never, ever tell anyone—least of all my husband. But when I saw those pictures, my shorts came down, and I enjoyed some instant sexual relief.

You have no idea how often I've needed to "tidy up" the garage since that day!

—Eudora M.  
Brookhaven, Mississippi

*Over the years lots of folks have been excited by our December 1975 pictorial Butch: A Black Stud and His Georgia Peach. And no wonder.*

*That groundbreaking layout featuring*



*Butch and His Georgia Peach*

*Hawaiian dancer Butch Williams's huge cannon was one of the most extraordinary features ever run in any magazine. Its bold statement about interracial sex also upset a lot of racists and may have been one reason for the 1978 shooting of Larry Flynt in Lawrenceville, Georgia. We're reprinting a photo from the controversial pictorial so newer readers can see what all the fuss was about.*



**Publisher's Statement:** I've been reading HUSTLER for about three years, and I enjoy it very much. I read the *Publisher's Statement* regularly, but the one in September's issue ("Leave Rock 'n' Roll Alone!") stands out. I want to thank you for speaking up for rock 'n' roll instead of attacking it. Your point is very clear. I just wish I could shake your hand personally. Thanks for a job well done.

—Jack Dahlgren  
Mobile, Alabama

**Cross-Dresser:** My boyfriend picked up the October issue of HUSTLER for me because I wanted to see a racy magazine. Then I came across the *Bits & Pieces* item showing a crucified Jesus dressed in women's clothes ("Cross-Dresser?").

That item is out of place, sacrilegious and a blot on your intelligence. Jesus Christ is the Son of God, God the Father and God the Holy Spirit. Nothing you print will change that. I guess it just goes to show that it's hard to find good stuff in a world of sleaze. Incidentally, I'm not picking up any more of it.

—R. L.  
San Antonio, Texas

**Views on Jews:** I have been an avid HUSTLER reader for a long time. In the October issue I read the letter from a "proud Jew." In that letter he referred to the Gentile population as inferior and stated there's proof that Jews are smarter,

more aware and more industrious.

I'd like to give some evidence in support of his cases. Jews are smarter in that 6 million of them allowed themselves to be led to their deaths like cattle to the slaughter—while only a few thousand fought for their lives. Jews are so industrious that most Jewish businessmen will only hire non-Jews, because Jews for the most part are lazy.

I say this to the *Schusshopf Juden* (Jewish shithead): If you're as big a man as you claim to be, why didn't you have the balls to allow your name to be printed? I do.

—Thomas Seckinger  
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

**Blasphemy?** I might enjoy reading your magazine, but I don't appreciate the way you refer to the Lord Jesus. It isn't right. You could find other things to make fun of besides Christ.

—Joseph Gilgien  
Columbus, Ohio

**Job Seeker:** My first job, after moving to California in 1974, was supervising a crew of guys who assembled and packed the larger items we made. We worked in an old garage on a rather rundown street in the bad section of San Pedro, and one of the regular jobs was rolling the dumpster receptacle out into the alley so that a truck could pick up the trash the following morning. One day as I was rolling the thing back in, I looked inside and saw a copy of a maga-

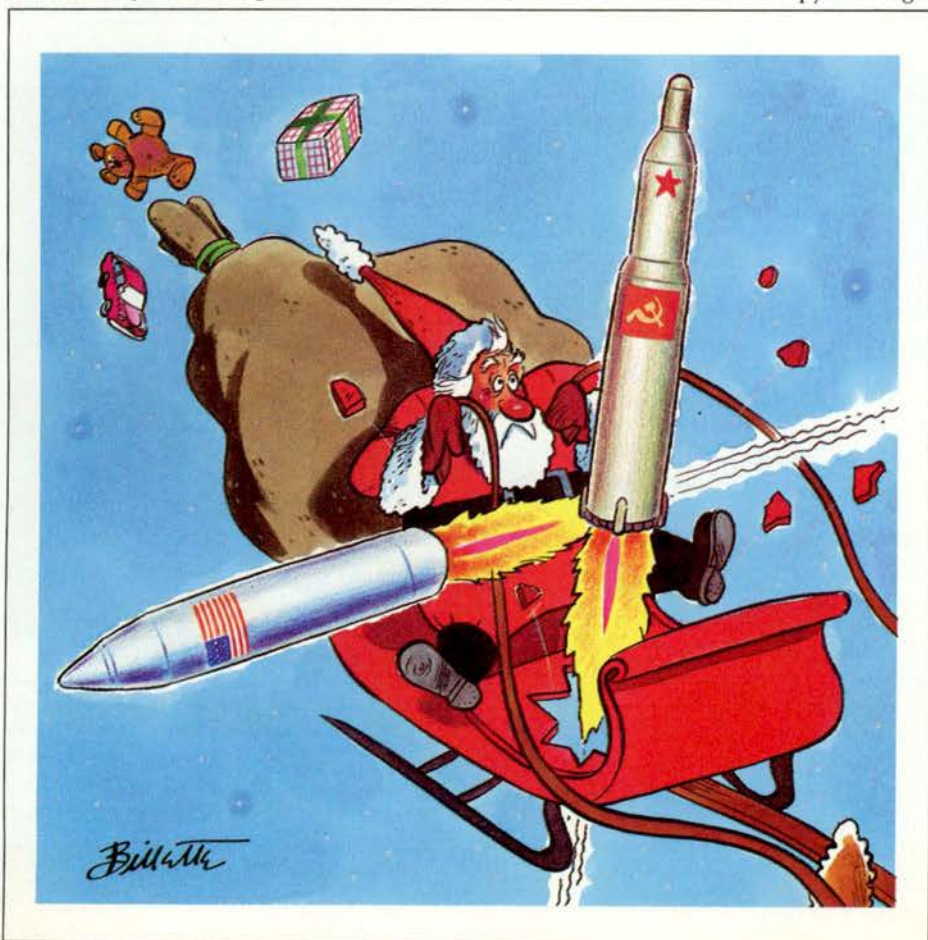
zine that someone had thrown into the bin after it had been dumped that morning. This was my first exposure (so to speak) to HUSTLER.

One of my co-workers was a longtime friend from Detroit with whom I shared a fascination for bizarre humor and erotic literature. After perusing your work, we decided that it was a lot closer to the edge than any of the other "men's magazines" of the day, but that it was not as crazy as our current favorites: *Love* magazine and the *L.A. Star*.

In case you aren't familiar with these two journals (you really should be), let me just say that they were very poorly done from a technical standpoint: They were tabloids; the artwork was childish, pseudo-psychedelic; the layouts were impossible to follow; the photographs were generally of very poor quality; and the color dressing was garish. On the other hand, they were truly reader written (as opposed to other so-called reader-written publications which contain articles written by the staffers who also read their own work, I guess), and the readership—judging from the entries printed therein—consisted of a most diverse and starstruck group. Where else could you find letters from voyeur/coprophagics ("I Rubbed Shit on Her Window"); stream-of-consciousness ravings by pedophiliacs; long documentary treatises on masturbation (by the masturbator) describing exactly how it felt, writing as he pulled; or a photo-essay by a 56-year old woman (who had been advertising for black men to piss on her) showing just how that party went down? Unfortunately, the staff was eventually arrested for something, and half of them split to Europe, leaving the other half penniless. Both magazines went downhill quickly after that.

About that time, I began buying HUSTLER regularly. My wife and I enjoyed your outrageous competition with the other slick publications, and there was always something more human about your magazine. The women in your pictorials were slightly flawed, as they would be in real life. By adding reader photos and including men in your photo-essays, you reinforced the real-people image. You never pretended to be anything more than you were: a good, let-it-all-hang-out celebration of raunchy sex.

I particularly enjoyed your public-service ads (except for the one with a crying cop titled "Some Still Call Him Pig"), and your antismoking campaign actually helped me to quit last year—even though I hadn't picked up a copy of HUSTLER since 1981. I could still remember the pictures of the guy with that terrible oral cancer. I was simultaneously amused and mystified by your conversion (do you or could you talk to Bob Dylan?; that might make a hell of an interview), and I was outraged beyond words when you were shot. I really expect-






DEAR SANTA,  
I'VE BEEN GOOD  
BUT DAD HAZ BEEN  
DRUNK AND HE WIPS  
ME A LOT. PLEEZ  
BRING ME A RED  
FIRE TRUCK AND BRING  
HIM A HART ATTACK.  
Your PAL,  
BILLY



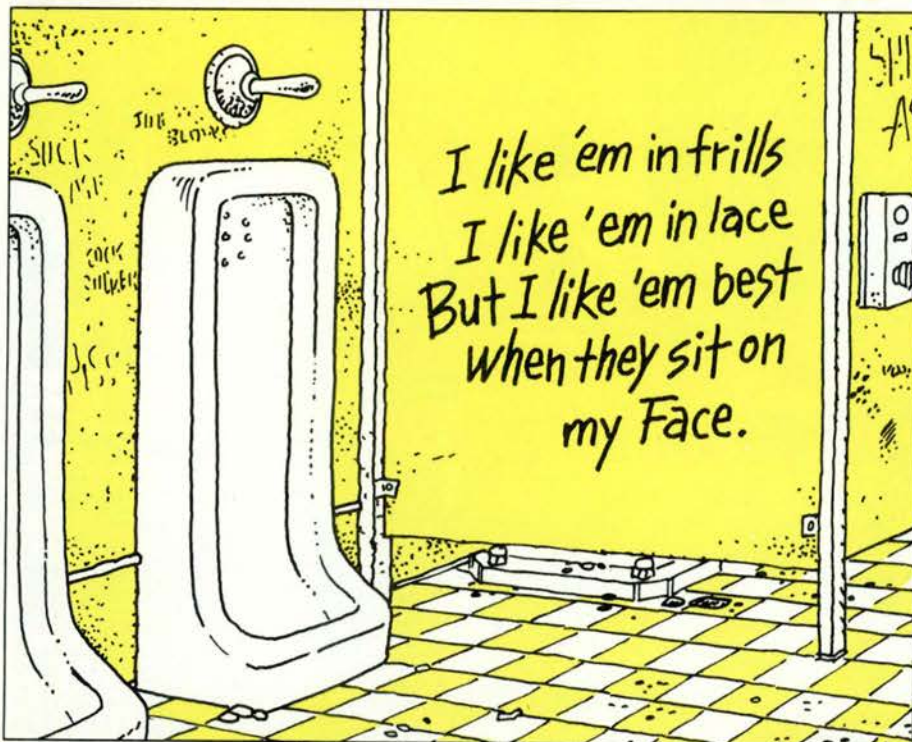


My most recent contacts with LFP were these: I applied for a job with your company in May. Although I did not receive a rejection note explaining why you didn't break down the door to get me, I'd assume that I wanted more money than the position paid. It's somewhat unfortunate, because I think that we might have been able to work well together, but that's just speculation. In June, I read an article about you in the *Chicago Tribune*, the gist of which was

There's not much I can add. I'm not a member of the Communist Party, nor do I belong to any organized political group. I am more sympathetic to the left, but I was

Got a comment, suggestion or complaint? We want to hear it. Send your letters to **Feedback**, **HUSTLER**, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, CA 90067-3054. 

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# WASHINGTON D A I S Y C H A I N



## The D.C. Sex Scene Exposing an American Tradition by Larry Flynt

Just after the Second World War two New York reporters wrote a book depicting Washington, D.C., as the dirtiest community in America—a cesspool of drunkenness, debauchery, whoring, homosexuality, municipal corruption and public apathy. At the time, that was considered to be a heavy indictment of the city that houses our federal government and was named for the father of our country. I wonder what those same reporters would think about the nation's capital today, with its countless massage parlors, sidewalk hookers and "escort" services that cater not only to foreign dignitaries and bureaucrats but to our own politicians as well. I'm sure there are other cities in America that may be just as wide open, but I'm not sure where those cities might be.

In the past, historians have considered the amorous adventures of politicians to be trivial matters—worth little more than a passing line or two in a book. But if contemporary politicians repeated the behavior of some of our Founding Fathers, they would either be thrown out of office or defeated for reelection.

George Washington's promiscuous relationship with his neighbor's wife, Sally Fairfax, may not be as widely known as his cutting down a cherry tree. But it's a fact that he caught pneumonia after hastily leaving her bedroom through an open window, carrying his clothes as he ran across a field on a bitterly

cold night. He never recovered from the pneumonia and died a few days later.

Thomas Jefferson's sexual activities with one of his slaves, Sally Hemings, is common knowledge among historians. The prolific president fathered at least 200 children with the more than 100 women he kept in slavery on his Monticello, Virginia, estate.

Warren Harding and Grover Cleveland both fathered illegitimate children. Harding would fuck anything with a heartbeat, and many of those encounters took place in the hallowed rooms at 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue.

Although generally known within Washington press circles, Franklin Delano Roosevelt's relationship with his wife's social secretary, Lucy Mercer Rutherford, wasn't made public until after FDR's death.

John F. Kennedy's legendary reputation as a womanizer began in the U.S. Senate and continued when he became president. Blue-eyed Judith Exner, a friend of Frank Sinatra, claimed to have slept with Kennedy in the White House on 20 separate occasions.

In the book *Lyndon*, author Merle Miller recounted the juicy story of a young White House staff member who was working on an assignment at the LBJ Ranch. Awakening in the middle of the night, she detected someone entering her bedroom. But before the woman could scream, a familiar voice said, "Move over, honey. This is yore president."

Johnson was so proud of his large cock that he encouraged guests to swim with him in the White House pool so he could see how their equipment matched up with his. Talk about winning through intimidation! Down on the LBJ Ranch, Johnson once pulled out his dork in front of newsmen, shaking it and saying, "Here, take a picture of this"—knowing full well they wouldn't dare do so. Apparently, the famous photo of Lyndon lifting up a beagle by its ears wasn't the only thing he held in his hands to impress people.

The affair between Ohio Congressman Wayne Hays and his "secretary" who couldn't type, Elizabeth Ray, and Arkansas Congressman Wilbur Mills's drunken antics with stripper Fanne Fox were stories that many Washington reporters knew long before they were made public.

The revelations earlier this year about

Congressmen Daniel Crane (R-Illinois) and Gerry Studds (D-Massachusetts) having had sex with teenage pages were also known to certain key members of the Washington media before the legislators' disgrace made headlines.

Washington has the highest concentration of reporters of any city in America. Most of them tend to steer clear of stories about the sordid personal lives of politicians and bureaucrats—unless such activities interfere with the performance of their duties. But we at HUSTLER feel that any time a public servant takes a position contrary to what he or she does in private, that person is fair game. So in the coming months this column will be devoted to keeping a watchful eye on the Washington sex scene. Rest assured that you can expect HUSTLER to be the first with facts the straight media suppresses.

To do such stories may seem like a cheap-shot to many, but look at our side of the coin. At the same time Maryland Congressman Robert E. Bauman was being exposed as a Born-Again faggot, he was masquerading as a fierce crusader and outspoken mouthpiece for the Moral Majority—an organization headed by fascist bigots who have made the banning of HUSTLER their primary goal. The most outspoken critics of pornography are often those who most frequently practice the double standard.

HUSTLER has fought this type of hypocrisy and inconsistency for the past decade. We're going to continue that fight, not for the sake of exposing someone's sexual preferences (which should be his or her own private affair) but for



*Bauman: A Born-Again, bigoted butt-fucker who masqueraded as a Moral Majority crusader.*

the sake of decency and honesty in government. Politicians, bureaucrats and public servants are human just like everyone else. They should either be honorable about what they do away from their desks, or start practicing what they preach.

(For future *Washington Daisy Chain* columns, HUSTLER will pay \$1,000 for every anonymous tip that appears in print. The confidentiality of tip sources will be stringently protected by HUSTLER.)



*LBJ: The dog wasn't the only thing he played with.*





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Got a problem? You need some advice, but don't know where to turn? No matter what the hassle—your girl and your best friend or your girl-friend and man's best friend—no problem! Dear Granny has an answer. It may not be the answer, but it will sure as hell be the kind of advice your mother never gave you—but probably should have! Send your questions, problems and tales of woe to: Dear Granny, HUSTLER, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, CA 90067-3054.

**Dear Granny:** My wife will not perform certain sex acts with me while she's awake, but she has agreed to try them if she is sleepy or knocked out completely. We attempted to have anal sex after she took some sleeping medicine, but we weren't able to complete the act since she still wasn't sleepy enough. Do you have any suggestions for something that would completely relax her or knock her out?

Your help will be greatly appreciated.  
—No-Doze  
Taylor, Michigan

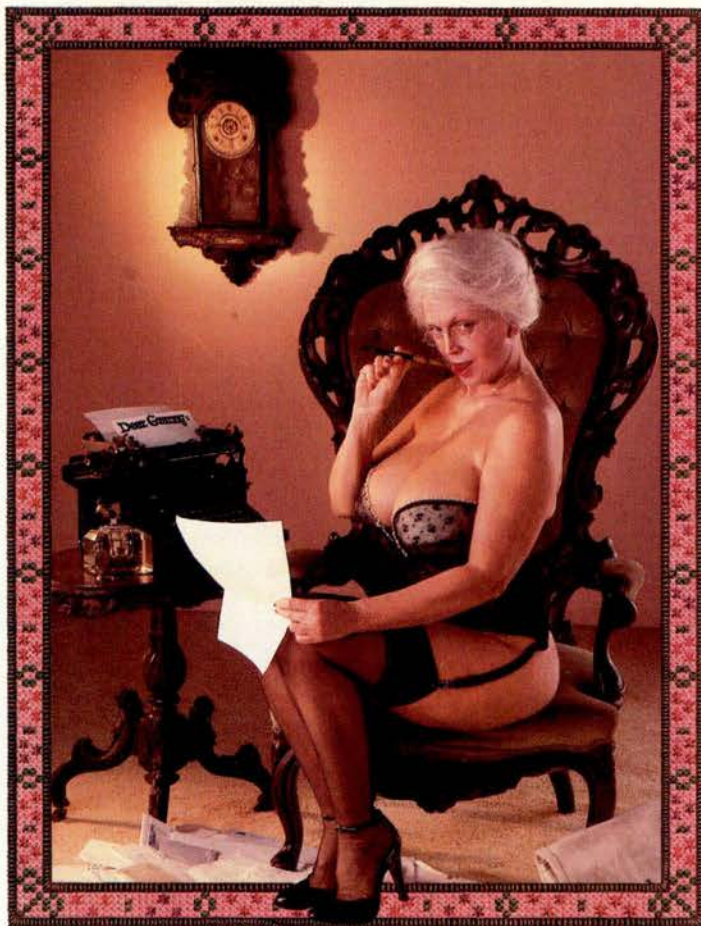
**Dear No-Doze:** How about a baseball bat? Your wife might wind up on a respirator, but you could probably butt-fuck her all night long.

Frankly, honey, I don't get it. How much fun can either you or your wife have if she's passed out? I think she needs a little more gentle convincing from you. Why not try a bottle of good wine, some sweet talk and a lot of foreplay? If those don't work, you don't need to knock her out. She sounds as if she's already half-dead.

**Dear Granny:** I have a really embarrassing problem I can't tell anyone else about. About a week ago I finally got a date with this beautiful girl I'd been fantasizing about for months. She's gorgeous—blond, with large tits and big, green eyes. Anyway, after the movie and dinner we got around to making out on her living-room couch. I was hard as a rock by then, practically foaming at the mouth. But my evening was ruined when she placed her hand on my inner thigh, and I came all over myself.

Granny, I got up off that couch and out of that place as fast as I could! Now I'm afraid to call her and ask her out again, for fear the same thing will happen—but I want to see her. What should I do? Does this mean the same thing will happen every time? What's wrong? I'm only 18. I couldn't be suffering from premature ejaculation, could I?

—Too Soon  
Little Rock, Arkansas



# Dear Granny

**Dear Soon:** Don't worry! At your age a premature ejaculator usually shoots his load the day before the date. That girl was probably so wet herself, she didn't even notice. And if she did, she probably took it as a compliment. If I could get a guy off just by touching him... well, my hands wouldn't be idle. If this kind of thing happens all the time, you might want to talk to a doctor. But in the meantime, call her back—right now. She seems to have the magic touch.

**Dear Granny:** Here's a problem that's been bugging me for a long time. It seems that everybody else's pecker is longer than mine. This problem is really giving me a complex—I feel as if I'm the only 23-year-old virgin left in the world. My cock is 5½ inches long. What's the average penis length? Do I have anything to be really worried about?

—No Bulge  
Savannah, Georgia

**Dear Bulge:** If you're really worried, you could try measuring from the ground up.

Sweetheart, they tell me most penises are between 5½ and 6½ inches long when they're erect; so stop sweating and start screwing.

**Dear Granny:** I'm 27 years old, and all day long I do nothing but dream about sex. Furthermore, I can have sex for hours and then be horny again a little while later. A friend of mine told me if I don't slow down, I won't be able to get it up when I'm 30. Is this true? I'd be willing to lay off sex now if I'm doing damage to myself.

—Dirty Mind  
Richmond, Virginia

**Dear Dirty:** You sound like what my Aunt Tillie used to call an "Oriental Fuck—you screw him once, and he's hungry for it again 15 minutes later." Honey, you're the kind of guy I dream about, and the only thing you've got to worry about is your friend—he sounds as if he's jealous. Believe me, if you keep it up like you have been, you'll have a hard-on when you die.

**Dear Granny:** I'm desperate! I'm also very embarrassed to be asking you this, since I was raised in a really strict family and have always been kind of uncomfortable when it comes to talking (or writing) about sex.

Lately I've been obsessed with a desire to make love to another woman. It's all I can think about. I'm not sexually satisfied with my boyfriend right now, and I think it's because of my preoccupation with this fantasy. I can't concentrate on anything else.

I don't have the courage to make a pass at any women I know even though I want to very much. Granny, please advise me—I'm very confused. How do I go about fulfilling my fantasy without experiencing embarrassment or rejection?

—Dyke Fright  
Minneapolis, Minnesota

**Dear Dyke:** Honey, this is one fantasy where lip service does count. Check your local swingers magazine and see if there's a lesbian nightspot in your area. If there is, go down there and have a heart-to-heart talk with one of the regulars. She'll probably tell you that what's good for the gander is sometimes even better for the goose.

**Dear Granny:** I have seen advertisements for those "stay-hard" creams that are supposed to prolong erection, and I figure they must work. I'd like to be able to fuck



my girlfriend all night long before I come, but I don't want to use anything that might damage my health. Granny, how do these creams work? And is there something else that might work better?

—Hard-up  
Tracy, California

**Dear Hard-up:** A little plaster and some water will keep you hard forever. But short of that, these stay-hard creams work the best. They contain a local anesthetic, which desensitizes your cock. The only problem with them is that they tend to rub off on your lover's clit, making her numb too. So all that marathon action might be fun to watch, but even if you go the distance, you might not get much applause at the finish line.

**Dear Granny:** I'm 41 years old, and I don't consider myself a prude. However, my current girlfriend has a fetish that's got me a little worried. She gets off on watching animals, especially dogs, engaging in sexual intercourse. Granny, is this weird? She told me once that she likes to watch animals humping whenever she gets the urge. I'm not about to go out and buy a pair of horny mutts just for this purpose, but I do have a Super 8 film projector and was wondering if you could tell me where I could get some hot footage of animals fucking.

—Hounded  
Independence, Missouri

**Dear Hounded:** Actually, I wouldn't mind seeing a lesbian scene between Lassie and Linda Lovelace myself. What animals! Seriously, a lot of people are turned-on by watching animals have sex; so I'd say your girlfriend's fetish isn't that weird, although your request is. None of the porn producers I know are planning a big-budget animal epic. If I were you, I'd invest in a camera and try shooting some footage down at the local farm. Either that, or stay tuned to Wild Kingdom.

**Dear Granny:** I've always favored guys with big cocks, but I've about reached my limit. My latest boyfriend has an enormous dick—about 12 inches long—and it's thick too. I'm not complaining; I've certainly had a lot of fun with it. But sometimes when he's thrusting inside me very deeply, I've experienced pain. A girlfriend told me she read somewhere about a case in which a guy was actually too big and got stuck inside a woman. Is this true? And if this did happen, how would they remove it? Could that be the cause of my pain—his prick getting momentarily stuck up there?

—Anxious  
New Orleans, Louisiana

**Dear Anxious:** Not unless you're a German shepherd. In my experience pricks simply don't get stuck up there—unless you want them to. The pain you're experiencing is

probably due to your guy's pud pounding on your cervix. When this happens, just tell old donkey dick to stop digging so deep.

**Dear Granny:** I'm an inmate at the state prison in Tennessee. I've only been here a short while, but already I have a health-related question to ask you.

I'm horny as hell, but I don't want to start having sex with men, because I don't want to get AIDS. So I'd like to know if masturbation is safe. If it is, how much is okay? Will I still be able to make love with a woman when I get out if I jerk off all the time?

—Prison Pudpounder  
Pikeville, Tennessee

**Dear Pud:** As long as you keep your relationship with your hand strictly casual, you should have no problems. If you need some inspiration, just think about having my massive, pink tits wrapped around your throbbing meat as it slides wetly back and forth between them. And just to make sure you're still okay, why don't you give me a call when you get out?

**Dear Granny:** My husband has the ability to control the movements of his penis. By this I mean he can take a towel or a piece of my lingerie, lay it over his penis and bounce it up and down like a pump handle at his will. I'd like to know if this is unique, or if a lot of men can do this. I, for one, have never met another man with this special talent.

—Ups and Downs  
Des Moines, Iowa

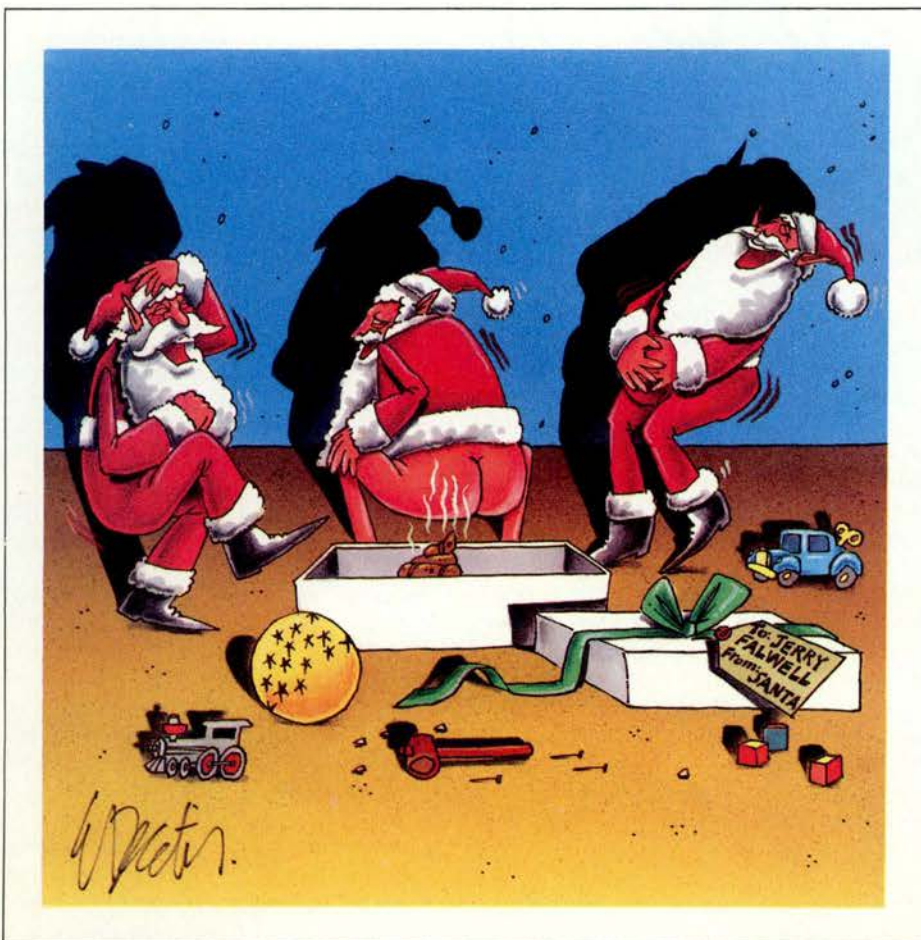
**Dear Ups:** I'm not so sure how many men can do it, but those are the kind of bouncing balls I'd love to follow. If he's got that kind of control of his pubococcygeus—or crotch-muscles, your husband must be a fantastic fuck. Men with well-developed muscles like your husband can withhold orgasm for hours. Honey, if I were you, I'd put away that lingerie and start bouncing on his banana yourself.

**Dear Granny:** I'm a pretty normal, hot-blooded woman, but I'm terribly embarrassed about my vaginal odor. It's pungent and kind of fishy. I think it smells awful. I can't understand it. I keep myself clean and douche regularly. But when I'm turned-on, I get really wet and just as smelly. I think the smell of my pussy is keeping guys away! How can I get rid of this stink?

—Gassed Lass  
Los Angeles, California

**Dear Gassed:** You can do a couple of things. First, try moving next door to a sewage plant. Then no one will notice! Or, seriously, why not stop wondering and see your gynecologist? It's not normal for a healthy cunt to smell fishy, and if yours does, it's time for a checkup.

(continued on page 64)





# Bits & Pieces

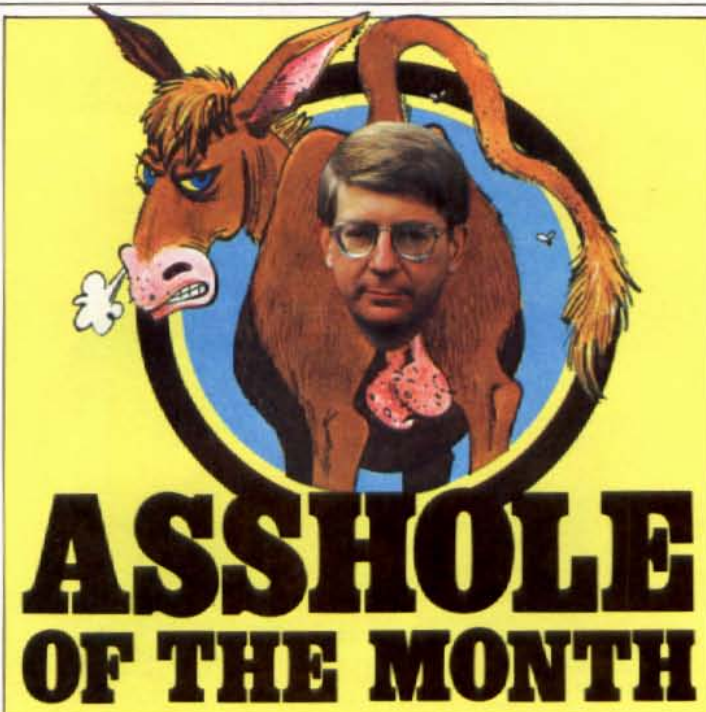
**T**here are insect vermin that thrive on shit. There are ugly, bottom-feeding fish that never see the light of day. There are amoebas that actually live in diarrhea. And there is George Will, HUSTLER's December Asshole of the Month.

This word-quack is a shit-addicted bootlicker who's never happy unless he's applying his spittle to the footwear of the rich, powerful and fascist. Those who aren't familiar with this elitist asshole, more power to you; the rest of us have to endure his sick, whiny opinions as an ABC commentator or as a syndicated newspaper columnist.

George Will would be merely another castrated robot in a three-piece suit were it not for the fact he has the ear of some of the nation's most influential people. Just because he uses words longer than President Reagan's dink, Will is considered to be a trusted adviser. This makes him one of the most dangerous men in America. For Will is an alien to our form of government—he has no understanding of it, and he's trying to trash it as surely as a gang of punks trashes a subway car.

One of the most monstrous examples of Will's hypocrisy is his involvement in the Reagan campaign's use of stolen material during the 1980 election debates. Will coached Reagan for the debates, using a briefing book lifted from the Carter camp. This trumpeter of "morality" and conservatism had no qualms about using the material stolen from the Carter White House.

Yet throughout the whole sordid episode—even after he admit-



## George Will

ted coaching Reagan with material stolen from an incumbent president—Will tried to double-talk his way past his accusers. It didn't work. The *New York Daily News*, the nation's largest-circulation metropolitan paper, wisely decided to drop Will's column because of his lack of ethics for commenting favorably on Reagan's performance during the debate while not disclosing that he had helped prepare Reagan for the debate.

To call this turd a whore for Ronnie Reagan would be to give hookers a bad name.

But the briefing-book scam is only the shit-encrusted tip of the iceberg. Will is a closet Hitler, and liberals are his Jews. One of his main targets is the First Amendment. Writes Will: "Americans worry too much about the vigorously exercised right of free speech and too little about the underexercised right of free thought. . . . And it is, by now, a scandal beyond irony that thanks to the energetic litigation of 'civil liberties' fanatics, pornographers enjoy expansive First Amendment protection."

Restrict freedom, Will urges;

limit liberty. *Become like me* is what he means: a sexually repressed hack.

Obviously, fear of sex is the basis of all Will's politics. He sourly rails against a book as harmless—indeed, as useful—as *The Joy of Sex*. He opposes sex education, humanitarian aid to victims of venereal disease, sex research. "My idea of a Babylonian orgy," he writes, "is to plop . . . a wedge of lime into my . . . plain tonic water . . . and watch the *Mary Tyler Moore Show*, which I consider risqué." We bet Will's wife would have a few choice words to say about what it's like to have a bed partner who considers *Mary Tyler Moore* "risqué."

Will is terrified at the thought of the rest of the world losing its sexual inhibitions—because he is locked into his. But of course, who else would stutter in eunuchlike hatred at the thought of people enjoying themselves sexually?

Truth is, Will probably gets turned on watching Pampers commercials. Time and again, self-appointed guardians of public morality like him turn out to be the most twisted of us all. Will's kink will be revealed only at his death—choking on globs of shit-and-piss-moistened kitty litter.

If George Will is worth one fleck of sweat from the devil's balls, it's because he makes everything he's opposed to seem right. But because the vacuous mind of Ronald Reagan is at his disposal, Will must be stopped. Newspapers are dropping his writing, and that's a start. Write to ABC News and demand that it hound this shill of the fascists off the air. We must neutralize this asshole's power. Where there's a Will, there's a way.

## Farts in the Wind

*The pseudo-intellectual George Will may have won this month's Asshole prize, but he had plenty of competition from others bent on perverting our basic liberties. The following runners-up are like Farts in the Wind . . . they all stink, but they're too feeble to be "honored" as Asshole.*

Last month we said we'd run a photo of November's Asshole, **CARL RUDERMAN**, in this issue. Well, we still haven't captured the slippery Ruderman on film, but we do know where he lives. His address is 33 E. 70th St., Apt. 10-F, New York, New York. HUSTLER will pay a \$500 bounty to the first

New Yorker who can lawfully provide us with a photo of Ruderman. Happy hunting!

### CATHERINE STUBBLEFIELD WILSON

Involved with films showing children in both homosexual and heterosexual acts, Wilson was

charged in Los Angeles with violating 15 counts of the federal Child Exploitation Act. Wilson allegedly distributed two films, "Kinder Orgie" and "Randy Lollitas," that depicted kids in a variety of sex acts, including oral sex and masturbation. Such contemptible exploitation of children is the most vile crime of all. Whatever punishment Wilson might receive will be too little.

### RICHARD YONTZ

If you send your photo in to *Beaver Hunt*, you're not fit to deal with children. That's the logic, at least,

of elementary-school principal Richard Yontz. In Springfield, Ohio, Yontz approved the suspension of a 20-year-old school secretary whose picture appeared in *Beaver Hunt* earlier this year. He said the suspension of Mary-Kate Haney was necessary because "this lady comes into contact with children every day."

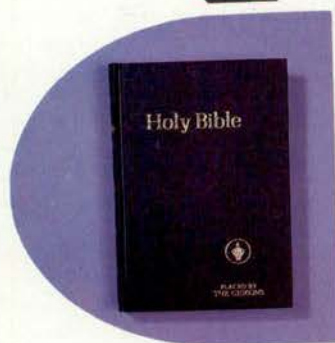
### ATLANTA JOURNAL ATLANTA CONSTITUTION HOUSTON POST

These three papers recently rejected ads seeking models to pose for HUSTLER.



PICK THE DAY THAT AMERICA'S MOST POWERFUL  
CATHOLIC BITES THE BIG ONE IN THE  
CARDINAL COOKE

# LEUKEMIA LOTTERY



**GRAND**

A Gideon's Bible, stolen from the room of a Hilton Hotel where Larry Flynt once screwed a devout Catholic hooker—and it's signed by the smut king himself!



**PRIZES:**

And a round-trip bus ticket to... beautiful St. Patrick's Cathedral in New York City! The first entry received with the correct date of the Cardinal's death wins!

**PLUS:** For Cardinal Cooke—an all-expenses-paid, oneway ticket to the Pope's favorite healing spot... Lourdes, France! Cardinal Cooke will then be able to wallow in the same futile hope that encourages thousands of his terminally ill flock to spend their last dollars on this desperate pilgrimage.

Knowing that Cardinal Terence Cooke of New York is dying of leukemia and that his doctors don't give him long to live, I choose \_\_\_\_\_ as the day he croaks.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_

State \_\_\_\_\_

Zip \_\_\_\_\_

Send this coupon or a facsimile to Larry Flynt c/o HUSTLER Magazine  
No magazine purchase required.

## Cardinal Sin

We joke a lot, but this contest is *dead* serious. We have no qualms about celebrating the death of this pompous papal puppet with a lottery. Not that there's anything to celebrate about something as serious as death, but when you consider the damage done by the Church and its present sexually and morally repressive hierarchy—the passing of each ancient, inflexible Vatican warlord is something to celebrate.

Consider the thousands of murderous abortions that occur daily because of the Catholic Church's longstanding tradition of suppressing sex education and birth-control information. (An overwhelming number of abortions in the U.S. are performed on Catholics.) Consider how Cardinal Cooke shit on the Constitutional separation of Church and State by having Reagan push for tuition tax credits for private schools—a vast quantity of which are Catholic. And consider how Cooke had former President Nixon write an open letter condemning abortions, confusing the pro-life issue with patriotism. If our lottery uses Cardinal Cooke's *death* to bring a little joy to our readers, it'll be more than he ever did with his *life*.



## Sex News Bits

**FINAL**

2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, CA 90067-3054

December 1983

■ **LOS ANGELES**—A teenage girl who received an unsolicited sex catalog from a mail-order company is suing the firm for what she calls "severe emotional distress." A lawyer for 16-year-old Jan Adelsberg says that the "Adam & Eve" catalog advertised sexual devices and that the girl was "horrified by the pictures of adults in obscene poses." Adelsberg is asking the North Carolina catalog company for an award of \$250,000.

■ **LONDON**—Female "slaves" have been kept for sexual pleasure by diplomats in Washington, New York, London and Geneva, says a former official of the Anti-Slavery Society. Colonel Patrick Montgomery says most of the women were promised jobs as domestic servants in luxurious surroundings, but instead have been confined against their will and sex-

ually abused. Montgomery said police can't do anything against the "slaveowners" because of diplomatic immunity.

■ **DES MOINES, IOWA**—People in Iowa think "lusting after a neighbor's wife" is a graver sin than actually fucking her. They also believe thinking about sex is worse than a homosexual relationship or enjoying premarital intercourse. As part of a scientific study, more than 1,000 Iowa residents rated a list of potential sins as "major," "minor" or "not a sin at all." Fewer than half the Iowans felt seeing an X-rated flick was a sin. The same number said looking at men's magazines was less sinful than drinking booze.

■ **WILLOW GROVE, PENNSYLVANIA**—Company managers nationwide are being

warned about the damaging effects of sexual harassment on the job. In a special report for *Management World* magazine it's estimated that nearly half of all working women have been sexually harassed at work. The magazine warns company officials that even if they're not aware of the problem, they could be held responsible if they're taken to court.

■ **KNOXVILLE, TENNESSEE**—A teacher charged with sharing sex, liquor and marijuana with a 13-year-old student refused to defend herself in court. The youth had allegedly been "lured and enticed" to the teacher's apartment 60 times over a period of two years. Carolyn Elizabeth Chosky—who faced charges of sexual battery and contributing to the delinquency of a minor—was placed on five years' probation.



# Ronnie LIVE WITH LOVE

Stand by Your  
Republican  
★  
See You in  
November

Hopelessly  
Re-voted by You

★  
By the Time  
I Get to  
New Hampshire

## Who Loves Ya, Ronnie?

Elvis made them swoon. And Tom Jones makes 'em cream and throw panties. But Ronnie Reagan makes 'em puke. The President's popularity with women has been the pits lately. His stands on the ERA and abortion have made him just one notch better loved by America's liberated women than the Hillside Strangler. And 1984 is just around the corner. Ronnie's going to have to resurrect his Hollywood image as the romancin' redhead in a way that'll grab the hearts and minds of female voters across the U.S. We've got the answer—how about a wild, hip-grinding, Vegas-style tour? It may take another bottle of red dye to get that chest hair in shape for the open shirts and gold necklaces, but if Ronnie can work a crowd like he works Congress... he just might pull it off. Then he can top off the tour with a live album right before the election takes place.

If he's going to stand on his record, he'll be better off with the kind that's made out of vinyl.

## Putting on the Dog

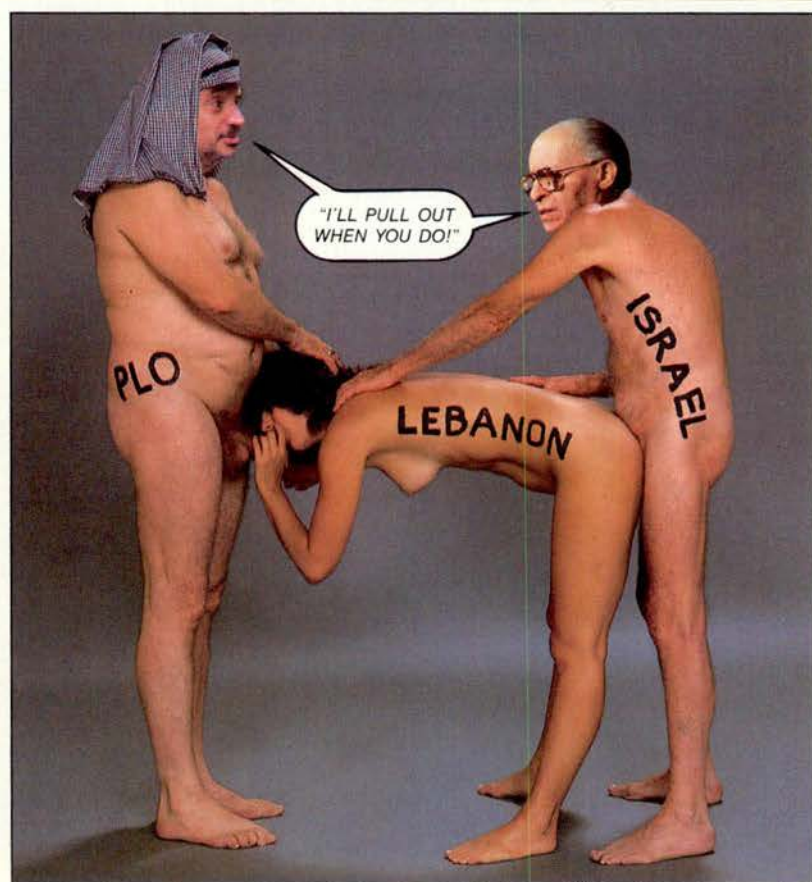
Someone's got to tell the folks at the French humor magazine *Hara-Kiri* that it's got the idea behind dog-breeding all wrong. You're supposed to breed the dogs to each other.

Actually, the crazy Frenchmen know just what they're doing—making their readers laugh. This outrageous dog-food ad parody is just perfect to poke fun at the absurd lengths dog lovers will go to. There's only one flaw: Everyone knows that dogs don't like fish.

MADAME COLIBERT, ÉLEVEUSE, UTILISE **PAL**



## HUSTLER's Political Cartoon





Paul Simon: Still radioactive after all these years  
Gary Coleman after the blast: 6'3" and still growing

## DOLLY PARTON

If you thought she was hot before the bomb...



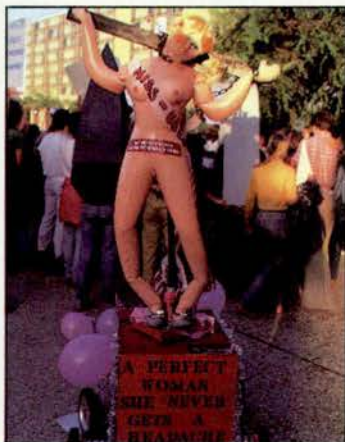
## Surviving People

Will there be *Life* after World War III? Probably not... but there's bound to be *People*. It's going to take more than a nuclear firestorm to wipe this journalistic cockroach off the face of the earth. Even after the holocaust we're sure *People*

will still want to know what kind of makeup Jane Fonda uses to hide radiation burns or where Ronald Reagan vacations to avoid fallout. As you can see from our version of the post-nuke *People*, getting a *hot* interview from a celebrity would have a whole new meaning.



The winner—Carrie Henroid, Ms. Nude America 1983.



Another winner—Suzy Snappingpussy, Ms. Understood 1983.

## Ms. Nude America '83



The contestants line up. Who needs a bathing-suit competition?

## Porn from the Past

Here's proof that our grandparents were into S&M. Long before nipple clamps, women were putting themselves through the wringer for the sheer hell of it. This one is even pulling her own hair to force herself to submit! Or maybe she's a Polish sadist.

If you have any vintage erotic pix around the house, send them to *Bits & Pieces*. We'll pay \$150 for each one we print.



## And Then They Fart "Silent Night"

A reader from Bridgeview, Illinois, sent us this photo but didn't identify any of his buddies in the shot. We appreciate the warm Christmassentiment, guys,

but we'd really like to know just who's delivering the message.

If any of you good folks out there in Bridgeview, Illinois, recognize any of these assholes, drop us a quick line, would you?



Each year, promoter Danny Zezzo packs 'em in for his Ms. Nude America Pageant in San Jose, California. This year was no exception—including the crowd of radical feminists he packed *outside* the event. Last year the protesters used *HUSTLER* covers and Barbie dolls in their demonstrations. This year they crucified a love doll. Tacky, tacky.

On the lighter side, this year's Ms. Nude America is 19-year-old Carrie Henroid (34-23-35), a San Jose native who received prizes of \$1,000 and a trip for two to Hawaii. Of course, the love doll didn't get anything for her trouble but a trip between some antiporn feminist's hairy thighs later that night.



# HUSTLER'S Christmas Gift Guide

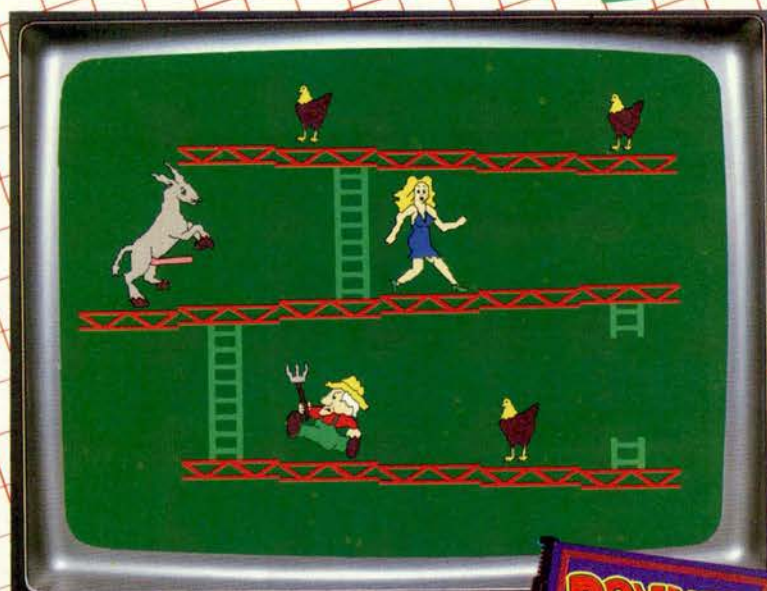
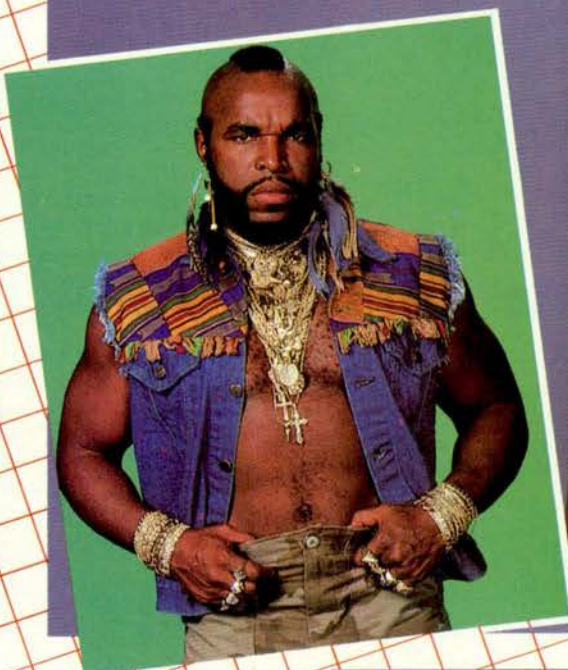


## The Lawn Honkie

Black lawn jockeys are offensive. White lawn jockeys are too bland. But Lawn Honkie is just right! Decorates your lawn, lights up the driveway and keeps undesirable minorities at bay—all at once! A perfect gift for those who dream of a white Christmas.

## The Mr. T Fist-Fucker

There's no doubt that Mr. T's fist is the love object of every man or woman who craves knuckle sandwiches up the rectum. Now you can make that special friend's eyes light up on Christmas morning when he or she looks under the tree and finds... a Mr. T Fist-Fucker. You may not want to fuck with Mr. T—and he may not approve of this idea—but you can't resist his fist. This HUSTLER creation is a *must* for the asshole on your Christmas list.



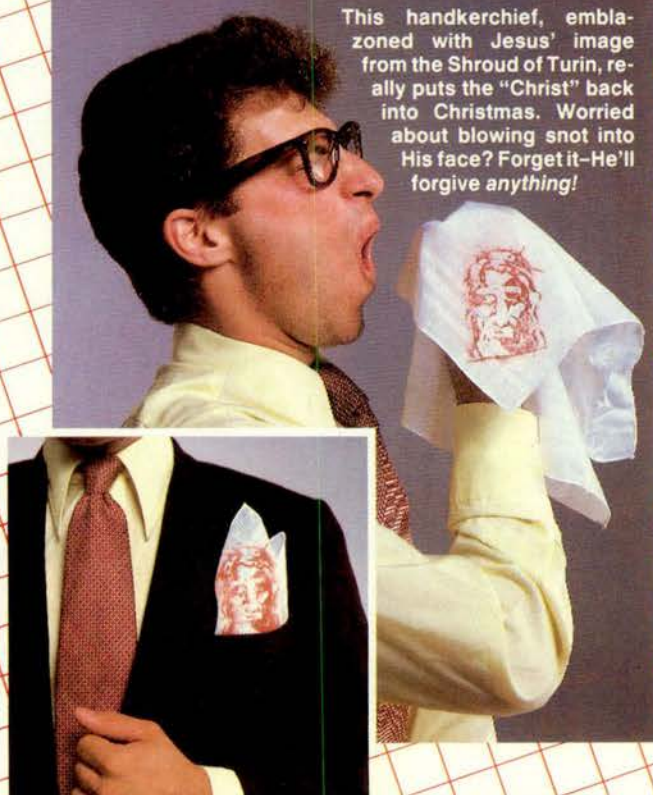
## Donkey Dong

There has never been a video game like it! Can you keep the sex-crazed donkey from reaming the farmer's daughter? If you can't, he's gonna ram it up her so deep, she'll talk with a lisp! Fun for the kids and educational too. Just the thing for the *vidiot* in your family.



## The Shroud of Turin Handkerchief

This handkerchief, emblazoned with Jesus' image from the Shroud of Turin, really puts the "Christ" back into Christmas. Worried about blowing snot into His face? Forget it—He'll forgive anything!





# Nine Years Ago In HUSTLER



**Pure as Snow!** Chambers's move into X-rated films was actually a step up morally. On that box label she's a Madison Avenue lie, pretending to adore someone else's screaming child... which probably just laid a terrific load in its diapers. At least in an adult film, like *Behind the Green Door* (in which she took on five guys at once), she sidled up to something she really loves—a cock.



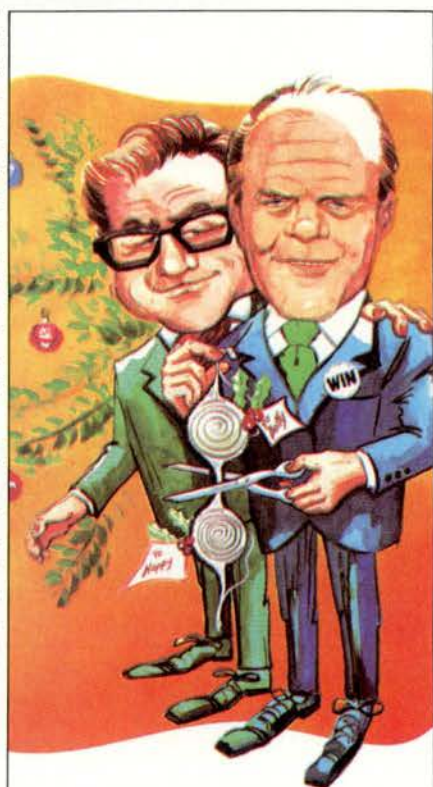
## Joan Rivers's Nightmare

Can we talk here? This shot was sent in to *Beaver Hunt* by someone who signed his name only as "Edgar." At first we didn't recognize the lady on the bed, but then it

struck us—could Joan Rivers secretly be fat? Or is this just the punchline to the joke "What do you get when you cross Joan Rivers and Elizabeth Taylor?"

"A contributor recently submitted this cartoon in an attempt to bring humor to two very grave situations." With that solemn statement we introduced the illustration at right, our first "Most Tasteless Cartoon," in February 1975. And, looking at it again, it's still pretty tasteless. Betty Ford's and Happy Rockefeller's mastectomies are no laughing matter.

But even back then, before *HUSTLER* became heavily involved in political satire and undeniably outrageous humor, Larry Flynt realized that to withhold is to censor, and to censor is to abuse the public's right to know. Creative artists have never had their ideas repressed at *HUSTLER*. Besides, it *does* appeal to a certain sense of humor. We understand it *killed* Nelson Rockefeller.



"Jerry, I'm behind your inflation fight, but this is ridiculous."

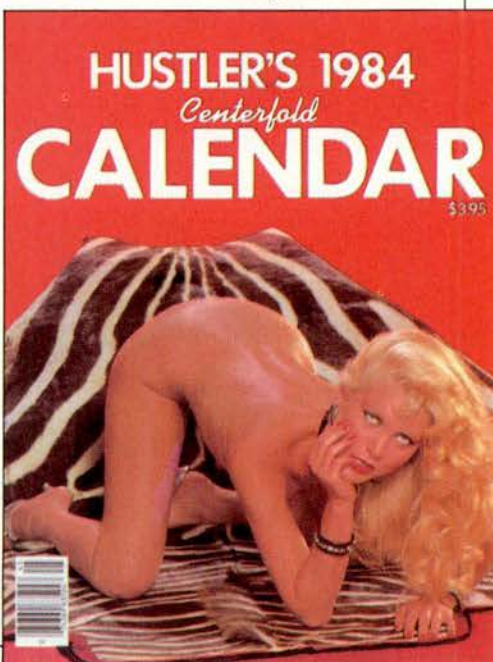
## Well-Hung!

Your walls say a lot about you. Do you want your friends to think you're a wimp because you carelessly put up a calendar with pictures of winter in Vermont or obnoxious little kittens?

Of course not. That's why we bring you guys *HUSTLER'S CENTERFOLD CALENDAR* every year. It's twelve months of *HUSTLER's* most outstanding women, spreading their goodwill to each new day. And this year's crop is the best ever.

Check your local newsstands, or have the 1984 *CALENDAR* mailed directly to you (in an unmarked wrapper) by sending

\$3.95 plus \$1 for postage to Flynt Subscription Co. Inc. (P.O. Box 67068, Los Angeles, CA 90067-9944). It's one hang-up you'll never want to get rid of.





# HUSTLER INTERVIEW: JANE WYMAN'S VAGINA\*

*A candid, probing interview with the cunt that could've been First Lady.*

**HUSTLER:** First, let's find out what all America wants to know . . . how big is the President?

**VAGINA:** You know, I can't recall. After all these years it's hard to remember little things like that.

**HUSTLER:** How about all that time you spent together?

**VAGINA:** Listen, you really ought to be interviewing Jane Wyman's asshole. He spent more time back there than in me.

**HUSTLER:** You're kidding.

**VAGINA:** No. I felt neglected during our marriage. He'd be pounding away, stirring the fudge, while I'd just idly sit there. It's a very empty feeling.

**HUSTLER:** Did that have something to do with the divorce?

**VAGINA:** No. The divorce was because the kids were so damn ugly. After the second one, Ronnie almost had me sewn up.

**HUSTLER:** How about the President's sex techniques? Was he good in bed?

**VAGINA:** Picture this: It's midnight, you're almost asleep, and all of a sudden you hear someone whispering, "Mommy, Mommy." I hated that "Mommy" crap. He called me that before he called Nancy that. Then you'd hear, "Will you fuck your little boy, Mommy? Will you?" It was disgusting. A grown man wanting to be fucked by his "mommy."

**HUSTLER:** So *that's* what the "Mommy" business is all about.

**VAGINA:** Sure. Ronnie's a closet infant.

"Can Baby suck on your tits, Mommy? Please, Mommy?" Sometimes he would even put on diapers.

**HUSTLER:** This is an incredible revelation!

**VAGINA:** The only way Jane could get him to lick me was to say I was a lollipop.

**HUSTLER:** Was it any better once he put his cock in?

**VAGINA:** It was okay . . . except for the rash.

**HUSTLER:** Rash?

**VAGINA:** I used to get a terrible rash from that cheap red hair dye he used on his pubes. Ronnie was prematurely gray at the age of 25.

**HUSTLER:** Whew! What a guy. And his image has always been so squeaky clean.

**VAGINA:** Clean? Ha! He had an affair with John Wayne.

**HUSTLER:** The Duke?

**VAGINA:** Yes. Ronnie and the Duke had a homosexual love affair. You didn't know that?

**HUSTLER:** Of course not.

**VAGINA:** Ronnie's even said publicly how much he loved the Duke. He wasn't just being poetic. The Duke always used to say, "Ronnie, you should have been a fighter . . . you really know how to use your fists."

**HUSTLER:** Let's get back to you. You spoke about the President going gray. . . . We noticed that you're a little gray yourself.

**VAGINA:** If you'd cracked as many nuts as I have, you'd be a little gray too!

**HUSTLER:** How did you ever get so stretched out?

**VAGINA:** It's from that gawdamn baby routine. He sucked and nursed on my labia till they hung down like a pea-coat sleeve! I used to be pretty, like all the little, pink pussies in HUSTLER. *Now* look at me. I look like a pile of cowshit that a wagon wheel went through! It's affected my sex life too. Everyone who looks at me thinks I'm some kind of freak. Even Andrea Dworkin won't give me head!

**HUSTLER:** That's hard to believe.

**VAGINA:** And imagine what *Nancy* must look like after all the years *she's* spent with Baby Suckface! No wonder she wears such long dresses.

**HUSTLER:** Let's change the subject. Did the President come inside you or pull out?

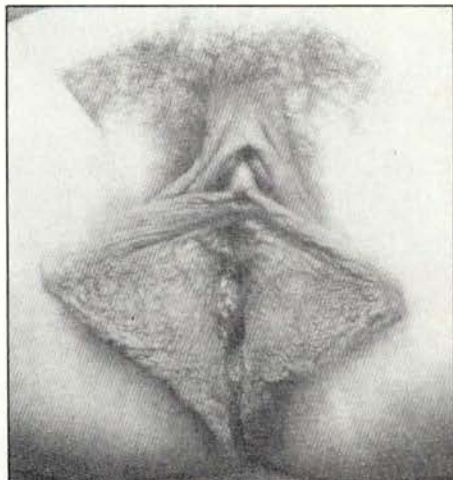
**VAGINA:** He hated to pull out. He'd cry like a baby if he had to pull back even an inch.

**HUSTLER:** Did your clit get much attention?

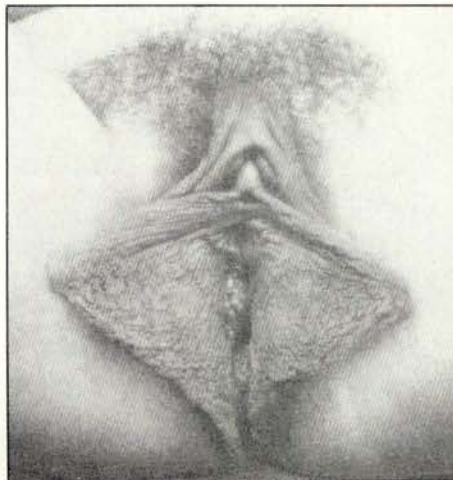
**VAGINA:** Oh, he was always threatening to push the button. But he was all talk. He swore that he'd do it someday though.

**HUSTLER:** Thanks for taking the time to talk to us. We know you're busy with your TV series *Falcon Crest*.

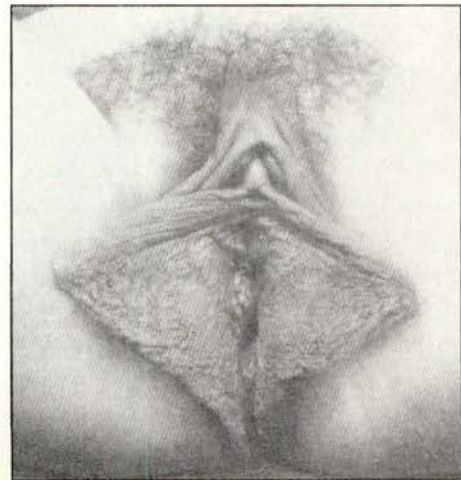
**VAGINA:** Actually, right now I'm thinking about leaving the show. One of the studio hands told everybody about my lips. I'm trying to land a role on *Dynasty*. I hear Joan Collins will suck on anything. Besides, that's where all the *real* cunts are.



"Listen, you really ought to be interviewing Jane Wyman's asshole. He spent more time back there than in me."



"I used to get a terrible rash from that cheap red hair dye he used on his pubes. Ronnie was prematurely gray at the age of 25."



"I'm trying to land a role on *Dynasty*. I hear Joan Collins will suck on anything. Besides, that's where all the *real* cunts are."





## HUSTLER Wants Your Vote!

### 8th Annual Erotic-Film Poll

Let your voice be heard in the hallowed halls of porndom! By voting, you'll let the filmmakers know what you liked in this year's crop of X-rated flicks. And, believe us, they're interested in hearing from you. Since our reviews are used to gauge the success of a new release, HUSTLER readers are considered among the best informed viewers of adult films anywhere. Producers will use the results of this poll (scheduled to appear in our April 1984 issue) as a guide to what the public wants. Just fill out the ballot and send it to: HUSTLER Movie Poll, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, CA 90067-3054. The same person may appear as a nominee in more than one category. Ballots must be postmarked no later than January 1, 1984.

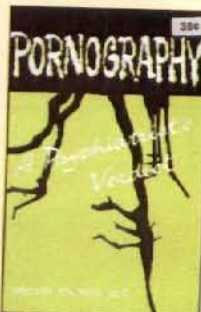
#### Categories:

- Best film: \_\_\_\_\_  
 Best actress: \_\_\_\_\_  
 In which film? \_\_\_\_\_  
 Best actor: \_\_\_\_\_  
 In which film? \_\_\_\_\_  
 Best director: \_\_\_\_\_  
 Of which film? \_\_\_\_\_  
 Best sex scene: \_\_\_\_\_  
 In which film? \_\_\_\_\_  
 Most accomplished fellatio artist: \_\_\_\_\_  
 In which film? \_\_\_\_\_  
 Most accomplished cunnilinguist: \_\_\_\_\_  
 In which film? \_\_\_\_\_  
 Which film disappointed you most? \_\_\_\_\_

# SEX IN MEDIA

## Porn Scare

First printed in 1973, this anti-porn pamphlet is typical of the mindless attacks on pornography that attempted to shut HUSTLER down in the '70s. The scary part is that this booklet is still around



and was recently sent to us by a reader. Making statements like "The regressive effect of pornography on sexual behavior brings on premature death," this pamphlet by psychiatrist Melvin Anchell is a testament to misinformation. Upon hearing that a woman had allowed her children to watch her and her husband make love so the kids would understand that sex is nothing to be ashamed of, Anchell responded that "it would have been kinder to expose her children to polio." Talk about material that's dangerous in the hands of impressionable minors!

We recognize that it has the same right to be published as HUSTLER, but we also recognize our right to label it a vicious piece of trash.

## Justice in Rhode Island

Oral sex is an "abominable and detestable crime against nature," says an 1896 statute still on the books in Rhode Island. But nobody in his right mind would try to enforce that statute, right? Wrong. Colonel Walter E. Stone, head of Rhode Island's state police, recently brought charges against two women for performing fellatio at a bachelor party.

Enter the hero—the Honorable Superior Court Judge Thomas H. Needham. Judge Needham was appalled that the state's lawmakers had not abolished the old law. "I find, in this day and age, that statute is archaic," said Needham, who was surprised "to find that sexual activity between consenting heterosexuals [should have

stopped while you were ahead, Your Honor] in private concerning fellatio is still criminal in Rhode Island."

Forced to find the women guilty under the ancient law, Judge Needham suspended all but 90 days of the seven-year minimum prison sentence called for and urged them to appeal their convictions. HUSTLER applauds Judge Needham's honesty in a time where lesser men would remain silent.

## The Size of the Club

Is *Golf* magazine trying to compete with *Blueboy*? We're not sure after seeing these centerfold-style layouts in the middle of a recent issue of *Golf*. Maybe it's staking a tip from *Sports Illustrated*'s use of women in skimpy swimsuits to sell issues. But Peter Jacobsen instead of Christie Brinkley? C'mon, guys. You're going to attract people to the links who make it dangerous to bend over and pick up your balls.



## Watch Out, Wewahitchka!

On the dark side of the news, the city commissioners of Wewahitchka, Florida, have asked the city attorney to suggest ways to control the display and sale of sexually oriented magazines. Mayor Robert Nations, proving to be more interested in censorship than in just altering the display, suggested that the city ban adult magazines altogether. "I don't want it sold here," Nations said. "I don't care where they can go to get it, as long as it isn't here." We recommend that citizens of Wewahitchka watch their asses before they lose the right to read what they choose. Especially if those asses are on the covers of men's magazines.





## Encore Performance

Dear Editor,

As a longtime follower of *HUSTLER*, I am attempting to recall some humor regarding cigarette smokers that appeared in an issue years ago. Can you help me?

I am preparing some lecture material regarding the hazards of smoking and anesthesia, and such material would lend considerably to my presentation. The image I have

in my mind suggests a "Marlboro Man" theme, with a patient smoking while hooked up to an artificial-breathing device.

I realize this is a most unusual request, but your time and effort would be dearly appreciated by an avid consumer of *HUSTLER*.

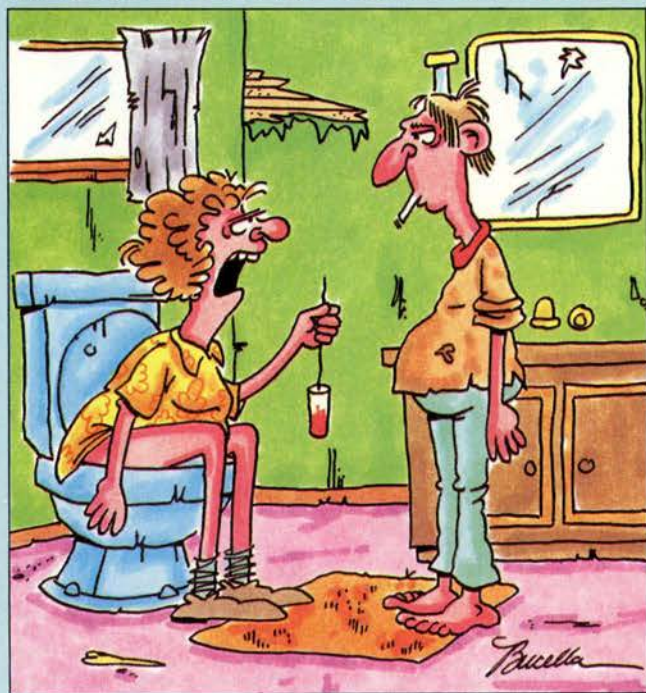
Sincerely,  
C. Biddle, M.D.  
Havre de Grace, Maryland

You have a good memory, Doc. And your wish is our command.

When we first ran this ad parody (July 1979), it raised quite a furor... especially with the tobacco companies. But *HUSTLER* stood firm in its stand against smoking. A dead reader is bad for circulation... yours and ours.

At any rate, the cigarette folks haven't spoken to us since. That's okay. We don't like talking to killers.

## Most Tasteless Cartoon



"Good thing I have my period, or we'd have nothing to hang on the Christmas tree."



## Too Deep

Some guys will do anything to keep their women from seeing them read *HUSTLER*. Look at the depths this man has sunk to. One look at the shot, and you know who wears the pants in his family.

## Contributors

*HUSTLER* pays \$150 for each reader-submitted Bits & Pieces item. In the event that two or more readers' submissions are used in one B&P item, the payment is \$50 for each submission. Larry Flynt Publications retains all rights to any material submitted, but we'll return any rejected material and original artwork (not including photos) on request if an SASE is enclosed. For December, \$150 goes to P. Kovacevic. *HUSTLER*'s comments on pictures, people, trademarks and/or copyrighted material ("items") are only its opinion (frequently in the form of parody or satire) based solely on only those facts (including the pictures) disclosed. *HUSTLER*'s use of such items is not authorized by the persons named and/or depicted or by the trademark or copyright owners, and no such authorization should be inferred.

## HUSTLER Update

**MENACHEM BEGIN**

January '83

We named Begin Asshole of the Month for single-handedly ruining Israel's image as a moral, peace-loving nation. Last year he ordered the merciless bombing of Lebanon's capital, Beirut, and looked the other way when right-wing armies under Israeli control cold-bloodedly slaughtered up to 1,000 horrified men, women and children. Now, after six years in office, the onetime terrorist has resigned as prime minister. Begin left Israel close to chaos because of its severe economic problems and its continuing occupation of Lebanon. Said one former Israeli soldier: "I'm ready to buy champagne for the whole country to celebrate."



**EL SALVADOR: THE NEW VIETNAM**  
July '81



In its September 1983 issue, *Penthouse* devoted 11 pages to an article titled "El Salvador Is Spanish for Vietnam." The same month, *Playboy* printed interviews with several of Nicaragua's Marxist leaders, the Sandinistas. Once again Guccione and Hefner dragged their heels in reporting news that was old hat to *HUSTLER* readers. Long before it became fashionable to write about the deplorable conditions in Central America, we published a comprehensive, 7,500 word report on the bloody civil strife that has now claimed the lives of 45,000 innocent civilians in El Salvador alone. Then in August 1982 we ran "Update: El Salvador One Year Later." As the saying goes, imitation is the sincerest form of flattery.







*Merry Christmas*



From The **HUSTLER** Staff!



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HAS BEEN TAKEN!  
SOME WILL BE SHOCKED...OTHERS AMAZED!

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## EROTIC FILMS

Edited by Lonn M. Friend

Millions of adults watch X-rated movies; yet most publications have constantly ignored the obvious need to inform the public as to which films are ripoffs and which ones aren't. *HUSTLER's* reviews of hard-core erotic films have long been regarded as the yardstick of the industry. We take this function seriously, and we'll continue to keep you abreast of the latest adult-film releases, and also do our best to spur porn producers on to even better productions.

### That's Outrageous

**F**ully Erect. Produced, written and directed by F. J. Lincoln; starring Jamie Gillis, Franie LoMay, Natasha, Anna Ventura, Joey Silvera, Tiffany Clark, Mai Lin, David Ambrose and Lisa Cintrice. Running time: 85 minutes.

If for no other reason, *That's Outrageous* is an adult film every porn lover should see because it



'Outrageous': Gillis embraces French model Franie LoMay.

brings to the blue screen two of the most genuinely seductive and incomparably beautiful new faces anywhere. They're real-life French high-fashion models Franie LoMay and Natasha—and their sexploits in this exquisitely produced picture are as hot as



Jamie Gillis awaits Lisa Cintrice's longing lips in 'That's Outrageous.'

any of their American-actress colleagues.

In his best performance in years Jamie Gillis plays a dual role as an overambitious lover who's lost his heart to a pair of French sisters, LoMay and Natasha. One girl knows him as Paul, a successful photographer; but to the other sister he's Philippe, a starving writer. Juggling his afternoons and evenings with the girls, Gillis maintains his charade for quite a while. However, things backfire when he plots to enjoy an incestuous *menage a trois* with both sisters by throwing a masquerade party.

Calling on his friend Rick (Joey Silvera) to help by making sure both girls are sufficiently blitzed on champagne, Gillis blows the game himself by passing out between the sisters. Waking up, the girls realize that they were almost fooled—and that their lover is a phony. So they leave Gillis, who's still drunk—and naturally depressed. As time passes, the forlorn Gillis moves to New York to pursue his photography, while the sisters remain in France. Soon, though, they decide they both love him too much to lose him. The girls fly to New York to share a life of love and lust.

the presence of the luscious ladies mentioned at the outset of this review. Gillis makes love to both girls under entirely different circumstances in a number of varied situations.

In the very first sex scene the blond LoMay unleashes a furious collection of ass and hip gyrations under Gillis's thrusting cock that would qualify her as an aerobics instructor at any health club in the world. Similarly, the auburn-haired Natasha proves to audiences that European women know the fine art of giving head as well as—or better than—anyone.

On top of this, Silvera and Ventura carry on an erotic affair that offers some pretty hot moments of its own. For instance, there's a wildly passionate "first fuck" encounter between the two in which Ventura has a nipple-hardening orgasm.

The flick's *piece de resistance*, though, is a soft-focus lesbian-fantasy sequence between LoMay and Natasha. The scene's tender, smooth-and-slow sensuality recalls the finest David Hamilton photos. These girls don't just eat each other's pussies—they savor them.

If there's a serious flaw in this film, it's that we never get to see Gillis have his dreamed-of threesome. On the whole, however, *That's Outrageous* is an ambitious and richly entertaining adult motion picture, brimming with burning sex and beautiful women. It's a *must see* for anyone who mistakenly believes that good pornography has to come out of a San Francisco warehouse.

—L. M. F.

*That's Outrageous* was filmed entirely on location in Paris and New York, and that adds a rich and real flavor to the underlying love story. One scene has model Anna Ventura being seductively photographed by Gillis and Silvera on a busy Paris street. The reactions of the passersby are exciting and spontaneous. There is most assuredly a "feeling" to this film—and that special quality is rare in adult pictures these days.

As far as the lovemaking goes in *That's Outrageous*, it's a sexual souffle made most delicious by

*This hard-on rating guide is based on a quality-for-your-money formula. However, since many X-rated films are censored to conform to "local community standards," the movies we review here might not be exactly the version you see. Therefore we suggest you check with your theater to make sure that you are getting the real thing.*

## RATING GUIDE

- FULLY ERECT**  
Superior. A top production that delivers fullest satisfaction.
- THREE-QUARTERS ERECT**  
Good. A well-made film that's guaranteed to please.
- HALF ERECT**  
So-so. This may get you off, but its appeal is limited.
- ONE-QUARTER ERECT**  
Poor. Don't expect much, and you won't be disappointed.
- TOTALLY LIMP**  
A waste of time and money. Avoid this one at all costs.





In 'Outrageous,' Joey Silvera plays a photographer who keeps it up for his lover, Anna Ventura.

## Sweet Young Foxes

**One-Quarter Erect.** Produced by Elliot Lewis; written by Deborah Sullivan; directed by Bob Chinn; starring Hyapatia Lee, Cindy Carver, Cara Lott, Kay Parker, Eric Edwards, Pat Manning, Ron Jeremy, Bud Lee, Blair Harris and Cap Lincoln. Running time: 86 minutes.

It's astounding how the same director—using many of the same actors and actresses—can make one really good fuck film . . . and one disaster. Last month *The Young Like It Hot* was reviewed here (Rating: Fully Erect). It was a camp and horny flick with lots of fun sex. But now director Bob Chinn gives us *Sweet Young Foxes*: a stupid, dismally mundane, run-of-the-mill porno that's almost as bad as *The Young* was good. Perhaps in last month's review of *The Young Like It Hot* we should have ad-

vised Chinn to quit while he was ahead.

*Foxes'* story is about three teenage girls who've just gotten out of school for the summer. Lonely for her boyfriend who's away in Europe, Fox Number One, Hyapatia Lee, calls on her two best friends (Cara Lott and Cindy Carver) to distract her through her long and hot vacation.

Lee parties a lot and likes to go out with her friends and get fucked. The three sweethearts go to a wild party where they all get their clits tickled. Next day a reflective Lee contemplates the wonders of sexual promiscuity and revels in the joys of summer fun. The end—thank heavens.

The main problem with *Sweet Young Foxes* is its attempt to be a serious film on the relationships between teenage girls and their friends and families. The cast is a competent one, but the script is so trite and the dialogue so downright dumb that no actor—regardless of his or her ability—could deliver the lines believa-

bly. And when there's that underlying stupidity in a film, the sex scenes suffer too.

Although it appears at times that the characters are getting off, the audience can't be truly stimulated, because there's no emotion. While a few inane pornos have managed to boast some hot "fucking" moments, *Sweet Young Foxes* isn't one of them.

Save for Hyapatia Lee's perfect body—including the absolute best nipples in the business—*Sweet Young Foxes* is a loser.

—L. M. F.

## That's My Daughter

**Half Erect.** Produced by Jacques Contenfleur; written by George Kale; directed by Charles De Santos; starring Lisa DeLeeuw, John Leslie, Sharon Mitchell, Eric Edwards, Mona, Pat Moorehead, Arcadia Lake, Harry Cowan and Mistress Kat. Running time: 82 minutes.

In 1979 director Paul Schrader made a stupid, dishonest exploitation flick called *Hardcore* about a father who sees his runaway daughter getting fucked in a porn movie. Now we have a film with ten times the sex of Schrader's general-release fiasco—but even less impact.

While businessman Harry Josephs (Pat Moorehead) is screwing a whore in front of his VCR, he notices that the girl on the screen sucking a big cock is vaguely familiar. In fact, he realizes it's his daughter (played by Mona). Determined to find his long-lost darling, he hires a private investigator (Eric Edwards).

Hitting the seedy streets,



'That's My Daughter's' Mona plays a tough-talking harlot.

Edwards and his tough-chick partner (Sharon Mitchell) run into all sorts of inner-city sexual decadence. In one instance they encounter an S&M queen (Mistress Kat) who, after outfitting Mitchell in leather, sends her back on the search again. Eventually, Mona is traced to a hide-away where she's being "kept" by porn king John Leslie.

Leslie hauls Mona away to a



As one of the 'Sweet Young Foxes,' nymphet Cara Lott does her best to make the summer really long and extra hot for Ron Jeremy.





'Daughter': Pat Moorehead and Mona enjoy a strange family reunion.

boat and tries to convince her he's best for her. She doesn't buy it, though, and flees to take refuge at another whorehouse, where her first assignment is—that's right—Daddy! By the time Moorehead recognizes her, his dick's so hard, he goes ahead and fucks her anyway. With the best line in the film, daughter Mona jerks Daddy's pole and immediately announces: "I don't care if I am your daughter. I still want my money."

Needless to say, *That's My Daughter* is no great work of adult cinematic art. The action moves painfully slow in many places, and the dialogue is often absurd. However, the picture does have its hot moments—and young Mona as the daughter-gone-bad is one sultry little bitch. In a scene with John Leslie she almost one-ups the king of talkin' dirty before giving him a first-rate, ball-bursting blowjob.

For all its faults, *That's My Daughter* is still a semi-entertaining porn flick. And if your kink is incest, it may be for you. —L. M. F.

## Bubblegum

**Three-Quarters Erect.** Produced by Damon Christian; written by Bob Augustus and Louise Christian; directed by Damon Christian; starring Honey Wilder, Eric Edwards, Kelly Grant, Tina Ross, Candy Cummings, Ray Wells, Mark Goldberg and Blair Harris. Running time: 70 minutes.

*Bubblegum* is a soap opera—but you'll never see this kind of action on *As the World Turns*. Shot with a cold, gray mood reminiscent of the immensely popular daytime dramas, the

film examines the sexual adventures of a family fraught with a complicated cavalcade of interpersonal problems.

Eric Edwards and Honey Wilder play a wealthy married couple whose supple young daughter, Paula (Tina Ross), is coming home from college. Paula, though, is bringing a friend home with her. Her name's Ginger, but her nickname is—you guessed it—Bubblegum. About the same time, Edwards discovers that his wife is having an affair with Paula's boyfriend's father, who also happens to be Paula's real father. (Don't get lost... there's more.)

Incensed at Wilder's infidelity, Edwards vows to fuck her daughter's best friend—who happens to be Bubblegum. Of course, he does fuck her. And near the end he reveals to the

entire family that Paula's not really his daughter, but Paula's boyfriend's father's daughter. Believe it or not, the plot gets even more complicated. . . .

Anyone who's watched daytime serials knows that this kind of storyline is commonplace in that genre. What makes *Bubblegum* different, of course, is the addition of hard-core sex. And that addition is done very well. From the opening sequence in which bored wife Wilder is comforted by her voracious, pussy-devouring maid, *Bubblegum* blows up the screen with all manner of hot and varied lovemaking.

Tina Ross's outdoor fuck-and-suck with her boyfriend (as Mom watches the action while hiding in the bushes) is a particularly well-photographed, erotic scene. Firm-titted Ross is a teasingly sexy starlet, the likes of whom adult films could use a lot more.

Except for a couple of weak performances—namely by the title character herself, who gets painfully annoying as she constantly chomps a piece of chewing gum, and by the usually adept Honey Wilder—*Bubblegum* succeeds as a different kind of porn fare.

If you're a closet fan of soap operas and have been frustrated by the pricktensing situations and conflicts on television, then sink your teeth into *Bubblegum*.

It'll blow you away. —L. M. F.



Candy Cummings backs into Eric Edwards in 'Bubblegum.'

## ON THE CIRCUIT

This column lists and rates erotic films reviewed in past issues of *HUSTLER*. The films named below may currently be showing at a theater or available on videocassettes.

### **Fully Erect**

**Debbie Does Dallas II**  
**Doing It**  
**Indecent Exposure**  
**In Love**  
**Irresistible**  
**Naughty Girls Need**  
**Love Too**  
**Scoundrels**  
**Sexcapades**  
**Society Affairs**  
**The Devil in Miss Jones II**  
**The Young Like It Hot**

### **Three-Quarters Erect**

**Expose Me Now**  
**Hot Dreams**  
**Intimate Lessons**  
**Mascara**  
**Midnight Heat**  
**Satisfactions**  
**Taboo II**  
**Touch of Blue**  
**Up 'n' Coming**

### **Half Erect**

**A Taste of Money**  
**Baby Cakes**  
**Between Lovers**  
**California Valley Girls**  
**Liquid Assets**  
**Little Girls Lost**  
**Nightlife**  
**N\*U\*R\*S\*E\*S of the 407**  
**Oui, Girls**  
**Puss 'n' Boots**  
**Sorority Sweethearts**  
**Trashi**  
**Treasure Box**  
**White Heat**

### **One-Quarter Erect**

**Blue Jeans**  
**Body Talk**  
**Daddy's Little Girls**  
**Fox Holes**  
**Let's Talk Sex**  
**Peep Holes**  
**The Starmaker**

### **Totally Limp**

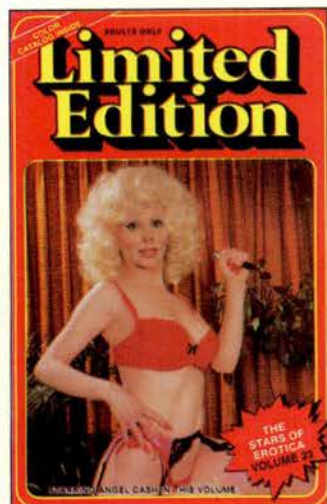
**All About Annette**  
**Little Orphan Dusty, Part II**  
**Starlet Nights**



# PORNPOURRI

Edited by Lon M. Friend

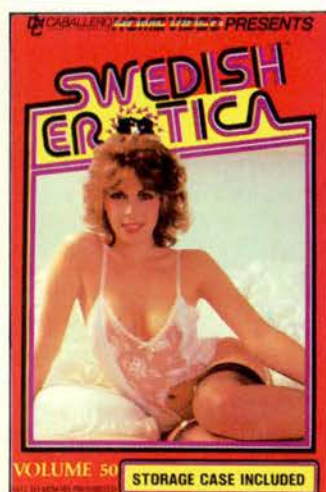
Adult entertainment has diversified. Videotapes produced exclusively for home viewing are now being manufactured and can be purchased at this country's nearly 9,000 video stores, or through scores of mail-order companies. To help you sort out the best from the rest, *HUSTLER* provides these capsule reviews of the newest X-rated home videos, as well as the latest happenings in the world of erotic entertainment.



## Limited Edition

**#23** (Adult Video Corporation) This is a fairly standard hard-core sex tape—four shorts made special only by the presence of dim-witted, plump-titted Angel Cash. She is a perpetual liquid orgasm—cooing and moaning throughout her vignette. The second sequence—two girls rubbing in a tub—isn't much to speak of (the ladies

aren't that attractive); nor is the third, with fiery redhead Tara Flynn in a boring threesome. But the fourth short has buxom Jacqueline Lorian in a comic fuck with Ray Wells. The sex here is hot, but the cinematography isn't. —Kent Smith



## Swedish Erotica

**#50** (Caballero Control Corporation) This is an unusual tape. It's two sex stories: one



## Laser Erotica

"Laser videodiscs"—video-playback devices that look like records but are activated by laser beams instead of needles—have expanded to include the X-rated market. Video-X-Pix of New York has just released three uncut, original hard-core titles on these state-of-the-art "visual platters": *A Scent of Heather*, *Centerfold Fever* and the multi-Erotica-Award-winning *Roommates*. Of course, to play the discs you'll need a laser videodisc player—which will cost about \$600. But to watch these juicy flicks with the finest sound and picture reproduction available, it may be worth the bucks to those who can afford it.

recent, the other a clip from an older flick. The latter looks like Dante-turned-Damiano—a hellish nightmare with heavily painted demonic types copulating like bugs. A girl sucks a black man and a white man at the same time, then the same two dicks fuck her pussy as a third fills up her asshole. The recent episode is as boring as the hellish tale is exciting. Two astronomers (Herschel Savage and Paul Thomas) turn their telescopes toward Jamie Robbin's snatch, engaging her in a conventional threeway. Buy this one for the first half. —K. S.

There's lots of jug-fucking and sizzling straight sex. In the last of the four vignettes buxom Julie Parton—Dolly's cousin and a *HUSTLER* model—takes on long-donged Kevin James. This title's a juicy one. —K. S.

## For Love of Money

Anybody want to spend an all-expenses-paid vacation with the sultry porn starlet Constance Money? Atom Video is running a promotion titled "Win a Dream Vacation to Acapulco With Constance Money." If you're the winner, you could be sipping pina coladas on the sand with the star of the 1976 blue classic *The Opening of Misty Beethoven*. The entry forms are inside the box of Money's latest release, *A Taste of Money*. Of course, you have to buy the tape to be eligible for the prize. We suggest you think hard about your love of Money before paying \$60-plus for this mediocre pic-

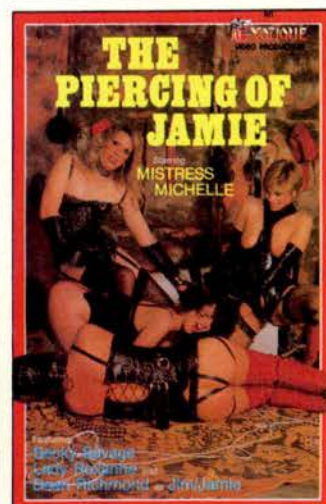


ture. But what's a few bucks for a chance to get a real taste of Money? The drawing will be held on March 15, 1984.



## Golden Girls #6

(Caballero Control Corporation) This latest edition of a real hot videoloo series is a tit man's delight. The hourlong tape features women with big, bouncy breasts and firm, trim bodies.



## The Piercing of Jamie

(Bizarre Video Productions) This tape is billed as an "S&M docu-drama." While it has overtones of S&M, it's not dramatic, or hard-core S&M. Becky Savage, a bondage photographer's assistant, gets spanked for an oversight. Then the photographer (Mistress Michelle) forces her and Jamie—a middle-aged man who eventually has some gold rings pierced into his forehead—to be sex slaves to another dominatrix. This tape is too stupid and too tame to excite.



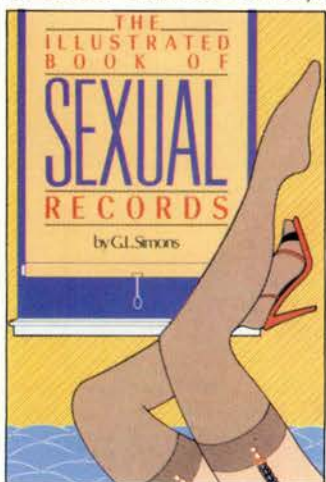
# BOOKS

Reviewed by  
Theodore Sturgeon

## The Illustrated Book of Sexual Records

By G. L. Simons; Delilah Communications Ltd., 118 E. 25th St., New York, NY 10010; \$6.95.

\* The most famous female sadist in history was a 17th-century Hungarian noblewoman named Erzsebet Bathory.



She was walled up alive in her castle in the Minor Carpathian Mountains for having killed some 600 young girls in various ways.

\* One of the lady members of the 18th-century Love Club kept a journal in which she listed every one of the 4,959 men she had fucked in 20 years.

\* In 1974 a guy showed up at a London hospital with a painful vibrating umbilicus. He'd lost a vibrator up his ass and required surgery to remove it.

\* Egyptian women about 1850 B.C. used crocodile shit as a contraceptive.

These and hundreds more goodies—together with a startling, funny and amazing collection of pictures—fill this delightful book. Author Simons is no stranger to sexual trivia. This is his tenth book on the subject—and it may be his best. *The Illustrated Book of Sexual Records* is a sort of Guinness-type volume—"the biggest, the first, the oldest,

the most bizarre," etc., etc. But where *Guinness* requires solid and verifiable documentation, Simons allows himself a little more license, quoting freely from ancient myths and travelers' tales as well as from scientific papers.

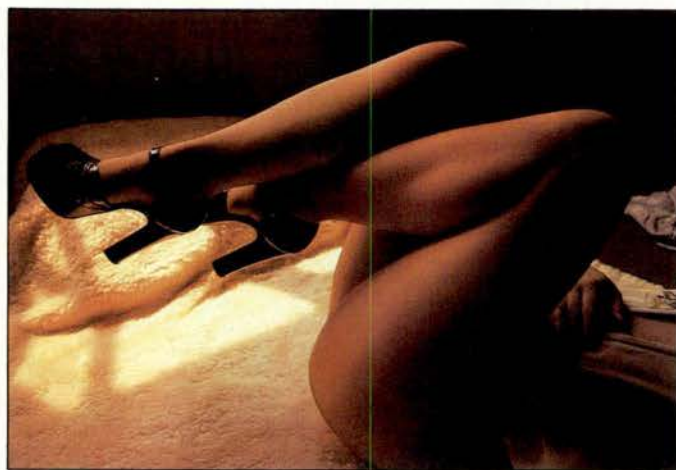
But regardless of his sources, Simons has packed this work with all sorts of obscure and titillating facts about sex. I don't think there's anywhere else you could find out that the average peeping Tom stands 5-10; that New Zealand has the highest incidence of incest per capita in the world; that the least-frequent reference in graffiti in ladies' bathrooms is to homosexual oral sex; and that it cost Louis XV of France \$60,000 a year to satisfy his carnal lusts.

*Sexual Records* is a must for the bedside or johnside.

## The Secret Diaries of Hitler's Doctor

By David Irving; Macmillan Publishing Company, 866 Third Ave., New York, NY 10022; \$16.95.

The timing of this release is unfortunate, after the recent international hassle about the phony Hitler diaries published by the West German magazine *Stern*. But this book is a *real* account, legally obtained from U.S. archives in which they'd



'Private View' tastefully exposes the elegance of the female form.

been buried—maybe *lost* is a better word—since World War II.

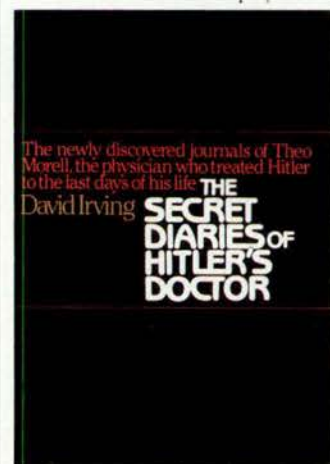
*The Secret Diaries of Hitler's Doctor* is the work of a respected writer whose track record includes four other books about the upper levels and inner workings of the German High Command in the '30s and throughout the war. David Irving is a furious worker and a bird dog for details, and he has the knack of putting you "right there" on the scene.

Hitler's doctor was a scholarly Nazi named Theodor Morell. He had a thriving practice in Berlin, with a long list of notable patients, including boxing champion Max Schmeling, Prince Phillip of Hesse and Italian dictator Benito Mussolini. After Morell cured a personal friend of the Fuehrer, Hitler requested (more likely *demanded*) him as his physician.



'Private View' includes advertising shots like this one for beer.

For the next eight years the doctor provided pills, injections—in short, anything in the way of comforting substances (as well as psychological assistance) that Hitler needed. That relationship ended in the Berlin bunker when the Nazi leader—sick, defeated and hysterical—ordered the faithful physician



out of his life. Between then and the war-crimes trials, Morell was a captive, getting sicker by the day. He died in 1948, "like a stray dog," as one of his assistants wrote afterward.

It's easy to suspect that a personal physician can have a deep influence on a patient, and after the terrible revelations about doctors torturing people in the concentration camps, you can bet the Allied investigators really leaned on Morell. But when the nitty met the gritty, there was nothing they could hang on him—so they turned him loose, only to find him dead a year after his release.

For history buffs this book is quite an eyeful. For the rest of you it's just a damn interesting true story.





In 'View,' photographer Chris Thomson creates an erotic surrealism.

## Private View

By Chris Thomson; *Love Me Tender*, 62 Blvd. de Sebastopol, 75003 Paris, France; \$29.95.

Here's a breathtaking picture-book out of France. It's partly a how-to volume on photography; that is, cameraman Thomson explains briefly (in French) how he goes about getting his desired "product." In his shooting for advertising or magazines he tells us what cameras, film and filter he uses for each photograph, how he prepares his studio or background—and he does all this in



A shimmering high-fashion model poses for the camera in 'View.'

just a line or two.

But since most of us don't speak French, it's really the pictures that make up the book . . . and what pictures they are!

An example of Thomson's creative and constructive expertise comes in *Private View* with a series of photos showing the preparation for a beer ad. The sequence of photographs starts with a high shot from the top of a sailboat's mast, down past a gorgeous, topless blonde spread out on the bow netting—to an oversize beer can, maybe four feet in diameter, afloat in the sea. The pictures are striking, and the color quality is absolutely brilliant.

Make no mistake here: The women are the highlight of this coffee-table volume. And there's something very special about those girls too. It's their breasts. They are completely perfect.

I don't mean they're nice to look at or well formed. I mean each and every woman in *Private View* has a perfect set of tits. Now that alone may not be enough of a reason to spend \$29.95 on a picture book. But it's not a bad argument. . . .

## The Truth About STD

By Allen Chase; Quill (William Morrow and Company Inc.), 105 Madison Ave., New York, NY 10016; \$5.95.

If you've been reading this column for the past couple of years, you know this isn't the first book with STD (the abbreviation, of course, for sexually transmitted disease) in the title . . . and it certainly won't be the last to hit the shelves.

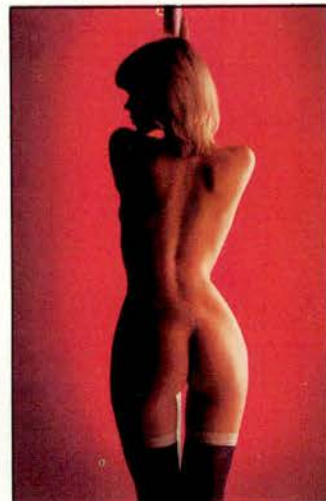
The one thing more effective than miracle drugs to keep you healthy is information. Perhaps I should say information used—and used right.

*The Truth About STD* is as complete a stash of information as you can find anywhere about sexually transmitted disease. It tells which bacteria, viruses and yeasts cause which ailments. You'll also find out what drugs and treatments apply to each one.

And author Chase even chronicles the origins of such major diseases as gonorrhea (2337 B.C.); syphilis (around 2000 B.C.); herpes (discovered in A.D. 1736); and the current terror, AIDS (first found in the late 19th century in the form of Kaposi's sarcoma).

of permissiveness for our VD problem.

Chase lets you know the source of a medical emergency like the one we're facing at the present time. The "sick" state of our youth comes from poverty, overcrowding and lack of nutrition and hygiene needed to build up healthy bodies that can



'Private View' captures stunning women from both front and rear.

throw off the invasion of disease.

It comes from sending thousands of American men abroad with no normal outlets for healthy sexual tensions but dirty, foreign cathouses. And,



A bevy of beautiful bare buns is on display in 'Private View.'

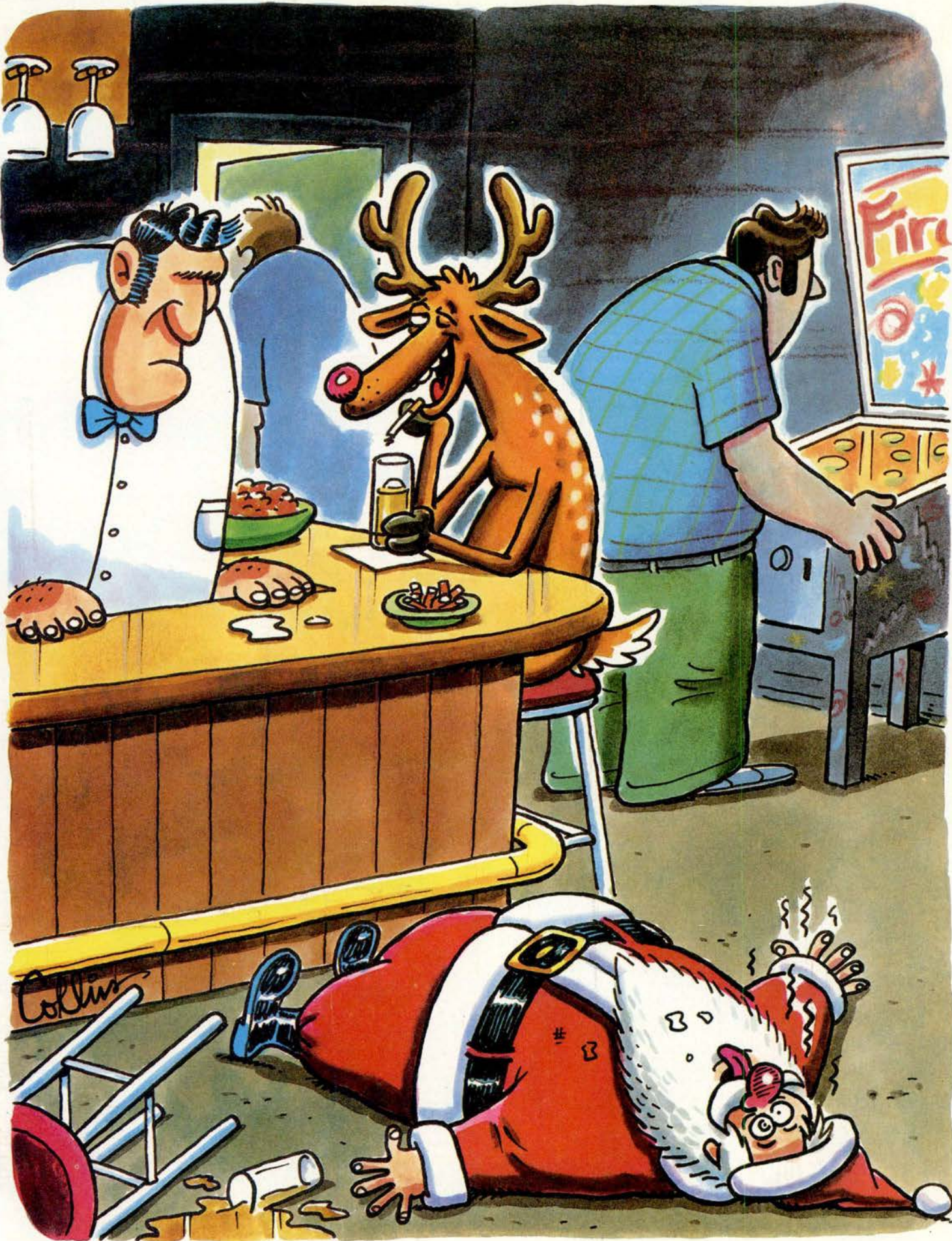
However, the most important section of the book is the last chapter, titled "The Primary Causes of Sexually Transmitted Diseases Are Not Bacteria or Viruses." In this enlightening section, Chase takes off with fists and feet on the "other" epidemic plaguing our society: the writers, broadcasters, pop shrinks and the like who mumble the words *sexual revolution* over and over, and blame a climate

most important, it comes from the fear and despair among young people that there's no use taking care of a future if there isn't going to be a future.

This book takes a new look at a growing and ever-frightening social problem. And maybe we need that new and different perspective to help us get ourselves out of the mess our society is in now.

It certainly can't hurt. . . .





"No more for him. He has to drive!"





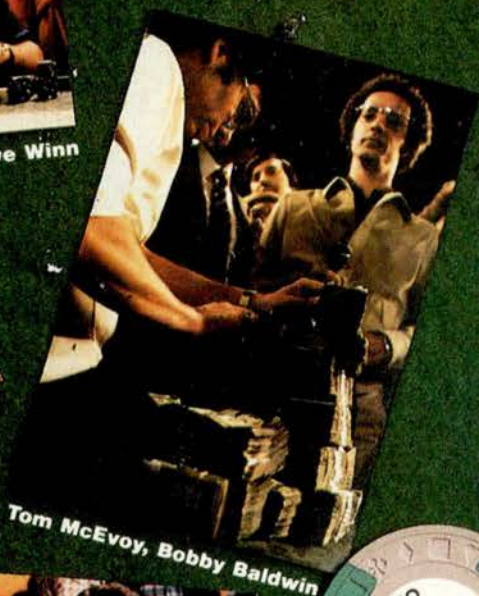
World Champion Tom McEvoy



George Huber



Steve Winn



Tom McEvoy, Bobby Baldwin



Tom McEvoy



George Huber, Larry Flynt





SHOWDOWN IN LAS VEGAS

# The World Series OF POKER

The four-day test of skill and guts drew more than 100 of the world's best cardplayers, who plunked down \$10,000 apiece for a shot at gambling's most coveted title. At stake was more than \$1 million in crisp new bills. But the surprise winner of this 14th annual get-together left veteran professionals shaking their heads.

ARTICLE BY RICHARD WARREN LEWIS





**F**or 11 months of the year a 50-by-75-foot alcove in Binion's Horseshoe Casino is typical of any other Las Vegas slot-machine operation. Vacant-eyed men methodically pull on the one-armed bandits, gambling against the virtually impossible dream of turning small change into a five-figure jackpot. Clenched-teeth expressions on the faces of little old ladies in polyester rarely change as they insert nickels, dimes and quarters, praying for the bonanza that never seems to come.

But once each year in May, during the quiet hours just after dawn, the 60 slot machines are removed and—as if by magic—this otherwise-inconspicuous area is transformed into an arena that will attract worldwide attention. By the time a team of uniformed maintenance workers has installed a battery of overhead lights, a barrier of velvet ropes, a set of bleachers and a dozen green-felt tables, the stage is set for high-stakes gambling where the dreams of one person will be fulfilled by more than half a million dollars. Here 108 hopefuls recently assembled to determine who would win the 14th annual World Series of Poker.

Prominently displayed on a wall leading into the makeshift cardroom was a larger-than-life mural studded with photographic portraits of previous winners—an elite gallery of the best players on Earth.

\*Texas-born John Moss, known as the "Grand Old Man of Poker," stood out as the only person to win the world championship three times. Back in 1974 three 3s enabled him to capture his third title and the \$160,000 that went with the trophy.

"My John's played his last championship game," his wife, Vergie, had said during the victory celebration. "No more tournaments! He's coming home with me—to Odessa."

Moss was astonished by what he heard. "Quit?" he said. "Aw, Vergie, now you know I can't quit when I'm winning."

And following three heart attacks, he was ready to try again at age 77.

\*A simple pair of red Kowboys—the king of diamonds and the king of hearts—had enabled Thomas Austin "Amarillo Slim" Preston Jr. to take home \$60,000 in the third annual competition. Tall and rail thin, he was once described as looking like the advance agent for a famine. Yet he once picked up \$31,000 by wagering that he could complete a five-day rubber-raiding ordeal down Idaho's icy Salmon River—the River of No Return—when its currents were most dangerous. Slim is known for his willingness to bet on anything when the odds are in his favor.

\*Called "Pug" because of a flattened nose suffered in a boyhood fall, cigar-smoking Walter Clyde Pearson emerged

as the 1973 champion. "I always remember one thing," said the son of a Tennessee bootlegger, assessing his 30 years of success as a professional gambler. "Luck ain't never paid the bills."

\*"Lor-de-Lord!" exclaimed Bryan "Sailor" Roberts after winning \$210,000 in 1975. "You know, a man could go on doing that just about forever." Deadly serious when's he's playing cards, Roberts also cuts quite a swath away from the poker table. He was once formally engaged to three women—all at the same time!

\*Generally acknowledged as the best poker player anywhere, 49-year-old Adrian Doyle "Texas Dolly" Brunson defied the odds by winning back-to-back championships in 1976 and 1977. On each occasion he caught a 10 to make a full house—10s over deuces.

Back in 1962 Texas Dolly underwent an operation for cancer that left a deep, three-inch depression behind his right ear. Doctors had given him less than three months to live, and he decided to spend that time as profitably as he could—playing high-stakes poker. He beat those odds too; the cancer has never returned.

"He's got alligator blood," said Horseshoe president Jack Binion, implying cold nerve combined with ruthlessness. "No matter what anyone tells you, that's the real difference between winners and losers."

\*Tulsa-born Bobby Baldwin, known as "The Owl" because of both his horn-rim glasses and his coldly calculating mind, won \$210,000 in 1978 at the relatively young age of 27. The style of play that earned him the title was demonstrated by a \$95,000 raise when he had absolutely nothing in his hand.

\*In 1979 Hal Fowler—an amateur from Norwalk, California—stuck with a hand that most experts said should never have been played. On the next to last card the then-56-year-old public-relations executive filled an inside straight and earned \$270,000.

\*Jockey-size Stu "The Kid" Ungar won back-to-back championships in 1980 and 1981, the first when he was just 27 years old. The brash New Yorker, who has been playing cards night and day for 14 years, received a total of \$740,000 for those victories—the bulk of which he lost in subsequent games and bets on sporting events.

\*"I'm the luckiest man in the world!" boomed last year's winner, 52-year-old Jack "Treetop" Straus. The high-living gambler, whose nickname derives from his 6-4 stature, pocketed \$520,000 following years of frustration.

In the bottom right-hand corner of the Gallery of Champions mural was an empty square awaiting the portrait of this year's winner. The caption beneath it read: 1983—WHO?

Evaluating the 108 players who had paid



"You pull their string, and they fuck up!"







the tournament's \$10,000 entry fee, bookmakers prowling the sidelines were making Brunson an 8-1 favorite. Next in line were Baldwin at 10-1 and Ungar and Moss, both listed at 12-1.

During the four days of play almost as much money would be booked in side bets as the \$1,080,000 to be distributed among the first nine finishers—with a record \$540,000 going to the player who held all the chips at the finish. In this freeze-out style of competition a player would be immediately eliminated once his original \$10,000 stake was lost.

"Here's a chance for a guy to take a toothpick [\$10,000] and run it into a lumberyard [\$540,000]," drawled Amarillo Slim. "I wouldn't trade two days of this life for 20 years in the best penitentiary in the world."

The game that would decide the championship was Texas Hold 'Em, a variation of seven-card stud that requires guts as well as crafty cardplaying ability. A hand begins with each player being dealt two cards facedown. Next comes a round of betting, followed by the "flop"—three more cards dealt face-up in the center of the table. These can be used as community cards by every player.

After another round of betting a fourth card is exposed (Fourth Street), and more betting ensues. Then a fifth card (Fifth Street) is turned up, and the final bets are

made. The winning hand is the best five-card combination that can be made from the hole cards and the exposed cards.

"It is a game of wits and psychology and position, of bluffing, thrust and counter-thrust," notes Al Alvarez, author of the recently published *The Biggest Game in Town*. "[Winning] depends more on skill and character than on receiving good cards."

What gives Hold 'Em an added dimension of excitement is the opportunity for any player to shove all of his chips into the center of the table at any time, an aggressive move known as going "all-in." Usually such an act is meant to indicate an unbeatable hand. But often a player who goes all-in may simply be trying to bluff out his opponents so he can grab all the chips in the pot.

\* \* \*

Shortly before noon on a Monday, beneath a maze of overhead lights, this year's participants impatiently awaited their assignments to the dozen green-felt tables set up for play. Among them, according to one insider, was a former champion whose talents had noticeably eroded since he "went up against cocaine." Another was a skilled seven-card-stud player who had been known to relieve the frustration of losing streaks by tying his wife to a bed and beating her. Strangely, his game always seemed to improve afterward.

Decked out in Stetsons, Civil War officer's tunics and tapered cowboy shirts, some of the players moving toward their seats could have been cast in a vintage Hollywood western. Diamonds sparkled from their fingers, and heavy gold chains hung around their necks.

Bearded Ken Smith, a mortician and chess expert from Dallas, Texas, wore a frock coat and a top hat he claimed was worn by Abraham Lincoln on the night our 16th President was murdered at Ford's Theater. Each time he won a hand, Smith had the distracting habit of shouting, "What a player!"—a practice that precipitated some murderous looks from his opponents.

The cast of characters also included a Texan who called himself Austin Squatty—actually John Jenkins, who was involved in the production of the bloody movie *The Texas Chain Saw Massacre*. Gabe Kaplan, star of the *Welcome Back, Kotter* TV series, looked more like he was dressed for a day at the beach. His outfit included sneakers, tank top and satin jogging shorts.

Nearby sat R. R. Pennington, an amateur gambler from Santa Ana, California, whose catering firm lists Ronald Reagan and Richard Nixon as satisfied customers. He had prepared for the energy-sapping tournament by spending three hours every morning bicycling around Las Vegas and working out on a rowing machine. Pennington wore sunglasses to reduce the strain caused by recent cataract surgery as well as to prevent opponents from detecting dilated pupils that might tip off a strong hand.

And then there was Larry Flynt, Editor and Publisher of *HUSTLER* Magazine. "This is only the second time I'll be playing Hold 'Em," he said, explaining the 75-1 odds against him listed by one local bookmaker. "I'm just here for the fun of it. My best game is seven-card stud."

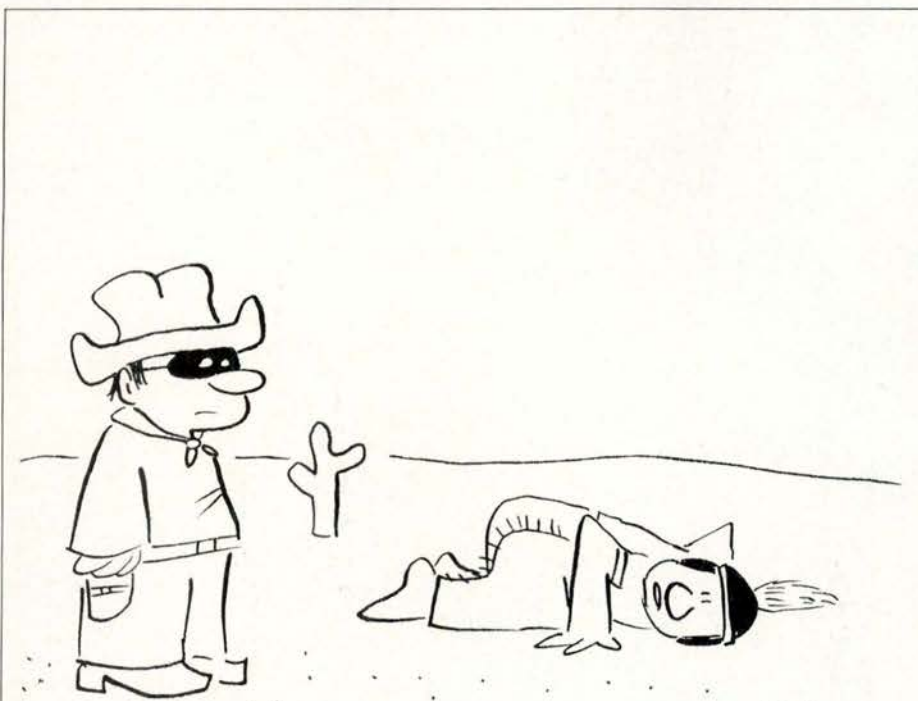
The World Series had also attracted a number of poker groupies, who would look after their current favorites by kneading their backs and telling off-color jokes during periodic ten-minute breaks in the action.

Before taking his seat, defending champion Jack Straus posed for a spectator's Polaroid camera. Amarillo Slim acknowledged the applause greeting his introduction by doffing his custom-made cowboy hat and dazzling the television cameras with a glittering gold ring in the shape of the state of Texas.

The Horseshoe Casino's Jack Binion shook the hand of John Moss, wishing him good luck. "This year or next year might be the last two years you get a shot at it," he advised the aged champion.

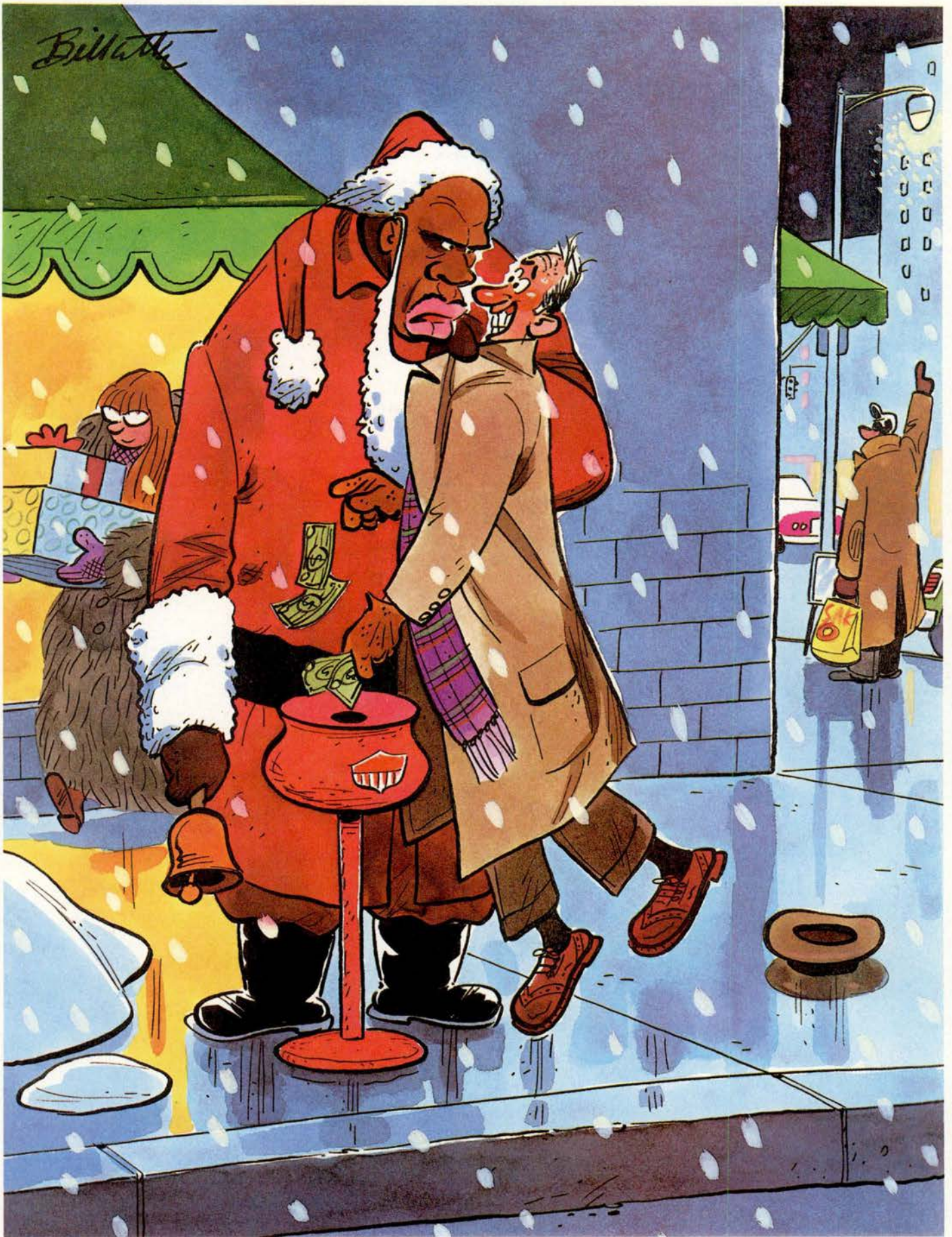
Then precisely at 1:36 p.m. the four-day, 37-hour grind of flashing cards and clicking chips was under way. Just 53 minutes later A. J. Meyers of Beverly Hills,

(continued on page 50)



"They taking very short steps, Kemo Sabe. They either prairie dogs or faggots!"





"Thanks, honkie suckah. You have a merry Christmas now—ya dig?"



# ANDROIDINA

— ORGASMATRON —







[HTTP://FREEMAGS.CC](http://freemags.cc)

Photography by Matti Klatt





"You Earthlings are so primitive when it comes to sex," Androidina taunts. "You really ought to learn from us." In Androidina's advanced culture the Orgasmatron takes care of most sexual needs, and can be set for any level of desire. "The machine's molecular resonance field surrounds your body structure with sense waves," she explains. "It's basically a giant vibrator that'll give you the fucking of your life." Androidina has an important reason for visiting our planet—one that makes her smile. "I do love to get eaten," she says. "A wicked tongue-lashing on my cunt is something even the Orgasmatron can't equal. I'll travel light-years for a great pussy-eater." Even in interstellar space the "human" touch triumphs over technology.











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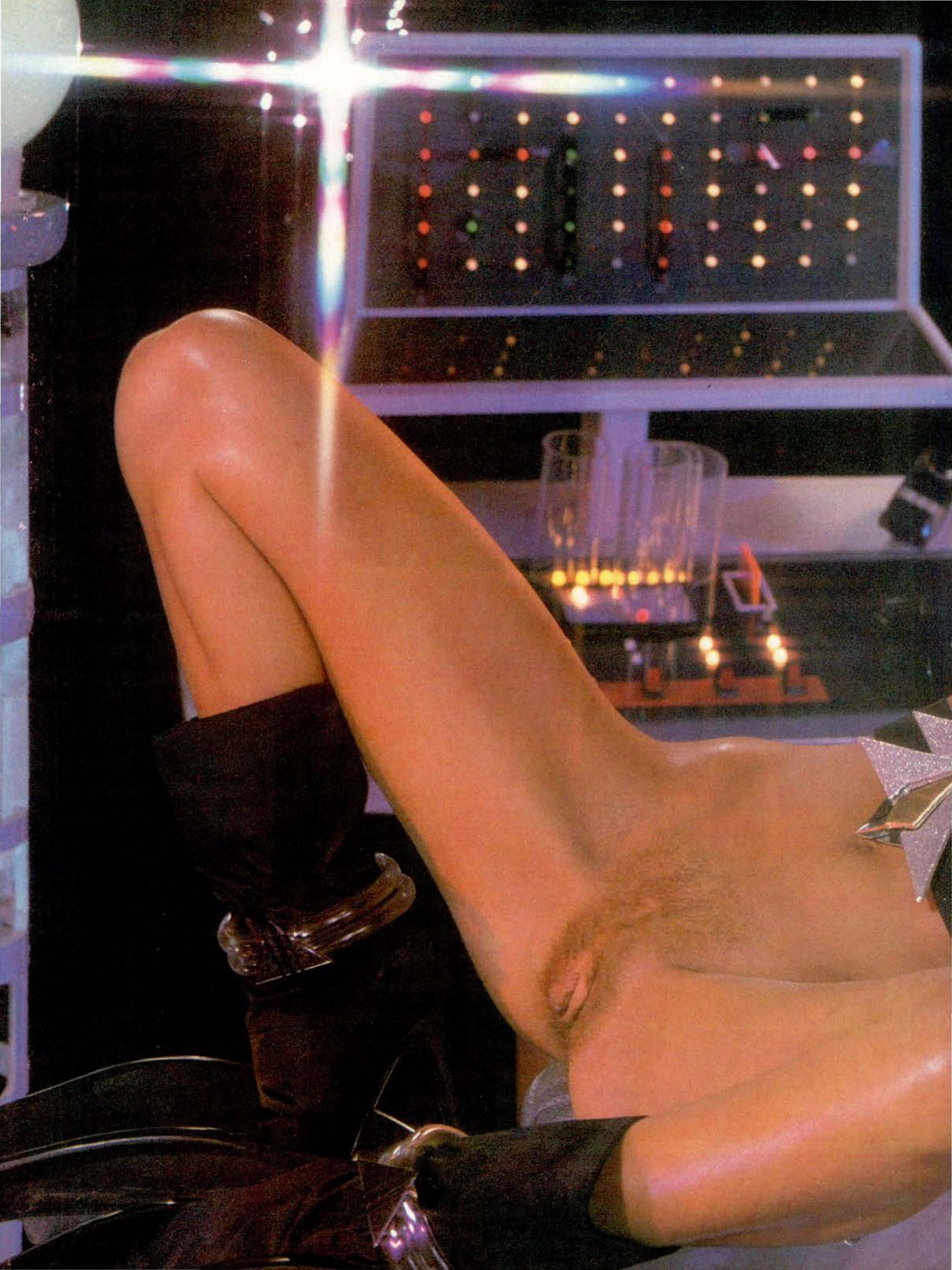


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## WORLD SERIES OF POKER

(continued from page 40)

California, earned the dubious distinction of being the first entrant ousted from the tournament. "Anything that you enjoy is worth the price," he said, commenting on being \$10,000 poorer. Within 5½ hours, betting two 9s with characteristic aggressiveness, Jack Straus couldn't beat Gabe Kaplan's pair of kings and was eliminated.

"I guess I had one coming," he shrugged. "It finally caught up with me. Anybody might win. It's wide open. That's why they call it gambling."

Another past champion, Bobby Baldwin, received only a spattering of applause as he was knocked out at 7:54 p.m. With an embarrassed smile the author of *Winning Poker Secrets* quickly walked toward a side exit, accepted a security guard's handshake and disappeared from sight.

When the first day concluded, 39 players had made similar exits. Austin Squatty led the pack with \$40,325 worth of chips. And at the very bottom was Larry Flynt, in (what else?) 69th position. He began the second day's play with a paltry \$1,475. "I just may go out on the first hand," Flynt said.

But by 2 p.m., after winning a big pot with the "nuts"—aces in the hole—he had soared into the lead with stacks of red and

gray chips totaling \$55,000. A Las Vegas newspaper reporter called Flynt's rally "the biggest comeback in local poker history."

"I got lucky," Flynt modestly admitted. "I caught three flushes, two straights, three trips, and I made aces-full, 10s-full and aces over jacks."

Players and spectators shook their heads when word circulated about an incredible wager made between Texas Dolly Brunson and Flynt before the day's play began. Brunson had bet \$1 million to Flynt's \$1,000 that HUSTLER's Publisher would not go on to win the tournament.

"Brunson's sweating his balls off," said one ringside observer.

Added former champion Stu Ungar, "He might win that thousand, but he'll lose about 30 pounds doing it."

Their remarks were interrupted by the showdown at a table on the far side of the room. With a 6-4-3-9-ace flop (including three spades), World Series rookie Tom McEvoy had shoved all of his chips into the middle of the table. Dressed from head to toe in black western garb, with a black hat tilted back from his eyeglasses, he rose from the table defiantly—bringing to mind Billy Jack taking dead aim at the Establishment.

"If you have a flush, Slim, you've just won yourself a big pot," said the former accountant, known to friends as Grand

Rapids Tom.

Now it was time for his lone opponent, Amarillo Slim, to make a move. Escalating the war of nerves, Slim turned up the two 6s he held in the hole—showing he now had three of them. McEvoy countered by turning up one of his hole cards, the ace of hearts.

For the next several minutes, Slim directed a steady line of patter at McEvoy, trying to worm out some indication—known in poker as a "tell"—as to whether or not his adversary held another ace. But McEvoy remained mute, gritting his teeth and averting his eyes.

Finally, he called for a tournament official to resolve Slim's reluctance to call the bet or withdraw from the hand. A stopwatch was placed on the table. The 60-second countdown began, "10-9-8-7-6-5-4-3-2-1...." At the count of zero the \$40,000 pot automatically went to McEvoy.

The rookie had good reason to stand up to the veteran's unsuccessful attempt to psych him out. Later he admitted that his other hole card had been the ace of spades.

Dody Roach, a professional gambler from Corpus Christi, Texas, grabbed the lead with \$74,300 after the second day of competition. And on Wednesday afternoon, with only 33 of the original 108 players remaining, another first-time participant began making waves. By 6 p.m., 35-year-old Rod Peate surprisingly led the field with a total of \$153,000.

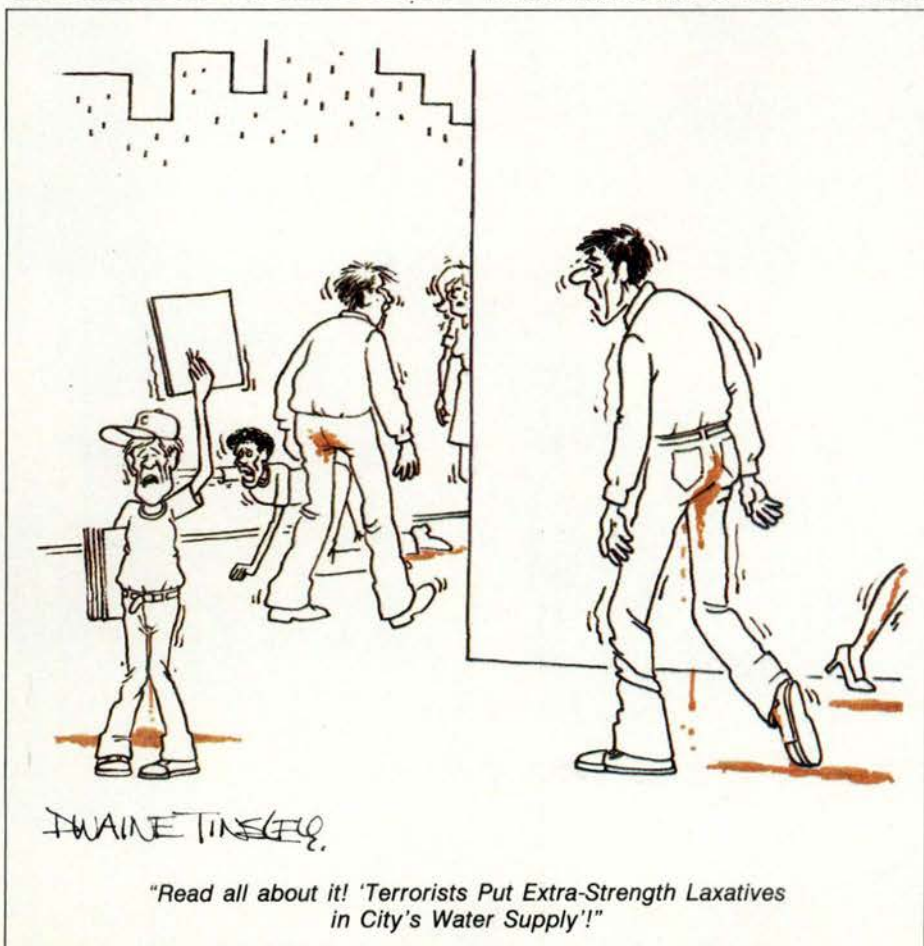
A week earlier, Peate was so broke that he couldn't pay his \$700 rent on a one-bedroom apartment and owed another \$1,500 to various creditors. The former foundry worker from Portland, Oregon, had spent the previous 18 months barely eking out an existence by playing in obscure, low-limit poker games and betting on professional football and basketball.

Somehow he managed to scrape together a mere \$25 to enter a World Series preliminary tournament in which he finished ninth. That earned Peate a place in a second preliminary tournament, which he won, giving him a free ride into the World Series.

But his serious lack of cash had forced him to sell shares of himself to investors, often at far less than their true value. So even if he won one of the World Series' nine cash prizes, he would take home only one-third of his gross winnings.

At 7:07 p.m., just over an hour after Peate had soared into the lead, Larry Flynt vainly threw his last chips into a pot and was eliminated. If it was any consolation, his 12th-place finish was better than that of eight previous World Series champions. He smiled broadly as the players at his table—as well as the spectators—offered

(continued on page 56)





EXCLUSIVE  
PARODY

# The Vicki Morgan Sex Tapes

Did the videocassettes containing footage of Vicki Morgan having sex with Alfred Bloomingdale and members of the Reagan Administration really exist? Only attorney Robert Steinberg or a CIA cat burglar will ever know for sure. Batting-practice victim Vicki Morgan isn't going to tell. Frankly, we became suspicious when Steinberg failed to complete a

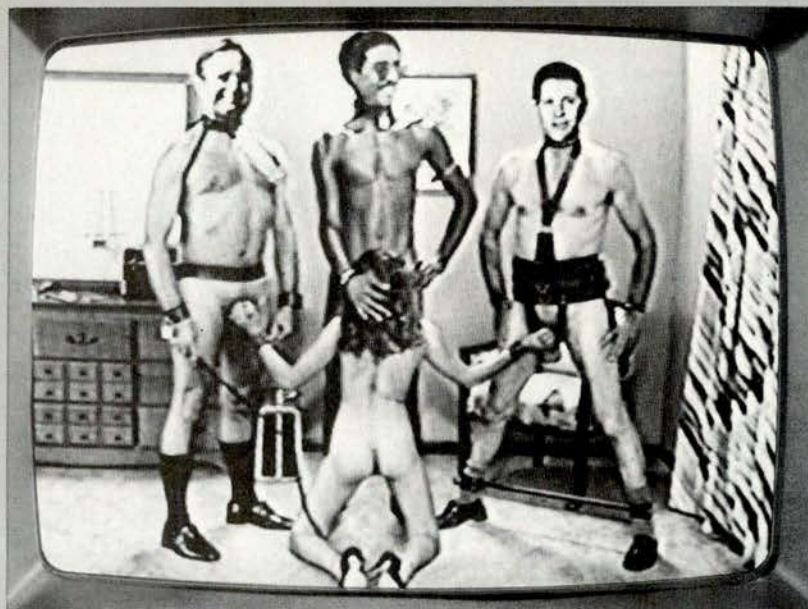
deal with Larry Flynt to sell the tapes for a cool million. Larry even offered him a free subscription! Nevertheless, if the tapes ever do turn up, HUSTLER has a pretty good idea just what's on 'em. So we put together our version to make the White House squirm a little. But Ronnie and the gang needn't worry—the bodies have been changed to protect the innocent.

## Audio:

[The President speaking as he reads a copy of Mole magazine.] "If you do a good job with her, Henry, I'll let you have a crack at Central America." [Maniacal laughter from Dr. "Strangelove" Kissinger.]







**Audio:**

[Vice President Bush speaking.]  
 "Vicki may have something here -- a way to lick inflation and help minorities at the same time!" [Richard Pryor speaking.]  
 "Sammy couldn't make it; so they asked me to come." [Heavy breathing from Defense Secretary Caspar Weinberger.]

**Audio:**

[Supreme Court Justice Sandra Day O'Connor speaking as she sits in bed drunk with one arm around a German shepherd and the other around a bottle of cheap wine.]  
 "It's red wine with meat, right?" [Bursts into laughter. Burps and babbles incoherently. Dog barks.]  
 "Arf, arf."



**Audio:**

[The President speaking.]  
 "Vicki, don't squirm so much, or you'll spill the jelly beans."







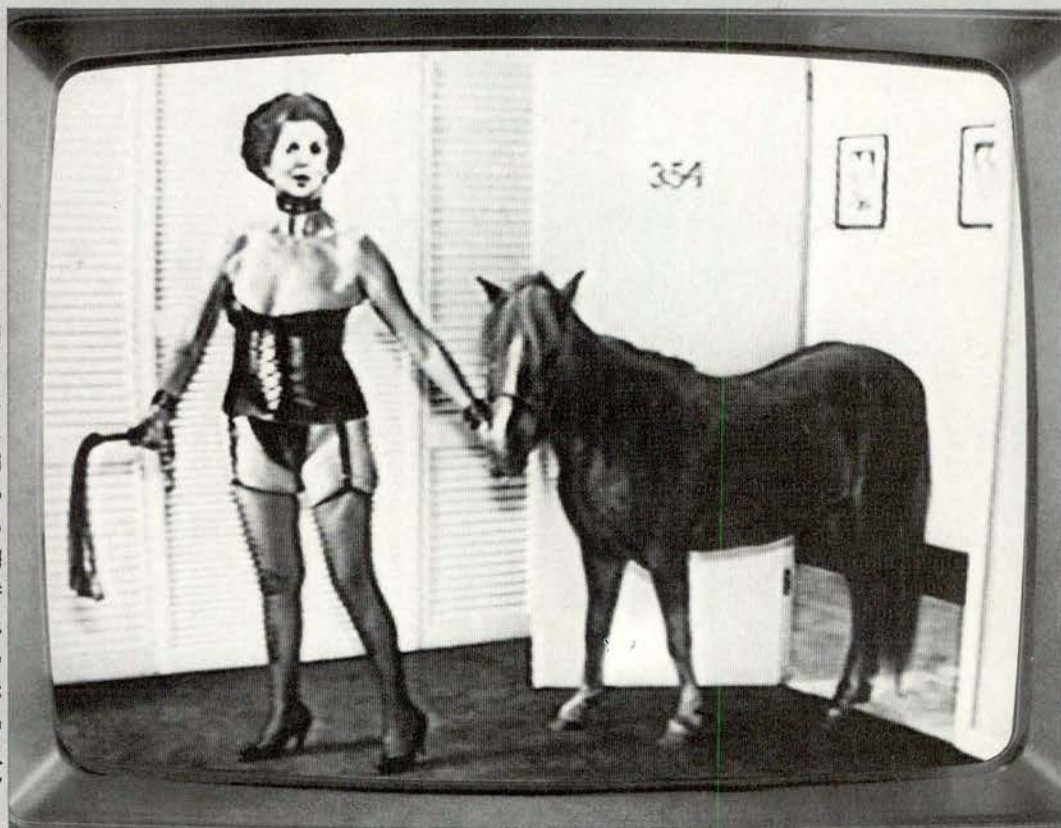
**Audio:**

[Ron Reagan Jr. speaking as he holds hands with Massachusetts Democrat Gerry Studds.]  
"Daddy says if you'll switch party affiliation from Democrat to Republican and deliver Massachusetts in November, he won't object to our relationship so much, Gerry." [Congressman Studds giggles.]



**Audio:**

[Maggie Thatcher speaking as she walks into the suite with a Shetland pony.]  
"All right, you bloody blokes. This may not be a command performance that the Queen would approve of ... and this may not be Tijuana ... but you're about to see a real show."





**Audio:**

[Alfred Bloom-  
ingdale speak-  
ing to Illinois  
Republican  
Congressman  
Daniel Crane.]  
''Stop crying,  
Dan. Every-  
body has  
trouble get-  
ting it up  
once in a  
while. What  
you need is a  
young woman.  
Try a page.''  
[Crane contin-  
ues sobbing  
loudly.]



**Audio:**

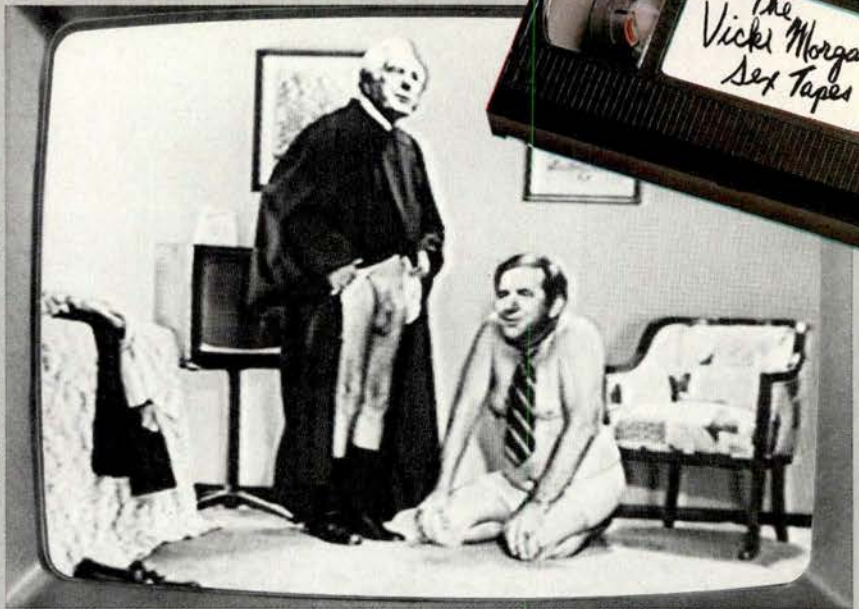
[Nancy Reagan speaking while administering an enema  
to James Watt.] ''We know how you feel about giving away  
the water, James. Now let's see how you take it!''





**Audio:**

[Supreme Court Chief Justice Warren Burger begging Jerry Falwell for a blowjob.] ''Just this once, Jerry. Please suck it. I promise I won't come in your mouth. And when that sleazy pornographer Larry Flynt's case comes before the Supreme Court, I'll see to it that his ass goes to jail. ''



**Audio:**

''Kathy? Paula Parkinson. Tell Rudy it's all true [pause] ... even the part about the Shetland pony. And yes, Republicans do fuck with their socks on. ''



**Audio:**

[Former President Richard Nixon speaking, his head shaking vigorously.] ''Y'know, George, I sure hope this [expletive deleted] isn't being taped. As you can see, I have my clothes on. So let's make one thing perfectly clear ... I am not a pervert. ''





## WORLD SERIES OF POKER

(continued from page 50)

a big round of applause.

When the third day's play concluded several hours later, Peate led the nine survivors with \$389,000, followed by Doyle Brunson (\$252,500) and Tom McEvoy (\$117,000).

Even though he stood in second position, insiders were anticipating a big move by Brunson. "I'd rather play with a rattlesnake in my pocket than go up against Doyle," said Carl McKelvey of San Antonio, Texas, who ranked fifth with \$59,000.

R. R. Pennington, whose \$73,000 was good enough for fourth position, seconded the motion. "Tomorrow will be fierce," he predicted.

\* \* \*

Threading through the crowd the following morning, carrying fistfuls of hundred-dollar bills, Irish bookmaker Terry Rogers was making the two rookies—Peate and McEvoy—5-2 and 8-1 choices respectively. His favorite to win a third world championship was Brunson, listed at 3-2.

A bear of a man who stands 6-3 and weighs nearly 300 pounds, Brunson was dressed for the kill. He wore black pants, a black shirt, a gray-suede jacket that covered his ample paunch, and white shoes decorated with tassels. A freshly blocked

tan Stetson covered his balding head.

"Check your horoscope for today?" a reporter asked him.

"I don't believe in that," Brunson replied.

One by one, in rapid-fire order, the ranks of the nine men seated at the final table dwindled. When Carl McKelvey lost a hand to Peate at 2:03 p.m., only three contenders remained: Peate, McEvoy and Brunson. Looming ahead was a dramatic confrontation between the king of poker and a pair of pretenders to his throne.

Fondling his towering stacks of chips, Brunson played few of the 40 hands dealt him during the next hour and a quarter. Most of the time he contemptuously tossed aside his hole cards as the two younger players fought for little more than antes and mandatory opening bets (blinds). Chewing on a piece of gum, he waited patiently for more advantageous cards.

Then suddenly, holding the jack of diamonds and 9 of diamonds, Brunson saw a big opportunity to make a move. The flop turned up the 7 of diamonds, 9 of spades and 5 of diamonds, meaning that he needed only one more diamond to make a flush.

Brunson nibbled on his left thumb for nearly a minute, caressing his chips with manicured fingers, before he pushed back his chair, hitched up his trousers and went

all-in—firmly shoving \$267,000 into the pot.

"Since I play that way, I've got a reputation of being an extremely aggressive player," he had written in *Super/System—A Course in Power Poker*, the \$50 book that devotes more than 200 pages to Hold 'Em tactics. "I don't ever want to lose that reputation. It's what enables me to pick up more than what would normally be considered my share of pots.

"In most cases my opponents are afraid to play back at me because they know I'm subject to set them all-in. So when they don't have a real big hand, they let go of the pot, and I pick it up. The accumulation of all those small pots is a big part of my winning formula . . . and it's the 'secret' as to why I win."

With ferretlike eyes, Rod Peate took a second look at his hole cards and then counted out \$267,000 of his own—calling the bet. Since all betting was concluded, the hand would now be played out in the open for everyone to see.

When Peate exposed a powerful pair of 9s—hearts and clubs—Brunson gulped noticeably, realizing he was now up against three 9s, which could be improved into a full house. But he licked his lips just a trace as the dealer exposed the 8 of spades on Fourth Street. This gave him a another winning possibility—a straight, if the next card was a 10.

Both those likelihoods went for naught, however, when the final card turned out to be the ace of clubs. All Texas Dolly could do was shrug as he reached out to shake Peate's hand.

A rousing round of applause brought the barest of smiles to the departing champion's fleshy face. He had earned \$108,000 in prize money for his third-place finish, but that seemed hardly enough compensation for losing to two unknowns.

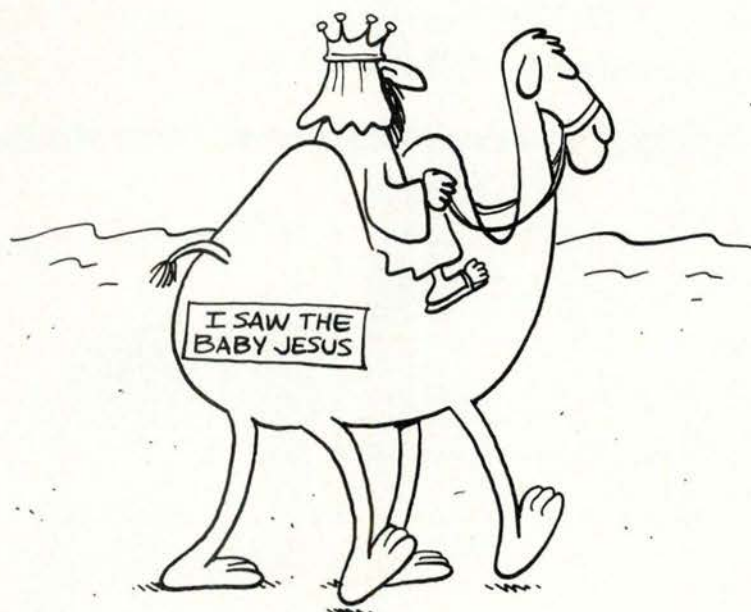
"It's a big disappointment," Brunson admitted. "It's not like winning. Nothing's like winning. I was trying to intimidate those kids, and I did it at the wrong time. They play right out of my book."

That left two of the most unlikely players ever to battle it out for the World Series championship. Four days earlier Peate had been listed at 75-1 by the bookmakers, while the odds against McEvoy winning were 60-1.

"I couldn't sleep last night," McEvoy admitted before the final head-to-head competition got under way. "So I stayed up until 3 a.m. rereading Brunson's 'No-Limit' section. I learned a lot. That book is the absolute bible of poker."

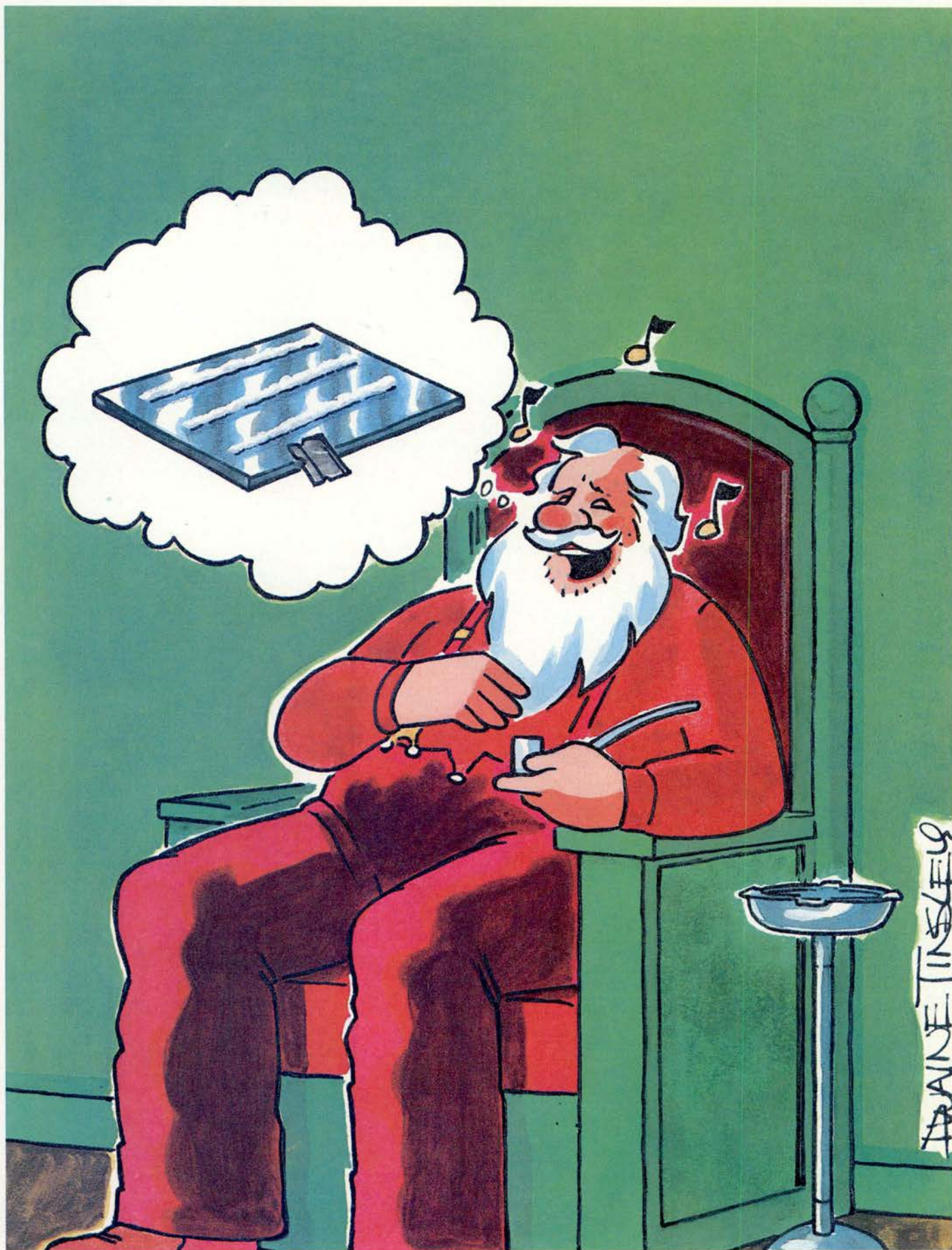
The 38-year-old former resident of Grand Rapids, Michigan, had quit a boring accounting job to become a full-time gambler, moving his wife and three chil-

(continued on page 76)



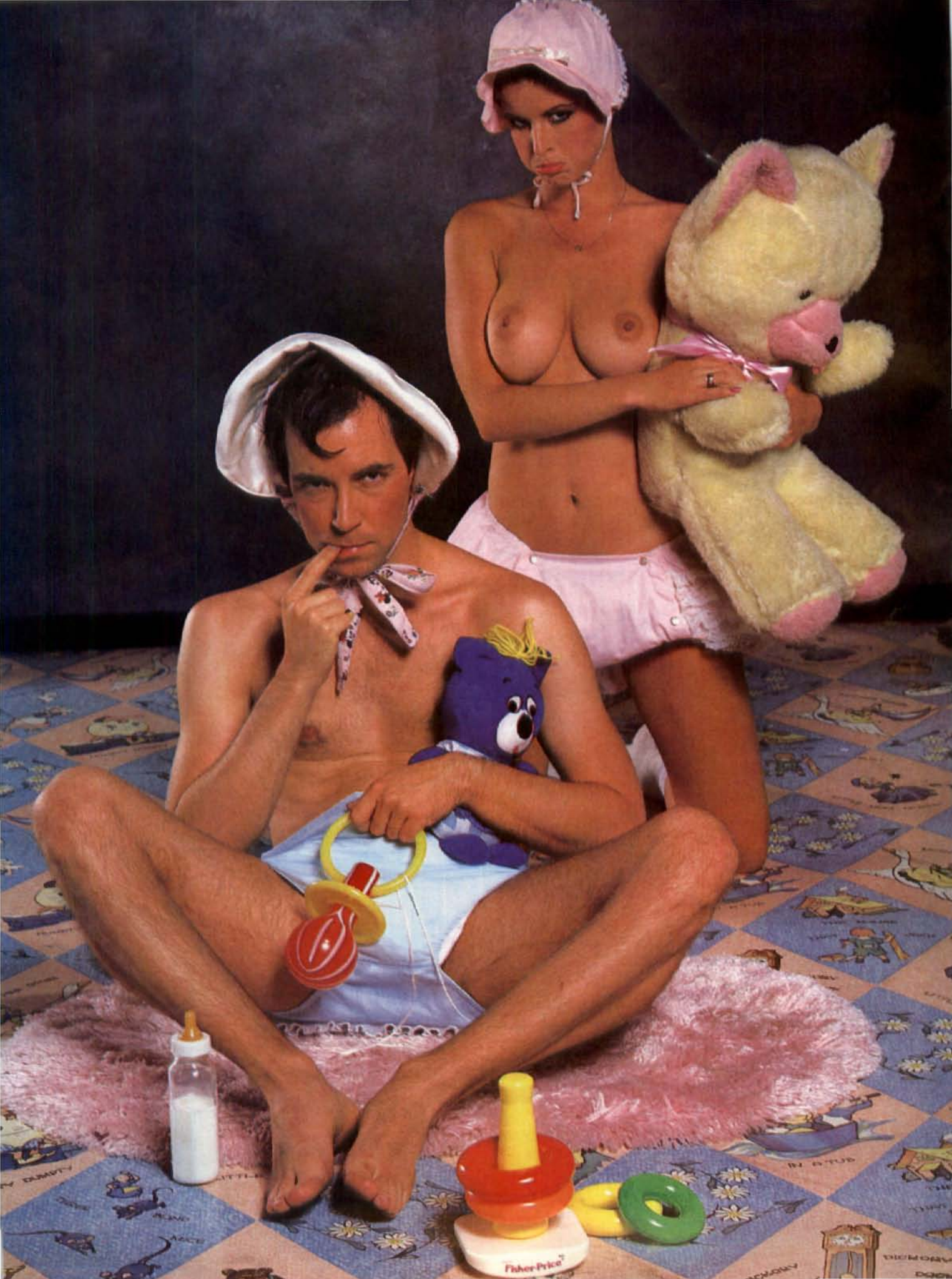
Collins





"I'm dreamin' of a white Christmas. . . ."







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## INTERVIEW

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# BIG BABIES

## THE FETISH OF INFANTILISM

**URGENT: MOMMY! CHANGE MY DIAPERS, BATHE ME, POWDER ME, SPANK MY BOTTOM when I'm bad! Naughty adult baby boy, 34 years old, needs sincere woman, any age/race to care for all needs. Looks unimportant. No pros! Please! Baby Frankie.**

Bizarre? Well, it's unlikely you'll find an ad like this in the *New York Times* or your local paper. But if your reading list includes *Fetish Times* or one of the other tabloids that chronicle sexual adventure, check out the classifieds. There, sandwiched between dominatrixes and slaves, mixed in with swingers and swappers, you'll find Big Babies looking for love.

Their ads may read like put-ons, but they're not. Both the message and advertiser are real. The scene is called infantilism. While Webster defines *infantilism* as a condition of being abnormally childlike, there is no medical definition or, for that matter, a psychiatric definition of the term. However, those who practice it know exactly what it means. An infantilist is an adult—usually a male—who voluntarily regresses to an infantile state and is sexually aroused and gratified while acting like and being treated like a baby.

On the surface it sounds simple. But there are so many aspects to this behavior that infantilism is a veritable cross-  
Photography by Ladi von Jansky

roads of kink, incorporating elements of ego regression, cross-dressing, mother love, degradation, bondage, discipline, S&M, subservience, dominance, pissing, shitting, and enema worship.

Don't feel left out if you haven't heard much about infantilism. You're in good company—most psychologists don't know much more about this phenomenon than you do. Most infantilists are so reluctant to talk about their fetish that—if they even

seek treatment—they hide it from their analysts. Clearly, it's probably easier to tell someone that you'd like to fuck your sister than to admit that the only way you get really hot is to be in diapers. And if you can't tell your analyst, who *can* you tell?

Psychologists who do have experience with infantilism are hesitant to define its roots and causes—and with all those kinks clouding the issue, it's easy to see why.

Essentially, the infantilist desires to recapture a time—maybe the *one* time—when attention was paid to him and when he felt loved. However, most infantilists find it

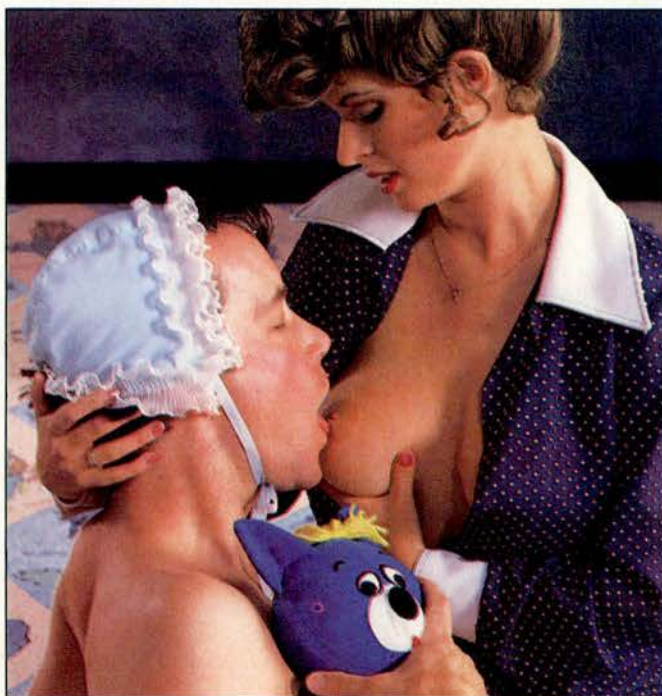
very difficult to be a kid again. In fact, the majority claim that it's almost impossible to do—and maintain any dignity. Although many infantilists are married or have a relationship, they keep their compulsion hidden. One unsympathetic wife pretty much sums up the prevailing attitude about infantilism: "I married a *man*," she says, "not a baby. I'm not about to play mother to an adult."

Thus, the infantilist is almost forced to play out his fantasies with professional specialists: hookers, dominatrixes and the like. This is costly in terms of money and usually devastating in terms of emotions, and it often leads the infantilist into sex trips too heavy for him. Since most of these men want to be dominated, they often unwittingly find themselves slaves—not to the "mothers" they seek

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**By Angela Herd**

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The locked trunk against the wall had been an object of curiosity for Barb ever since Jerry moved in. He'd unpacked all but the steamer, and he would become vague and evasive whenever Barb inquired as to its contents. Finally, Barb did what she thought any reasonable person would do. "I took the keys off the dresser while he was sleeping," she tells us, "and opened the trunk."

"There were diapers, an infant pacifier, some baby bottles and a baby's bib. There was a scrapbook too. It had magazine photos of men wearing diapers—and several magazine articles about something called *Big Babies*. I was so puzzled that I woke Jerry up and asked him what in the world was going on."

Somewhat embarrassed, Jerry told Barb that he was a Big Baby—a man who gets his sexual kicks by wearing diapers, sucking from a bottle and being mothered like an infant. He also admitted that he liked to wet his diapers before having sex with a woman.

Luckily for Jerry, he had chosen the right woman to live with and confide in. But then, he had good reason to believe Barb would be sympathetic. "I'd already told Jerry," Barb explains, "that when I was 16, I'd had a boyfriend who liked to have me pee in my pants. Then he'd go down on me and give me oral sex. I came to like it. And," she adds, "knowing that about my past, Jerry deliberately left the trunk key where I'd find it. He figured I'd be understanding, and he wanted to get everything into the open."

"At first I was shocked at what was in the

# "Di pers Turn My

trunk and what he told me. But Jerry was right—I *did* understand. Not long afterward he asked if I'd like to mother him, and I agreed." She also agreed to be his wife.

By consenting to go along with Jerry's fetish, Barb set herself apart from the vast majority of women who live with adult babies. This makes her story not only unusual but significant. Instead of getting freaked out, as most women would have done, Barb has actually *used* it to add excitement to the couple's sex life.

Few *Big Babies* are as lucky as Jerry. Through *Adult Baby World*, a newsletter that serves as a correspondence club for adult babies and their sex partners (published by NK Products, P.O. Box 1184, Teaneck, NJ 07666), Barb has written or talked on the phone to some 50 male infantilists. She says most of them are desperate to find women who'll understand them and give them the special mothering they crave.

"After I joined the club, I couldn't *believe* how many people were into infantilism!" Barb exclaims. "I learned there are a lot more men into it than women. Unfortunately, I don't think many of the men are going to find understanding wives or girlfriends. Most women are turned off by guys who like to be treated like babies. That's too bad, because getting into infantilism with my husband has done

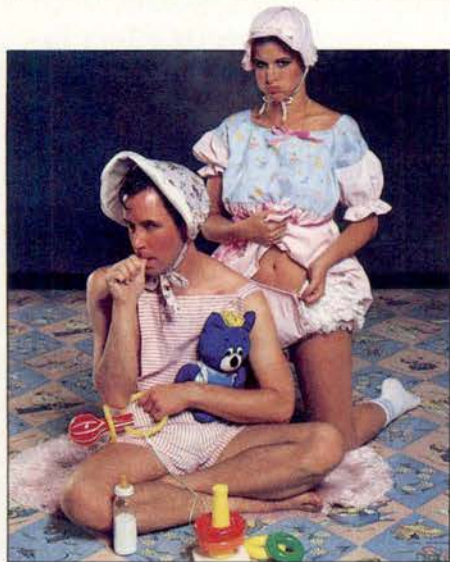
wonders for our sex life. Our marriage is much better than it would be otherwise. And it could be that way for other couples where the man is an adult baby."

Barb's message for couples who are in a situation like hers and Jerry's is an important one. She firmly believes that "if a woman will just be understanding about her husband's infantilism and the way it relates to their sex life, the two of them can sit down and talk about it—and wind up doing *everything* that both of them like."

"Of course, it helps *any* marriage if you can really communicate; that's obvious. But when you're married to an adult baby, communication is absolutely vital. Without it you'll probably wind up divorced."

This is a second marriage for Barb, who's 31; Jerry is 35. They have three small children—two girls and a boy. Barb reveals, "My first husband was a real straight guy. He wouldn't even let me have a dirty book in the house. But when I found Jerry, he seemed a lot like me—more open. Most men like Jerry want a dominant woman: someone who will put the diapers on them and make them do certain things. And I guess I *am* a little dominant; so it suits me fine."

Barb describes a typical Saturday-night session of infantilism and sex of the kind she and Jerry share most weekends: "I do most of the



but to dominant mistresses. On the other hand, there are couples who have made Big Baby play a routine part of their sex lives and have enhanced their relationships by doing so.

Because of the stigma attached to infantilism, there is really no way of telling how many people are into it. However, one indication that there are certainly more adult infants than we might think is the existence of a small industry catering to its special needs: Magazines, newsletters, boutiques and "therapists" servicing Big Babies are flourishing nationwide.

Perhaps the most interesting of these

are the clothing and paraphernalia suppliers. After all, where can one find diapers in size 44? One place is Uba's Fashions (6013 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, CA 90028), which furnished the wardrobe worn by our models in the accompanying photos. Grandma Burdine in Milpitas, California, and NK Products of Teaneck, New Jersey, also sell baby products.

In recent months the clamoring of Big Babies has been heard by more people than ever before. There have been articles, essays and studies of this phenomenon published in both the "straight" and sex press.

Deciding it was time to look into the situation, we answered some ads in underground newspapers and specialized newsletters to find individuals—Big Babies and partners of Big Babies—and their stories. One of the men we talked to, a Los Angeles resident named Alan, who has been married for more than ten years, is the father of a small child (with a second on the way) and, on the surface, appears to be a perfectly normal husband, father and business professional. But the dark secret that he hides from his family, friends and business associates is his compulsion to be treated like an infant.

—Jim Heinisch and Doug Oliver

\* \* \*

**HUSTLER:** How do you define the word *infantilism*?

**ALAN:** Well, to me it's having a woman treat me like an infant. I enjoy thinking of myself as a young boy who is being treated like an infant because he's being punished.

**HUSTLER:** Does that mean baby clothes and playthings turn you on?

**ALAN:** Diapers, rubber pants and lacy things *are* turn-ons for me, but the biggest thrill is the physical act of being put over someone's knee and having baby lotion and powder put on me, that sort of thing.

**HUSTLER:** Is it sexual?

**ALAN:** In the sense that I get gratification during it, yes. But not in the sense that I think of sex. In my mind, sex really means two people. I don't know if that's right or not, but that's how I view it. During these sessions the other





# Husband On."

talking, since I'm the dominant one. I talk baby talk to him. He gets up on our bed, and I put his diaper on. Even though I've made Jerry a couple of nice baby garments—a yellow bib with lace on it, and a pair of baby pants with little whistles—mostly he likes to use Curity cloth diapers. Once in a while I'll wear one of his diapers and pee in it. But I'm not into diapers as much as he is.

"When Jerry has his diaper on, I make him crawl around on the floor like a little baby. That's how he wants to be treated: He wants me to make him do things a baby would do. I have him play with blocks sometimes. And he especially enjoys it when I give him a bubblebath. I put toys in the tub for him—like a little duck. He *loves* it! His eyes get glassy like a little boy's when I'm bathing him."

After playtime comes the sex play. Actually, the way Jerry and Barb perform the sex act is not all that unusual. She explains, "We have sexual intercourse or we have oral sex. It's the *arousal* that's different. That's what makes our sex so good. Peeing in my pants or in a diaper always makes me want to have Jerry go down on me—before I wash off. As for what Jerry likes, peeing in his diaper makes him want to have sex with me—whether it's regular sex or oral sex."

This is what sets Jerry apart from most infantilists. The majority of Big Babies are

completely absorbed with self-gratification, unconcerned with their partners' desires. But after playing baby, Jerry completely satisfies Barb, either by eating her out or fucking her.

Not that any of it came easy for Barb. After she'd been married to Jerry for two years, "I went to a psychiatrist for a while," she reveals, "because Jerry seemed so obsessed with the whole baby thing that I became confused. I began asking myself, 'Do I turn him on, or do those diapers turn him on?' He was wearing diapers more and more—sometimes under his clothes!

"I even had Jerry go to the psychiatrist with me once. He was glad to do it because he wanted me to know why he was into infantilism." She learned that Jerry's mother had made him wear diapers until he was ten years old because he'd been a bed-wetter. Eventually they became erotic to him.

"After I talked to the psychiatrist a few times, I understood Jerry more than I had before, and I feel better about the whole thing now. The doctor said, 'Well, it's not really hurting anybody'—which is true. I simply accepted the fact that diapers turn my husband on. Things have been fine between us ever since."

Through talking to the psychiatrist and corresponding with members of the adult-baby club she joined, Barb has come to a broader, deeper understanding of infantil-

ism. "Most men who are into it like to be mothered," she says. "Others like to be humiliated. My husband happens to like both, which is less common."

By *humiliated*, she explains, she means they love to be "embarrassed" in front of other people by having their secret revealed. That's why Jerry purposely made it easy for Barb to discover what was in his trunk.

"Some men like to go out in public and have part of their diaper sticking out of their pants," Barb points out. "As for Jerry, he once got me to give him his baby bottle in front of somebody else. We were drunk. He dared me to go out and find somebody to watch me mothering him. I said, 'I know somebody.' So I found the guy I had in mind and brought him home with me.

"Jerry was in his diaper when we walked in the door. He was a little shocked to see us because he didn't think I'd do it. But I filled his baby bottle with beer and fed it to him in front of the other guy! Jerry loved having somebody watch, but I'll admit I was a little nervous."

She needn't have been. By then Barb's relationship with Jerry was so strong that no outside influence could have broken their unique bond. The important thing was that she and her husband had each found a compatible partner to share a very special kind of love.

"I love my husband being my baby," Barb says. "I like playing mama to him. Every man should have his time to play! After all, it's not hurting anyone."

—James Gregory



person is secondary. We don't engage in any traditional sex acts; she just bathes me, and I masturbate and... what not.

**HUSTLER:** When were you first aware of infantile urges?

**ALAN:** As far back as I can remember. I remember that when I was very small, cartoons of a naked baby in its mother's arms were erotic to me. Even when I was very young, things like the Coppertone ad—with the pants being pulled off the little girl—were a turn-on for me because I wanted to be that baby or that little girl.

**HUSTLER:** Did you want to be treated like an infant when you were a teenager?

**ALAN:** Yes, but I suppressed it. I was just into regular, straight dating and regular,

straight sex. You know, everything was and has been very normal with the exception of this one fantasy.

**HUSTLER:** When did you have your first infantile experience?

**ALAN:** A woman in Orange County responded to an ad I placed. It read something like, "22-year-old white male seeks woman, any age, race or color to treat me like a baby."

**HUSTLER:** Why did you place the ad?

**ALAN:** I had been having these fantasies of being treated like an infant for so long, I just had to act them out. The woman who responded was weird. She wanted me to buy her a wedding ring.

**HUSTLER:** Did she share your fetish?

**ALAN:** To a certain degree. She was looking for her own sexual gratification, though, not mine.

**HUSTLER:** Do you satisfy your wife sexually?

**ALAN:** Yes.

**HUSTLER:** Then she participates in your fetish?

**ALAN:** No. I tried to explain it to her once, but she couldn't accept it. We just have straight sex.

**HUSTLER:** What happened when you told her about your infantilism?

**ALAN:** I was stoned. I just broke down and explained to her that I had these really deep sexual fantasies and asked her if she would go along with them. She just said

she couldn't do it. She got very upset.

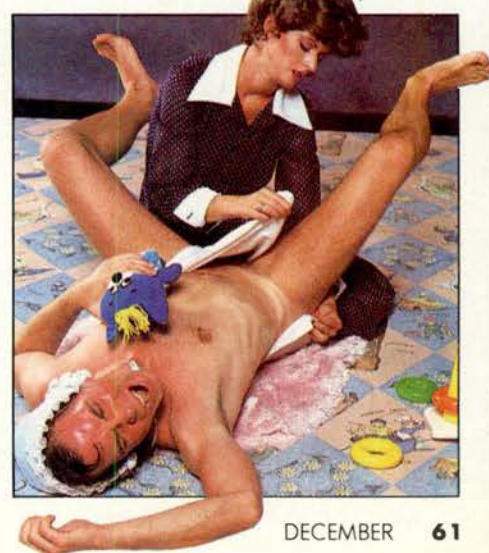
**HUSTLER:** How long had you been married at that time?

**ALAN:** Seven or eight years.

**HUSTLER:** Do you think she resents you for it?

**ALAN:** Consciously, no. Subconsciously, probably. She's a very smart lady. She's not one to forget something. It's been years since it happened now, but I know it's still there. That's why I kind of wish I never opened my mouth. We've got a really strong, super relationship in every other aspect. It really hurts me to have to hide something like this.

**HUSTLER:** Since your wife





doesn't participate, who's your partner?

**ALAN:** Usually a prostitute.

**HUSTLER:** How do you find prostitutes who cater to your interest?

**ALAN:** At first it was really difficult. One of the hardest things is to find a woman who will want to do this. I've *never* met a woman who didn't want money for it. I guess that's because they don't get any sexual gratification from it.

**HUSTLER:** Describe an encounter between you and a prostitute.

**ALAN:** There's all kinds of things we can do. For instance, we'll start the session off with the girl saying something like, "Well, you don't look too good. Maybe I ought to take your temperature." After that she'll come out with a rectal thermometer. I'll act embarrassed because I wouldn't want to take my pants down, to have her put something up there. And the whole time she'll say, "It's okay. You really can't do anything about it. I'm in charge." And from there it's not long before she'll say, "Look, you messed in your pants! Don't you even know how to take care of yourself? I guess I'm gonna have to put you in diapers." One thing leads to another.

**HUSTLER:** Do you explain to her what you want before the session?

**ALAN:** Right. I tell her she can think of herself as my older sister, an aunt, a teacher, a nurse, whatever figure she feels comfortable with. Any woman who's some

kind of authority figure to me will do. I'll ask her to tell me I'm being punished because I wet my bed, say, or brown-streaked my underwear. Then I'll tell her to humiliate me by treating me like an infant because of what I've done.

**HUSTLER:** Do you actually mess in your pants or wet your pants?

**ALAN:** No. It's just spoken about.

**HUSTLER:** Do these prostitutes have things like diapers on hand?

**ALAN:** Yeah. The ones I go to are geared to this sort of thing. So they'll have all the paraphernalia.

**HUSTLER:** Where does the sex come in?

**ALAN:** She'll rub the powder and lotion on me, that kind of thing. Or I'll pretend I'm breast-feeding.

**HUSTLER:** Once you're aroused, how do you get off?

**ALAN:** She'll give me a bath, and I'll masturbate to orgasm in the tub.

**HUSTLER:** Is that everything?

**ALAN:** Yeah, unless it's a situation where we're going to spend more time together. We'll make plans for next time. You can go so many different ways. You can pretend you're at a beach and she's undressing you in front of all the ladies, because you're a baby and it doesn't matter.

**HUSTLER:** How often do you go to these prostitutes?

**ALAN:** It varies. Sometimes every week, sometimes once a month.

**HUSTLER:** Are you sexually attracted to them?

**ALAN:** No. They're just women who would be suitable mother figures. They could be anybody—a teenage baby-sitter, a middle-aged baby-sitter, a school nurse or a grade-school teacher. Any woman who has authority. I seem most satisfied by a middle-aged housewife-type.

**HUSTLER:** Is it always a woman?

**ALAN:** Oh, yes. I couldn't even talk about this to a guy. I once went to a male therapist, and I just wasn't able to get the subject open. It's just too hard for me.

**HUSTLER:** If you were to find a woman who was into your particular fetish and who was willing to share it with you full time, would it affect your relationship with your wife?

**ALAN:** I wouldn't give up my relationship with my wife for this trip. It's not the biggest part of my life. My marriage and my family are too important.

**HUSTLER:** Has infantilism affected your ability to be a good parent?

**ALAN:** I've thought about that a lot, and it really hasn't. I consider myself to be a really good father. See, nothing in my fantasies involves my being *with* a little kid. It's always thinking of myself *as* a little kid. So there's never any threat between myself and my children.

**HUSTLER:** Are you envious of your children?

**ALAN:** Not really. Although if I'm in the shower and I'm masturbating, I may want to think along those lines. I sometimes think of how much fun it would be if I were the one in the living room being petted and preened over by ladies and what not.

**HUSTLER:** Are you seeing a therapist?

**ALAN:** Yes.

**HUSTLER:** How long have you been seeing him?

**ALAN:** Her. It's a female therapist. I guess about seven or eight months.

**HUSTLER:** Have you figured out why you want to be treated like a baby?

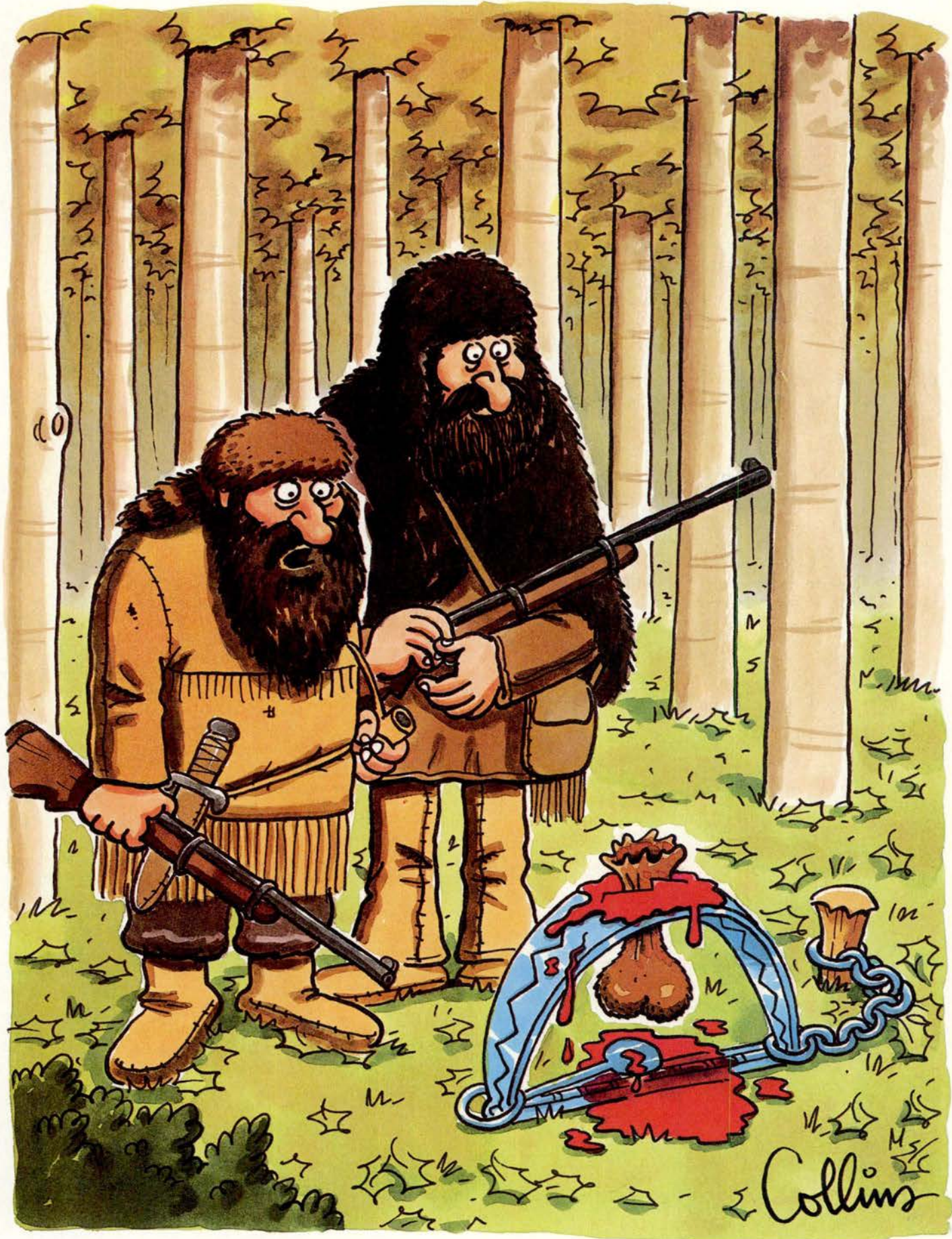
**ALAN:** It's been the result of a lot of small things. This is a deep-rooted kind of thing. I had an older sister who, consciously or not, verbally put me in that sort of position—always introducing me as "the baby of the family," telling me how—when I was little—she would diaper me to embarrass me or get me mad.

**HUSTLER:** Is therapy helping you?

**ALAN:** I'm not sure. We're at the point now where we're not certain whether we can go any further in trying to "cure" my fetish. It may be something I'll have to be happy to live with. I started therapy wanting to be normal, straight. I didn't want these fantasies bothering me any more. And now that I've been through therapy, I don't think that can ever happen. So I just want to try and learn to be comfortable with it. 🐼







"Somewhere out there is one mean fuckin' bear!"



## DEAR GRANNY

(continued from page 16)

**Dear Granny:** Lots of times I give my girl head after we've been fucking, and I end up swallowing my own load. Can I get sick from eating my own sperm?

—Eating His Own  
Cumberland, Massachusetts

**Dear Eating:** If swallowing cum could make you sick, I'd have died 40 years ago. A lot of guys have a hang-up about tasting their own cream, but since you're not in that group, I'd say your girlfriend's a lucky lady. Nothing follows fucking better than some good old-fashioned tongue lashing. Bon appetit!

**Dear Granny:** I've always favored guys with big cocks, but I've about reached my limit. My latest boyfriend has an enormous dick—about 12 inches long—and it's thick too. I'm not complaining; I've certainly had a lot of fun with it. But sometimes when he's thrusting very deeply, I've experienced pain. A girlfriend told me she read somewhere about a case in which a guy was too big and got stuck inside a woman. Is this true? And if this did happen, how would they remove it? Could that be the cause of my pain—his prick getting momentarily stuck up there? —Anxious  
New Orleans, Louisiana

**Dear Anxious:** Not unless you're a German shepherd. In my experience pricks simply don't get stuck up there—unless you want them to. The pain you're experiencing is probably due to your guy's pud pounding on your cervix. When this happens, just tell old donkey dick to stop digging so deep.

**Dear Granny:** My marriage to a gorgeous, 32-year-old lawyer was wonderful—until he took up running. He runs about five miles a day, and his health has improved remarkably since he took up the sport. There's just one problem though: His sex drive has increased tremendously. He wants to make love all the time now—during the day, on his lunch hour and at night too. Granny, I love my man very much, but I just can't meet his sexual demands. Does running always increase a person's sexual appetite? And how can I get my otherwise terrific husband to stop pestering me for sex all the time? Please, give me an answer, Granny!

—Running Out of Patience  
Des Moines, Iowa

**Dear Running:** If you're not willing to go the distance, get off the track. Honey, an increased sex drive just naturally occurs when a person feels healthier—as your husband does. Sex is a form of exercise, and his increased stamina will follow him off the track and into the bedroom. Why not take up the

sport yourself? Just be happy he still wants to put his pole in your vault.

**Dear Granny:** I'm a 35-year-old woman with fairly average (34B) breasts. Recently I was visiting a friend who lives out of town. I had not seen her in several years, and when we last met, our breasts were about the same size. Since then, however, hers have grown to a rather mammoth 38C. When I asked her about it, she said the growth was due to her love of oral sex. Apparently, she performs fellatio often and always swallows her man's load when he comes. She insists that semen contains a number of breast-enlarging ingredients. Is this true, Granny? Is that why you're so well endowed? Personally, I can't stand the taste of sperm; but if it will make my breasts larger, believe me, I'll swallow anything.

—Jism and Jiggs  
Tucson, Arizona

**Dear Jism:** Honey, it looks like you already did. Sperm doesn't have any effect on breast size. If you want to know where my knockers came from, get a look at my mother—every time she takes her bra off, she falls forward. The only things those gobs of jism I swallowed ever got me were requests for an encore performance.

**Dear Granny:** If a woman were to walk up to some guy she didn't know and say, "I want to suck your cock," he'd say yes. (Nine out of ten guys would anyway.) But if a guy were to walk up to a woman and say, "I'd like to eat your pussy," she'd probably punch him out. Why is this? Do women just need more persuading than men?

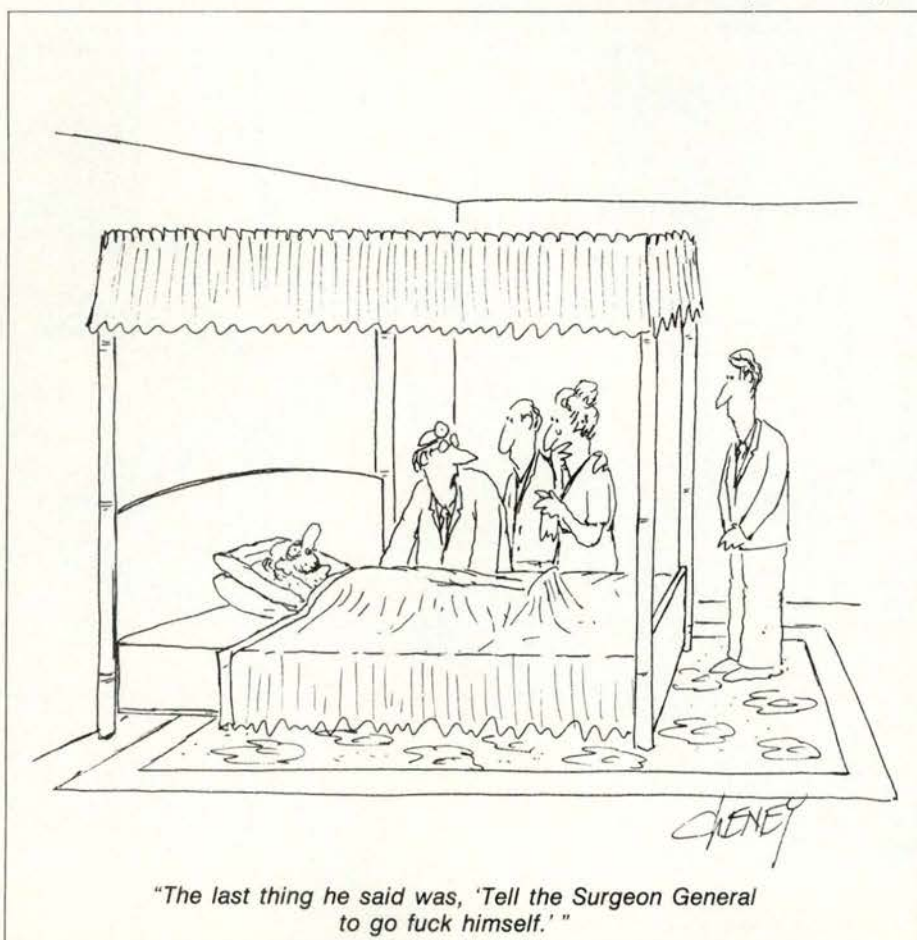
—Always Says No  
Flushing, New York

**Dear Always:** Why say yes right away when you can have a free dinner, a movie and drinks first? Sure, women want to be persuaded. That way they can be certain you'll really appreciate the meal they're serving up.

**Dear Granny:** The other night my girlfriend and I were discussing what we think about while we're having sex. I mentioned that I often fantasize about other women or other experiences I've had. Unfortunately, she hit the roof. She accused me of being mentally unfaithful to her. Tell me, Granny, is there such a thing? And is it weird to fantasize when your having sex?

—Dream Lover  
Amherst, Massachusetts

**Dear Dream:** Not unless you're dreaming about your dog! Most men and women fantasize somewhat while they're fucking. So go tell your girlfriend to stop worrying about your mind and start minding your other organs. 🐕







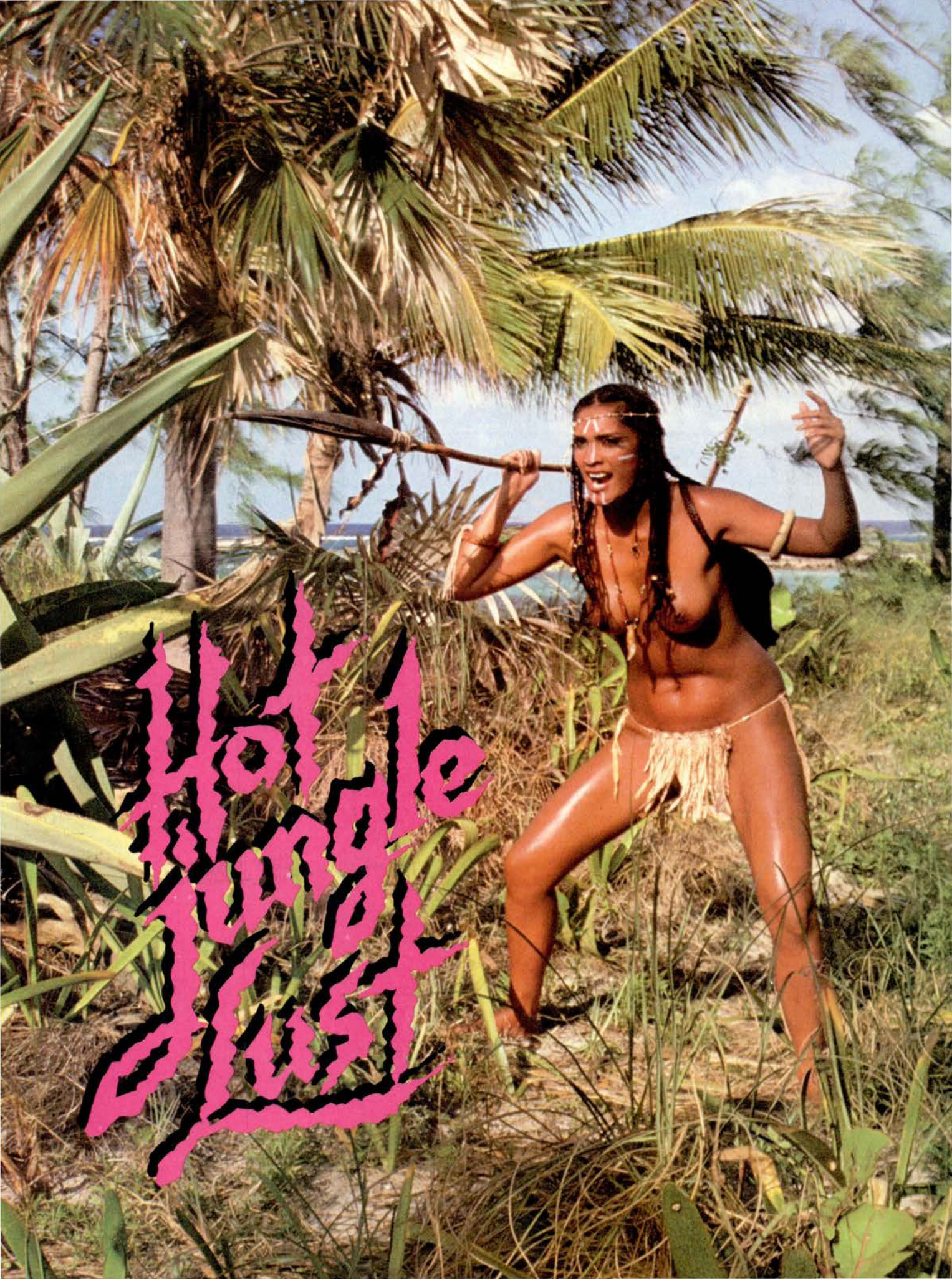
"It's got an elf in it!"





Photography by James Baes





Hot  
female  
journal  
of  
lust























The naturalist was searching for relics in the jungle. Suddenly, she found herself on the sacred mating grounds, a prisoner of the native Amazon. She trembled with fear, knowing death was the sure penalty. Then it came to her: Her only hope was to satisfy the Amazon's primitive lust. She squeezed the native's tanned breasts; they were soft and firm. Nervously, her hands worked across the dark, muscled body, and she felt the native relax. Now her tongue flicked furiously across the Amazon's moistening clit. As the native's body began to quiver, the naturalist's heart pounded like jungle drums. Now their bodies came together, clawing in passion. The drums in the naturalist's ears grew louder. Their bodies shook, then exploded. She knew she'd saved her life.













## WORLD SERIES OF POKER

(continued from page 56)

dren to Las Vegas against the wishes of his parents and in-laws. In 1982 he earned less than \$20,000 playing poker in local card-rooms with \$10 and \$20 betting limits. Now he was assured of a big payday; even if he failed to win, the second-place prize money would be \$216,000.

"Two weeks ago I was broke," McEvoy said. "And now, God knows what's going to happen. But I'll tell you one thing: I've got ice water in my veins."

\* \* \*

As the showdown began at 6:51 p.m., McEvoy's chips were arranged in the form of an arrow pointed directly at Peate, seated at the opposite end of a brand-new green-felt table. What transpired over the next couple of hours was a cat-and-mouse game, with both men playing only exceptionally promising hands. Bluffing was rare, as virtually the only money that changed hands was mandatory \$8,000 blind bets made before each hand was played.

McEvoy chomped on an apple while he bided his time. Peate sat hollow-eyed, waiting for the big moment that never seemed to come. And the swarms of spectators standing on seats and straining behind velvet ropes were growing restless over this unusually cautious style of play

as they anxiously awaited the first significant move.

"This is like the definition of war," one onlooker said. "Hours of boredom and minutes of terror."

McEvoy echoed that sentiment. At 9:47 p.m., with first one player and then the other continuing to resist making big bets, he yelled at the spectators: "Is anybody getting bored?"

Nearing 10 p.m., Peate held a \$670,000-\$410,000 advantage, and his optimistic supporters were offering spirited encouragement on the sidelines. "Just relax, baby, and bring home the cash," shouted Tom Sullivan, a former professional boxer who had left Portland, Oregon, with Peate to make a career of gambling. He stood to win 1% of his friend's prize money.

"I didn't think he'd do shit," Sullivan admitted. "That's why I didn't buy hardly anything of him. Now things are changing here in the desert. He's gonna make himself and all of his friends *rich*. He's going from the shithouse to the White House in just about four days time. How many times have you heard about someone running \$25 into a million dollars? That don't happen every day. He told us he's on Fantasy Island. He can't believe it. He's walking around in a daze. He's more surprised than anybody."

But within 50 minutes the tide had

turned against Peate as McEvoy took a series of pots and surged ahead, \$580,000 to \$500,000. And then came another period of calm. The large majority of hands during the following hour were folded by one of the players immediately after the flop. Said one observer, stifling a yawn as he watched McEvoy munch on another apple, "If you're not a poker fan, it's like watching paint dry."

By 12:24 a.m., gradually chipping away at his opponent, McEvoy increased his lead to \$710,000-\$370,000. Still, neither one of them was doing much bluffing.

"There's no style of class out there," complained poker expert Al Alvarez. "If Brunson had won the hand that knocked him out, he would have eaten these guys alive."

Added a nearby reporter: "They're playing nickel-dime poker in a hundred-dollar game."

At 1:28 a.m. tournament director Erich Drache increased the mandatory blind from \$8,000 to \$16,000. Quipped Brian Smith, editor of a Las Vegas poker tabloid, "Like the rabbi said, it won't be long now."

And sure enough, after more than six tedious hours, the end came with striking swiftness only two minutes later. Peate peeked at his hole cards, the king of diamonds and the jack of diamonds. The master, Brunson, considers these cards to be a "trouble hand" and recommends betting them only in borderline situations.

"You should play them very cautiously," Texas Dolly warns in *Super/System*. "You don't want to jeopardize much money with them."

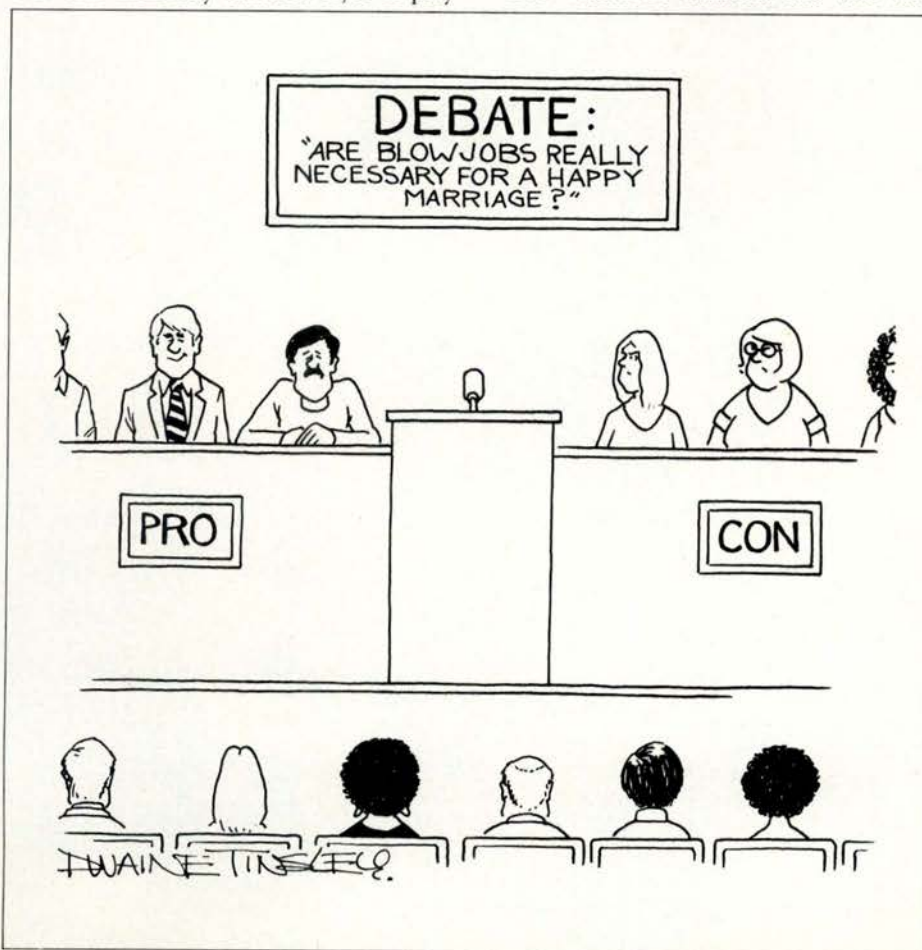
Nevertheless, Peate stood up from the table and boldly went all-in, sending piles of red and gray chips worth \$313,000 toppling toward the center of the table.

Biting an apple, McEvoy pondered his hole cards, the queen of diamonds and the queen of spades. He remembered something else Brunson recommends in his book: "When I get two queens in the pocket, I try *not* to play them too strongly... unless a good situation arises."

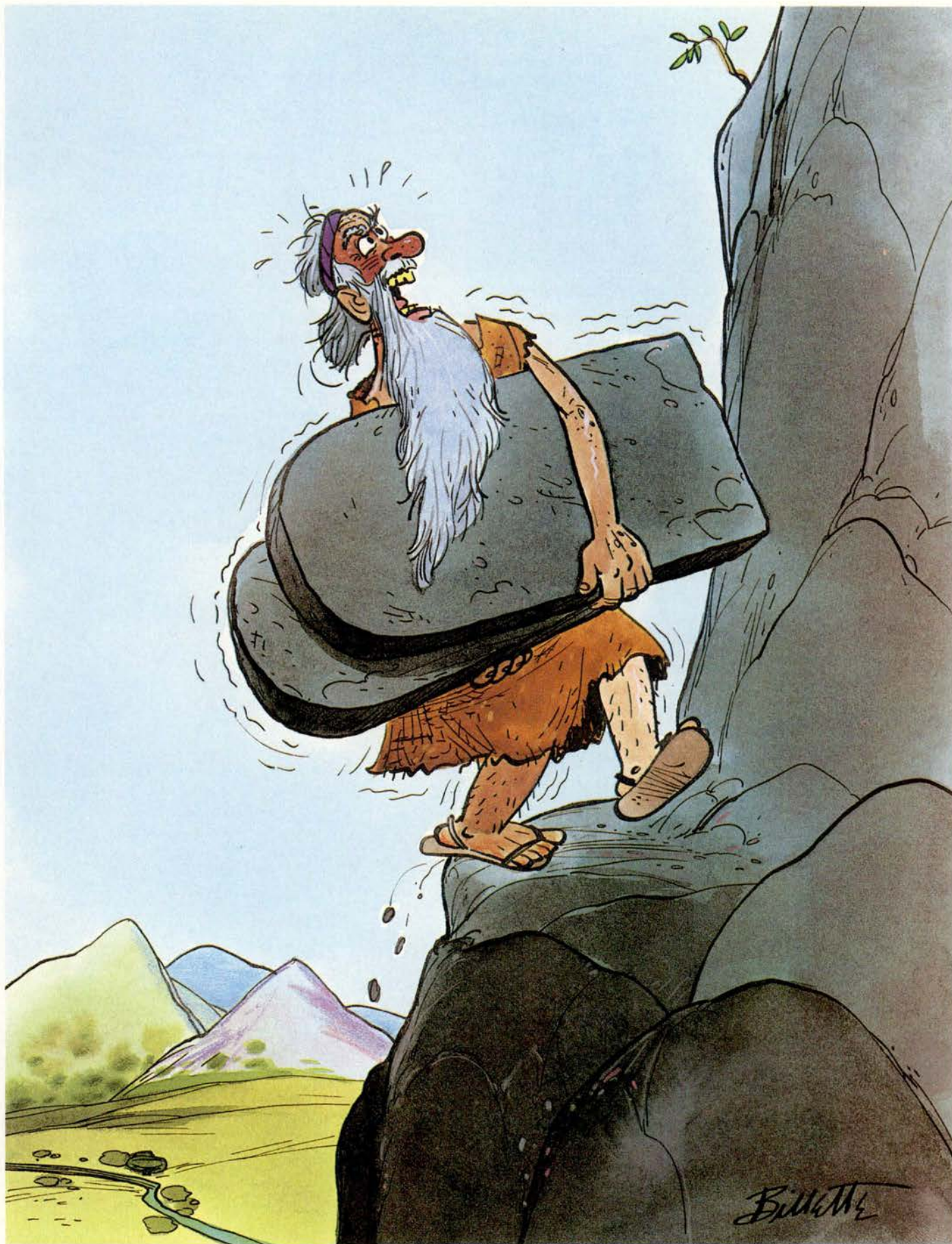
Figuring this was just such a situation, Grand Rapids Tom called the bet—swelling the pot to \$627,000. Both players were standing and gritting their teeth as he exposed his queens and the dealer flopped the next three cards—the 3 of diamonds, 6 of hearts and 6 of clubs. McEvoy now had two pairs (and a possible full house), while Peate had a 24-1 chance for a diamond flush (and a much better likelihood of getting a second king).

Then the dealer turned up the jack of hearts, ruining Peate's possible flush and giving him two pairs—jacks over 6s—compared to McEvoy's queens over 6s. In order for Peate to win, the final card would have to be another jack or king.

(continued on page 164)

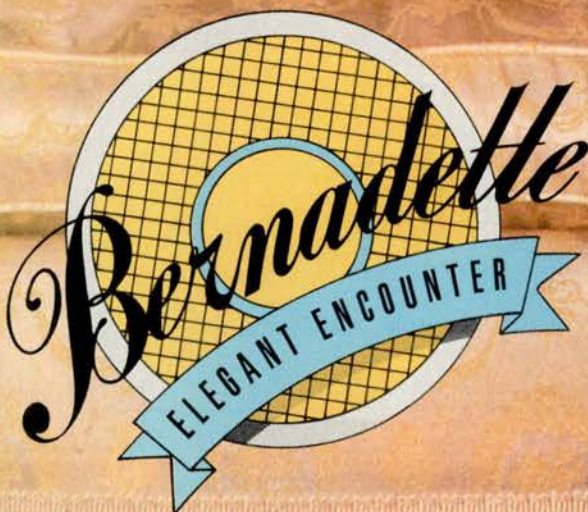






"Hey, ain't you ever heard of pencil and paper?"









Photography by Matti Klatt















"Fucking and making love are *not* the same thing," says Bernadette. "Dressed this way, I'd like to spend a leisurely evening *making love* to a special man on this fancy couch." This 26-year-old dental hygienist from Queens, New York, was correcting us. We'd asked if she'd get off fucking on the antique sofa we selected for her centerfold. Bernadette, it seems, saves her "fucking" for other times. "Screwing my brains out and getting down and dirty are great," she says. "It's just that this setting is so elegant. Making love on it should reflect that: a little champagne, classical music, soft lights." Then she smiles. "The result's the same, of course: coming with a man who has a big, throbbing cock."





**HUSTLER'S HONEY · DECEMBER 1983**







*I'm elegant,  
and I'm yours  
Bernadette*









# HOOK UP TONIGHT With HOT GIRLS AND THE SEXIEST PORNSTARS! THEY'RE WAITING INSIDE NOW!

Come inside and see what  
you can get them to do!

These girls are **Ready & Willing**  
to do **ANYTHING FOR YOU!**

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We've collected 1000's of  
beautiful girls who are waiting  
show you a good time!

---

**Start a Chat RIGHT NOW**



**A** sexy housewife who'd neglected to pay her paperboy for ten weeks glanced out the window and noticed him strolling up the walk. Thinking quickly, she put on a silky nightie and answered the door. "Hello, handsome."

"Hey, lady, you owe me \$20."

Slyly exposing her left nipple, the woman responded, "Twenty bucks? That's a lot of money!" When this failed to affect the youth, she pulled up her nightie, revealing her luscious pussy. The youth seemed unfazed; so the desperate housewife cried, "Quick, come inside. I hear someone coming!"

The youth followed the woman inside, whereupon she stripped and lay down on the sofa. Stroking herself, she asked the lad, "What do you think is the most sensitive part of my body?"

The boy paused for a moment, then said, "Your ears."

Astounded, the naked lady bellowed, "My ears?!"

"When I was out on the porch," the youth explained, "you said you heard someone coming. Well, it was *me*!"

**Question:** How can you tell when an Iranian reaches puberty?

**Answer:** He takes the diaper off his ass and wraps it around his head.

A traveling salesman was granted an audience with the Pope. "Hey, Father," he said, "have you heard the joke about the two Polacks who-?"

"My son," the Pope interjected. "I'm Polish."

"That's all right, Father. I'll tell it very slowly."

The **HUSTLER** Dictionary defines *sheer frustration* as: a woman with a bent nickel standing in front of a tampon machine.

**Question:** What do George Washington and Benjamin Franklin both have in common?

**Answer:** They were the last two white men to use those last names.

After six months of auditioning for various producers, Ann finally landed a part in a Western. The first day she was thrown off her horse. The next day she had to jump from a balcony, her clothes on fire, into a water tank and nearly drowned.

On the third day she was roughed up by a cowhand, and the director reshot the scene five times. The next day a crazed bull chased her around the corral for ten minutes before the animal could be cornered.

Wearily, she limped into the producer's office. "Listen," Ann said, "who the hell do I have to sleep with to get out of this picture?"

The startled woman woke up in the middle of the night and found her drunken husband trying to stuff an aspirin down her throat. "What are you doing?" she spat.

"Whaddaya think I'm doing?" he blubbered. "I'm giving you an aspirin."

"Why are you doing that?" she asked. "I don't have a headache."

"Good," he said. "Then let's fuck!"

**Question:** What's the difference between the Supreme Court and the Ku Klux Klan?

**Answer:** The Supreme Court wears black robes and scares the hell out of white people, while the Ku Klux Klan wears white robes and scares the hell out of black people.

Two inmates of a mental institution were chatting. The first loony said, "Don't talk to me. I'm Napoleon!"

"What do you mean, you're Napoleon?" the second nut asked.

"I told you not to speak to me. I'm Napoleon."

"How do you know you're Napoleon?"

"God told me I am," the first crazy said.

A little voice from the corner said indignantly, "I most certainly did not!"

The **HUSTLER** Dictionary defines *humiliation* as: coming home to find your wife screwing your best friend, and then she makes you sleep on the wet spot.

One day a 55-year-old woman went to her doctor and asked for a prescription for birth-control pills.

"But you don't need them at your age," the physician told her.

The woman went on to explain that she had tried some recently and now found that she couldn't sleep without them. "But birth-control pills have no

tranquilizing agent in them," the doctor said.

"Well, I don't know what they have or what they don't have in them," she answered, "but I give them to my daughter before she goes out each night, and let me tell you, Doctor, I sleep much, much better."

**Question:** Did you hear about the family of Polacks that froze to death at a drive-in theater?

**Answer:** They were watching "Closed for the Season."

***HUSTLER** Humor jokes are sent to us by our readers. If you've heard a gut-buster lately, why not send it our way? Submit your jokes on 3" X 5" cards, mailed in a sealed envelope, to: **HUSTLER** Humor, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, CA 90067-3054. If your joke is selected, we'll send you a check for \$50. Sorry—but we cannot return submissions.*

## HUSTLER HUMOR



**...and if you think that's funny...**



# CHESTER THE MOLESTER



"Hi. I've been sent down here to beget a virgin with a very special baby!"







# THE SHRINK AND *The Nympho*

FICTION BY ROBERT A. BLOCH



**S**he was a beautiful young widow haunted by a powerful, lust-crazed demon. He was a bewildered psychiatrist trying to make sense of her bizarre claims. Then he fell in love with her. . . .



Angela was adorable. Tall, blond and 20, she had more curves than a roller coaster and much better seating accommodations. Young Dr. Degradian was no fool. Five minutes after she entered the office, he had her on the couch.

So much for the joys of psychiatry.

Now it was time to begin the process known as case-entry. And this was one case Dr. Degradian felt sorely tempted to enter—until Angela began to talk.

Notebook in hand, he sat down in a chair beside her, pencil poised. "What's the first thing that comes into your mind?" he asked.

"Milton."

"Who?"

"My husband."

Dr. Degradian frowned. "You didn't tell me you were married."

"I'm not. He died last Thursday."

Dr. Degradian made a note. "How did it happen?"

"He fell off a ladder."

"Was he a painter?"

"No—a voyeur. He was looking through this second-story window at a motel when the ladder broke."

"I see."

"That's what he used to say all the time—'I see.'" Angela shrugged. "Our marriage was never consummated, you know. He died on our wedding night, and now I'm just a poor widow. All he left me was the broken ladder and a pair of binoculars."

"Did you know he was a voyeur when you married him?"

"I should have guessed. He kept telling me I was a sight for sore eyes." Angela smiled coquettishly. "Do you find me attractive?"

Dr. Degradian shook his head. "This is a psychiatric examination, not a beauty contest. We are here to find the source of your mental disturbance—"

"Not mental. Physical."

"You are physically disturbed?"

"Constantly." Angela nodded. "I'm no expert on the subject, but it doesn't seem possible that anyone could keep up such a pace—sometimes ten, even 15 times a night."

"You're sleeping with somebody?"

"Who sleeps?" Angela sighed.

Dr. Degradian made another note. "Tell me about this man."

"He isn't a man. He's an incubus."

"A what?"

"An incubus." She blushed, tossing her golden curls. "A demon who has carnal relations with women in their sleep. Check your dictionary if you don't believe me."

"I know what an incubus is," Dr. Degradian said. "And I do believe you. You have these dreams—"

"They're not dreams!" Angela sat up, eyes flashing. "I told you I don't sleep. The minute I turn out the light and climb into bed, he shows up out of nowhere and starts fooling around. At first I tried to

stall him—I said I had a headache, but he didn't listen. He just rips off my nightie and *bam!*"

"Bam? What does that mean?"

For the next 15 minutes she explained what *bam* meant—explained in such detail that Dr. Degradian found himself trying to make notes long after there was no more lead in his pencil.

"Good Lord!" The young psychiatrist stared at her. "I've never heard such graphic porno! And you say this is only the foreplay?"

"Two-play," Angela murmured. "I don't think I could stand it if there was another couple involved."

"And this goes on every evening? He comes in and rips off your nightie?"

"Not anymore. I ran out of nighties; so now I just go to bed in the nude. That's why I'm here. You've got to help me before I catch my death of cold."

"Of course." The psychiatrist reached for a fresh pencil and scribbled out several prescriptions. "Here, get these filled at the pharmacy downstairs."

"What are they?"

"Tranquilizers and a sedative."

"It's no use. I'm sure he won't take them."

"They're for you. To help you sleep." Dr. Degradian smiled reassuringly. "I want to see you again on Wednesday, same time. I'm certain that by then your incubus will have disappeared."

"Thank you, Doctor. I hope so."

And with a grateful smile and a farewell wiggle, Angela was gone.

\* \* \*

Gone, but not forgotten. During the next two days Dr. Degradian couldn't put the girl out of his mind. What a shame that so lovely a young lady should have these grotesque fantasies! And they were fantasies, no doubt of that—she was hallucinating about a mythical creature out of medieval legend.

It was obviously a classic case of sexual frustration, but the medications he'd prescribed would put an end to her nightmares. Once they disappeared, he'd have no need to explain she'd been imagining things; it would all be self-evident. And as Wednesday neared, he found himself happily anticipating her arrival.

Promptly at three she swept in, trailing a cloud of perfume, and settled herself on the couch.

"Well," he said. "How did everything work out?"

"Don't talk to me about workouts!" Her full lips formed a provocative pout. "Did you ever try doing it when you were half-asleep?"

Dr. Degradian blinked. "You mean you still have these dreams?"

Angela's eyes flashed blue fire. "I told  
(continued on page 98)





# Christmas in America

Like no two snowflakes, no two cities in America are alike. And that goes for the way Christmas is celebrated in those cities as well. But with their clearly defined personalities, it isn't too hard to guess how each city will respond to the onslaught of Yuletide (scheduled on the Madison Avenue calendar to fall sometime in September). So HUSTLER decided to give you a preview of what to expect on the night before Christmas. And believe us... plenty is stirring.



## Youngstown, Ohio

Unemployment is so high in this Midwestern city that even Santa can't find work. The elves went to work for Santa Nissan in Japan, and the reindeer went to the slaughterhouse—except for Rudolph, who's working as a guidance system for Korean Air Lines. The lucky kids in Youngstown will find coal in their stockings. You can't use steel to warm your house in the dead of winter.





## San Francisco, California

"Don we now our gay apparel" is what they're singing in the streets of the City by the Bay. And if things are hard all over this Yule season, they're particularly hard in the pants of the young men of San Francisco. If you left your heart there... you'll probably get AIDS for Christmas.

## Harlem, New York

Harlem's Santa is a little more like Robin Hood. He takes from the Jewish merchants and gives to the poor. And his reindeer work by the hour. But this Santa has it tougher than all the rest—it's not easy to carry all those portable cassette players down a tenement incinerator chute.



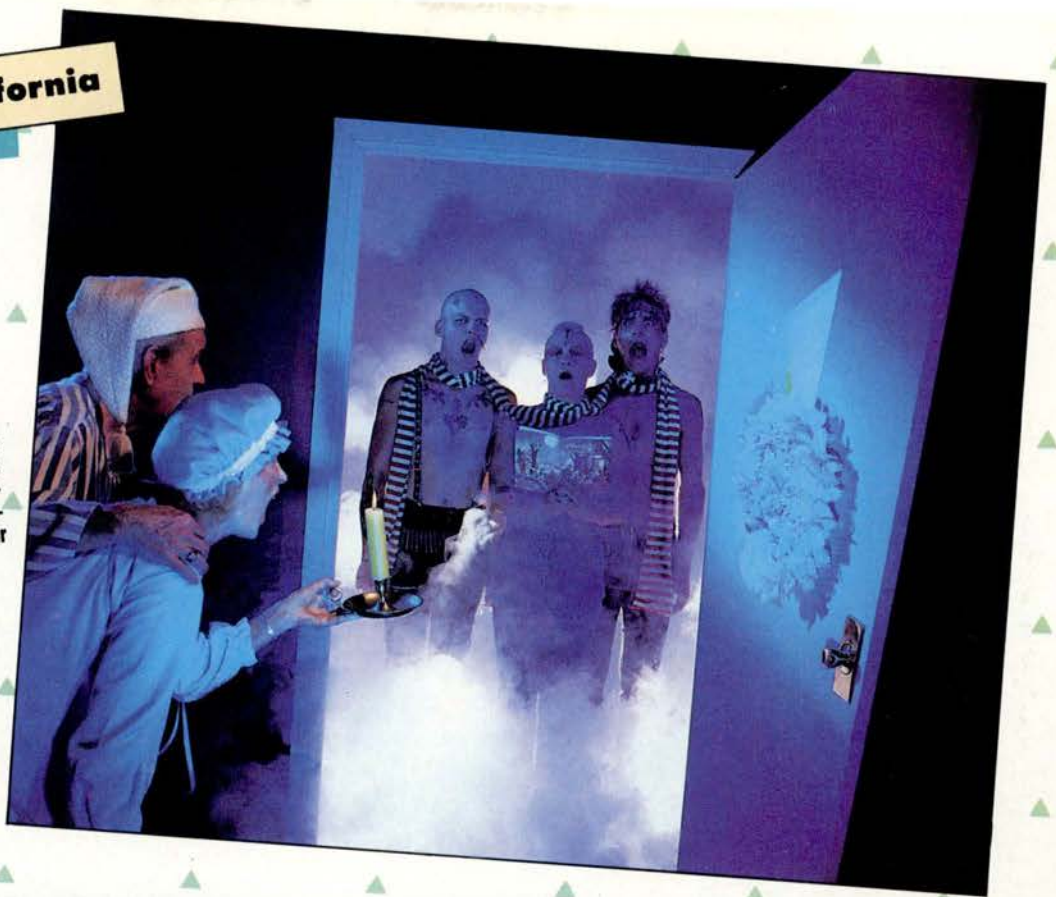


## Los Angeles, California

"Children sing/are ya listening  
In their veins/junk is glistening  
What a beautiful sight  
All slashed up tonight  
Puking in a winter punkerland."

Later on/we'll conspire  
As we sit/on the fire  
To mug an old man  
Buy some dust if we can  
Puking in a winter punkerland."

L.A. has seen a lot of colorful  
Christmases in the past, but none  
like the ones it's seen since it be-  
came America's premier punk ha-  
ven. Ever see a Santa whose hair  
color matches the tree?





## Las Vegas, Nevada

There's nothing like hearing Baby Jesus wail "I Did It My Way" to fill up a Vegas lounge with that ol' Christmas spirit. You can bet your bottom dollar it'll get rid of those holiday blues faster than you can say, "Frankincense Sinatra."





## Birmingham, Alabama

It's gonna be a redneck Christmas in Birmingham, Alabama. We can imagine the children in bed on Christmas Eve—visions of sugar plums and white supremacy dancing in their heads. Meanwhile, Mom and Dad trim the tree and wonder if it's tall enough to hang a lynching. There's nothing like Christmas in the South ... unless you're black.



## Miami, Florida

You say there's no snow in Florida? Are you kidding? Maybe Santa uses a small plane to bring his presents across the border instead of a sleigh, but Christmas in Miami is just as white as the holiday up North. It just costs a lot more.





## THE SHRINK

(continued from page 92)

you they're not dreams! There really is an incubus. Please, Doctor, isn't there something you can do?"

"Certainly." The psychiatrist nodded. "There are several ways. Normally we might rid you of this obsession by using electroshock therapy, but that's not practical now that the cost of electricity is so high. Perhaps we should opt for more-orthodox methods. If you can come in five days a week for the next three years—"

"Three years?!" She stared at him incredulously.

"A thorough analysis takes that much time to talk things out."

"You don't understand," Angela said. "This thing isn't going to be talked out of. No matter what I say, he just keeps bawling away." She rose, sighing. "Obviously you can't help me. I should have gone to Father O'Flannery in the first place."

"Father O'Flannery?"

"My parish priest. I'm going to ask him to perform an exorcism."

Dr. Degradian frowned. "Surely you're not serious? Nobody believes in such nonsense nowadays."

"Father O'Flannery does," Angela replied. "Just last Sunday he preached a sermon about casting out demons. He even

told us how it's done. First they open all the windows; then they start with the ceremony. Plenty of fresh air and exorcise, that's the cure."

Dr. Degradian bit his lip. No sense arguing; of course, he had no faith in exorcism or in incubi either, but Angela did. And that was the point. If this superstitious ritual could rid the girl of her fixation, so be it. "I wish you luck," he said.

"Thank you, Doctor."

Then she was gone, leaving a scent of perfume behind.

\* \* \*

In the days that passed, the scent vanished but not the memories—memories of her perfume and her behind. Dr. Degradian lost a little sleep himself wondering about the girl. Could it be that he had more than a professional interest in her? Here he was, just 35 years old, a reputable psychiatrist with an established practice and already the owner of his first condominium. He should have been thinking of his career, maybe buying a second couch, but instead he found himself mooning over a patient. He remembered the last words of his sainted mother on her deathbed. "Promise me just one thing," she whispered. "Don't ever get mixed up with a Nutsy Fagan."

Over the weekend Dr. Degradian recalled her plea and made a firm resolution. But on Monday afternoon, when

Angela came in, his resolution turned to flab. One look at her, and he knew the truth—he had fallen in love with a flake.

"Surprised to see me?" she asked.

"Yes, I am." He ventured a wary smile.

"Changed your mind, did you?"

"What do you mean? Father O'Flannery performed the exorcism Friday night."

"How did it go?"

"Very quickly. So quickly that Father never even had a chance to see it."

"But you're sure the incubus was exorcised?"

"Positive."

"Then what's wrong?"

"Father O'Flannery." She fluttered her eyelashes nervously. "You see, once the incubus was gone, that left just the two of us. There I was, naked on the bed, and there was Father O'Flannery standing over me with that big font in his hand, and—well, it just happened."

Dr. Degradian's eyes widened. "You seduced a priest?"

"It wasn't a seduction." She reddened. "Like I told you, he had this enormous font, and the next thing you know—"

"Bam."

"Several bams." Angela sighed. "It was then I realized I still had a problem."

"What about Father O'Flannery?"

"I'm afraid the poor man took it very hard, if you'll pardon the expression. Afterward he said he'd decided to leave the priesthood and enter a convent."

"You mean a monastery."

"No, a convent. He's not gay, you know."

"These things happen," Dr. Degradian said. "You mustn't burden yourself by feeling guilty."

"That's just it," Angela said. "I don't feel guilty. I feel—neglected. I mean, all this happened on Friday night. Saturday and Sunday night I slept like a baby."

"So?"

"I'm not a baby! I'm a woman, and I haven't had sex for two whole nights in a row."

Dr. Degradian took a deep breath. "You really do need help."

"Exactly." Angela dropped onto the couch and lay back, smiling. "I knew I could count on you. But would you mind locking the door first?"

Now it was Dr. Degradian's turn to redden. "None of that, young lady," he said. "If you really want help, just sit up and pay attention. Get into this chair, and let me run a Rorschach on you."

"In a chair? Oh, neat—"

"It's a test," the psychiatrist told her. "I want you to look at these inkblots and tell me what you see."

He held up the first card. "What does this look like?"

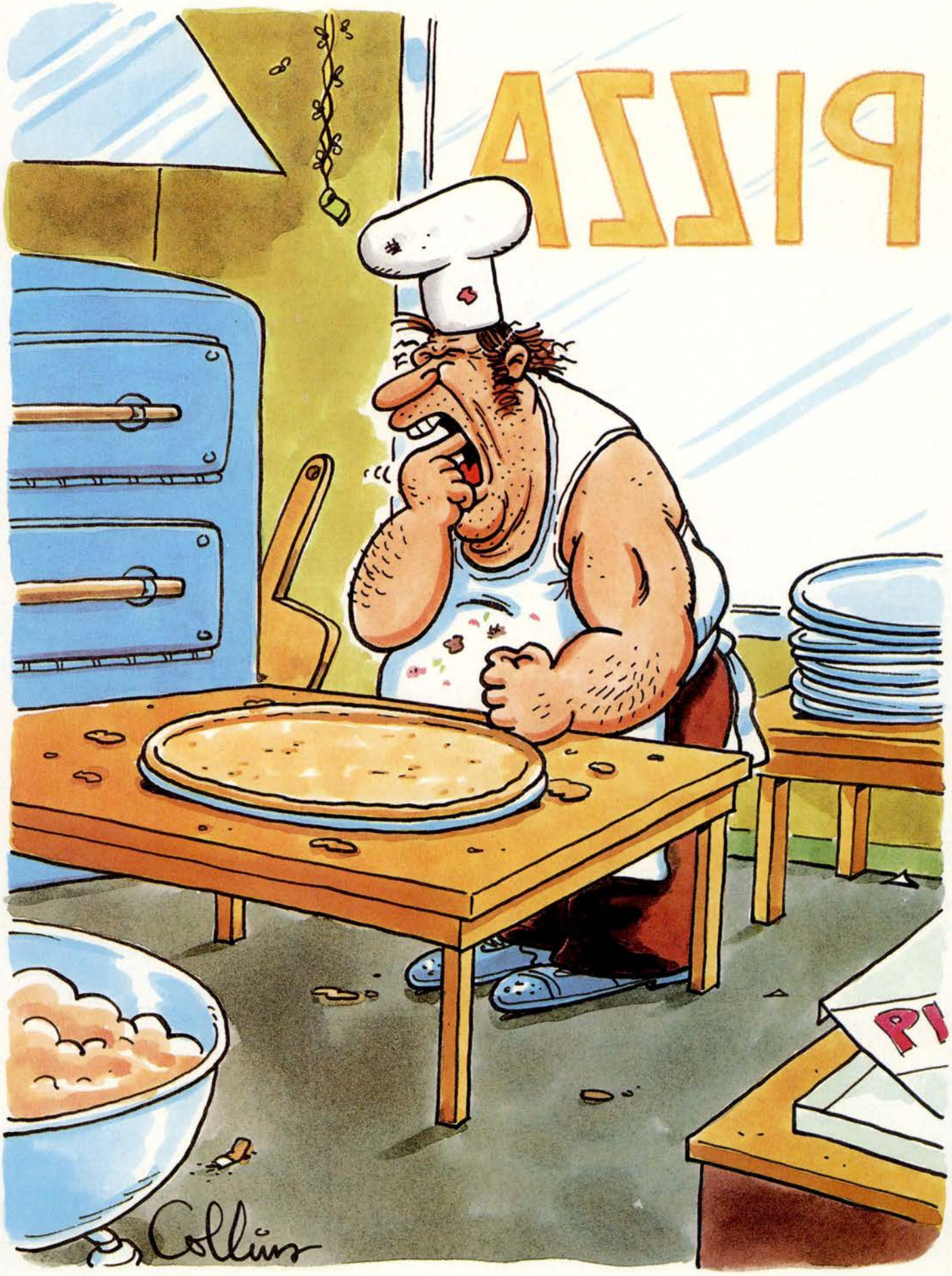
"That's easy. It's a sperm whale."

(continued on page 112)





PIZZA







Photography by Matti Klatt



*Stroke Me Tender*















He was paid to touch women, but with this one he wanted more than money. Slowly and deliberately he began working on her. Her smooth, oiled skin felt good under his hands. She sensed the special desire in his tender strokes. Without a word her hands pulled his cock to her. It tasted sweet and felt warm in her mouth. He felt her lips and tongue swirl around it with a long, deep motion. He dripped warm oil across her cunt. Its heat flooded her with desire. Smoothly and quickly, his hard cock slid inside. He loved the feeling of her well-oiled cunt. Harder and faster he pounded into her. He heard her moaning for his hot cum. He pounded and rammed—fast, deep, hard. With one final thrust he exploded, drenching and satisfying her at the same time. They collapsed in an exhausted heap, convinced there's nothing so relaxing as a good massage.























# GUEST EDITORIAL

In keeping with HUSTLER's long tradition of presenting even the most controversial viewpoints, we provide this space to outspoken opinion makers in politics, religion, the arts and other segments of contemporary society. The author of this month's *Guest Editorial* is Al Goldstein, editor and publisher of *Screw*—the unique New York-based weekly sex tabloid.



Al Goldstein

**Scene 1:** A dewy young blonde, her frizzy hair framing a sulky, very pretty face, slowly arches her back to remove her brassiere. She toys with her nipples, pinching them, licking them with a long, warm, wet tongue until they engorge with blood and stand out from her boobs like a couple of door buzzers. The blonde kneads her fleshy, generous breasts, emitting low, automatic cooing sounds. She then moves her scarlet fingernails down to the black lace of her panties and gingerly begins to nuzzle in among the glistening lips of her vagina. The cooing becomes more insistent. She moves back to her breasts, pinching and squeezing, then down to her cunt again. Her moves become jerky and frenzied as she reaches the hot plateau of orgasm. . . .

**Scene 2:** A pretty, well-built brunette, wearing only white-cotton panties, is alone in a darkened house working at unclogging a sink. Hearing a noise, she moves to investigate and thinks some friends are playing a trick on her. "You guys!" she calls. "Stop kidding around!" With tentative steps she walks through the shadowy corridors as an ominous music builds in the background. Suddenly, behind her, we see the shadow of an upraised ax. She turns and recoils in horror, screaming but not raising her hands in defense—the classic vulnerable woman. The ax falls, and in the last shot we see it buried deep within her skull to the right of one bulging, blood-drenched eye.

Both of these scenes were broadcast over cable television, but only one of them was censored. In a circumstance that points up the truly bizarre level of American hypocrisy, the warm, loving, sensual first scene was electronically blue-penciled by the cable company carrying *Midnight Blue*, the adult show I produce. The gore-flooded second scene, from the movie *Friday the 13th*, was shown uncensored—at a time when young children might be awake and watching.

The organization responsible for this corruption of true moral values is none other than that bloated corporate monolith, Time Inc.—through its deceitful subsidiary, Home Box Office.

HBO is a televised fart, the kind of decayed shit odor that comes out of an old fairy's asshole after a night on the town. It panders to the thirst for violence of the American public, but remains as straitlaced as Tony Per-

kins's *Psycho* mother when it comes to sex. A breast with an erect nipple is okay, say the diseased minds at HBO, as long as it has a butcher knife sticking out of it. The idea that violence is somehow more palatable than sex is such an astoundingly dishonest concept, it raises several important questions.

How did we arrive at this state of affairs, whereby movies like *Friday the 13th*, *Halloween*, *Humongous* and other such "gore-nography" are wholeheartedly embraced, but movies like *Deep Throat* and *The Devil in Miss Jones* are shunned? Why is it that the Surgeon General finds an average adolescent will witness thousands of televised murders by the time he's 18, but this same youth is not allowed to watch one blowjob?

Part of the answer is greed. HBO is an incredibly profitable part of the sagging Time Inc. empire. With its publishing and newsmagazine divisions churning out such gaggingly unoriginal stuff that even lobotomy patients are refusing to read it, video is the Luce legacy's last hope. Like a smash-and-grab thief ripping Rolex watches out of store windows, Time Inc. originally got into HBO to turn a quick profit—only to lose millions in the first years of operation. Now it has become such a raging success that analysts are predicting the video division of Time Inc. will account for more than half the company's earnings by the end of 1984.

That kind of money attracts all sorts of reptiles with MBA degrees. The video revolution was supposed to be a technological triumph, a chance for the average guy to seize a sector of the airwaves. But it has fallen into the wrong hands. We've given the video revolution over to a gang of lame corporate whores at Time Inc., and they are looting it for all it is worth.

Bend over and pick up a quarter in Time Inc.'s offices, and by the time you straighten up, the company's top-executive echelon is lined up behind you, pants down around their ankles, feverishly working their pathetic little dinks in an effort to stick it to you. The twisted morality of HBO vomits stillborn out of the rancid cunt of corporate America, a dank place choked with the shit of hypocrisy. Why are viewers given violence but no real sex? Why is the only penetration permitted that of an ax shattering a woman's skull? Because Time Inc.'s brain trust is filled with bent, ugly minds.



One can project the psychological profile of an HBO exec simply by analyzing the cable company's programming. For one thing, it has always been my conviction that lack of sex can turn a male into a raging, frothing lunatic. The sexual drive gets displaced, repressed, twisted and comes back monstrously perverted. "You won't show me pussy?" says the impulse of an HBO exec. "Then I want blood, murder and torture—especially of women." HBO's programming is

Not that I would ever advocate censoring, removing or in any way limiting the viewing of films like *Halloween* or *Friday the 13th*. As a First Amendment absolutist, I cannot in good faith recommend censoring *anything*. Also, I suppose a televised rape or murder is at least preferable to the real thing, and some sickos might have their insanity neutralized in the simple act of watching their twisted fantasies acted out. Finally, these sorts of films might be looked at simply as electronic incarna-

## **"Why is the only penetration permitted that of an ax shattering a woman's skull? Because Time Inc.'s brain trust is filled with bent, ugly minds."**

like a textbook example of high-school psychology. Repression breeds mental disorder.

It's *because* HBO has no real sex that it is obsessed with violence. The blood-soaked scheduling is simply an expression of some perverted form of antisexuality. This is even more apparent when you look at what kind of sex *does* make it on HBO: all titillation, all panties and titties and asses—especially nice, firm, plump, faggot-bait asses. The programming suffers from a massive, self-induced case of blueballs. No wonder such a misdirected rage is worked up in the typical HBO viewer; every woman he is shown is a tease. The gals never actually flop on their collective backs and spread 'em.

Every erection, every stiff cock on HBO is transformed into a knife or pistol. No pulsing, raging hard-ons are allowed; that would be too threatening to the barely latent faggotry of the HBO exec. Men and women can show their behinds, of course, because the closet queers at Time Inc. secretly thirst for quivering, open assholes. Repressed sexuality can lead to all sorts of weirdnesses, and palsied, confused homosexuality is just one.

The final element in the HBO equation is a severe, barely contained hatred of women. Getting turned down so many times by his frozen-bitch wife up in Scarsdale has permanently damaged the HBO programmer's humanity. I can visualize him in the dark, womblike atmosphere of the screening room, rubbing compulsively on his long-dead crotch as the pretty female hitchhiker in *Friday the 13th* gets her throat slashed. "That'll teach her," gurgles the HBO woman-hater.

In contrast to the gayed-up, hate-filled, bait-and-switch sex and violence HBO trafficks in, what does it prudishly refuse to carry? Reciprocal sex. Warm, loving couples. Entry gained into a woman's body not by tearing her skin to shreds but by caressing it. The joys of fellatio and cunnilingus. Sexual acrobatics. The irony is that if they would ever watch genuine X-rated pornography, Time Inc. three-piece-suit types would learn enough moves so that for once they might be able to actually kick-start the old lady's sex drive. At the very least they might learn to stick things in the right hole. Porn could go a long way toward educating as well as entertaining the public, but HBO is too obsessed with violence to allow it.

tions of the ghost story. The difference is that the old horror films worked via implication and symbolism, while these new ones are overexplicit. The mystery is gone.

It is the unbalance of HBO's programming that is most perverted—and this is true about competing mainstream cable offerings, including Showtime and The Movie Channel. Sure, give us horror flicks, give us gut-wrenching graphic violence—but give us sexuality in its sensual, healthy completeness as well.

The whole theory behind cable is that it should present not broadcasting but "narrowcasting"—giving each special-interest group its own piece of the televised action. Horror-film junkies get their gore. Culture snobs their philharmonics. Left-handed French-antique collectors have programs appealing to them. But what we have instead is a situation where the bent inclinations of a few HBO execs can limit a whole nation's sexual expression.

There is something almost surreal about the status quo in cable. A couple cannot pull up a bearskin next to the technological fireplace of their television set and see a horny, explicit hour or so of sex to prime them for lovemaking. They can, however, witness brutal disembowelments, rapes, stabbings, and terrorization of females. What is most astounding is that this is all done in the name of morality.

The hardest thing in the world to do is stand up for pornography in public. Defending smut renders the ordinary citizen vulnerable to all sorts of accusations, from pervert to corrupter of small children. In public hearings all over America today, communities are hammering out rules whereby they will admit cable television to their areas. HBO doesn't need defending in such hearings; it has all the megabucks of Time Inc. riding behind it. But if ordinary people demand a greater balance in their cable programming, if they demand that sensual loving get at least as big a play as murder and mayhem, someone is going to have to listen to them.

Readers who share or disagree with Al Goldstein's opinions are encouraged to address HUSTLER's *Feedback* section (2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, CA 90067-3054). Those who are interested in subscribing to *Screw* (\$15 for 15 issues) should contact Milky Way Productions Inc. (116 W. 14th St., New York, NY 10011; telephone: 212-989-8001).



## THE SHRINK

(continued from page 98)

Dr. Degradian gulped as he reached for a second card. Angela stared at it, nodding. "That one's a bird."

"A bird?"

"Yes. A cockatoo."

He held up a third card. "And this?"

Angela studied the squiggles. "A man and a woman twisting each other's necks around."

"And what does that mean?"

"They're screwing their heads off."

The psychiatrist threw the rest of the cards into the trash. "Angela, let me speak frankly. You are suffering from a severe case of sexual fixation."

"Is it contagious?"

"I certainly hope not. And there may be a remedy, if I may suggest it."

"Go ahead," Angela smiled. "Be as suggestive as you like."

Dr. Degradian leaned forward. "Last year I had a patient with a complaint very similar to your own. Her obsession with sex reached the point where she was taking obscene phone calls even when they were collect."

"You cured her?"

"No, but a gynecologist did. I came to the conclusion that her mental condition was linked to a physical disturbance. So I sent her to a gynecologist. He discovered

she had a chronic inflammation of the uterus. A few days of medication, and her troubles were over."

"Do you think something like that is wrong with me?"

"Let's find out," Dr. Degradian buzzed his receptionist on the intercom. "Miss Carriage, get me Mount Sinus Hospital. I want to refer a patient to Dr. Pruritis. That's right, the specialist—eye, ear, nose and vagina."

Angela listened as he set up an appointment for her the following morning.

"Let me see you tomorrow afternoon when it's over," he told her. "With any luck this could be the solution to your sexual problems."

Angela rose and wiggled to the door. "I'll keep my fingers crossed."

"Good idea," Dr. Degradian said. "Also your legs."

\* \* \*

It was past five o'clock the next afternoon when Angela appeared in Dr. Degradian's office. "Sorry I'm late," she said. "I got waylaid."

"I know." The psychiatrist frowned. "Dr. Pruritis just called me." He shook his head. "It's unbelievable—an old man like that. How could you do such a ghastly thing?"

"It was easy. All I did was—"

"Spare me the details." He sat back, sighing. "Poor old Pruritis! You have just

ruined one of the profession's finest and most upstanding members."

"But I didn't ruin it," the girl protested. "As a matter of fact, he told me it had never felt better in years."

"Incredible." Dr. Degradian shook his head. "And here I thought we were making progress."

"But we are. Didn't he tell you the results of the examination?"

"That's just it. He said you were in perfect physical condition. No inflammation, infection or abnormality whatsoever. Which means the trouble is all in your mind. If you'd just consent to analysis and put your trust in me and Medicaid—"

"I can't wait three years." Her blue eyes clouded with tears. "The way I feel, I can't wait three minutes. I need him now."

"Who?"

"The incubus. I want him back."

"But my dear young lady—"

"I'm not your dear young lady!" Angela began to sob quietly. "And if you won't help me, I won't be your patient either." She started for the door, and Dr. Degradian raised his hand hastily.

"Let's talk this over—"

"Talking doesn't work. I've had enough of that, Dr. Degradian." She paused abruptly. "Are you Armenian?"

He nodded.

"And is it true most Armenian names end in I-A-N?"

"Yes. That means 'son of.'"

"Then you ought to call yourself Dr. Bitchian."

"Now see here—"

"I'm sorry," Angela's voice softened. "It's just that I'm so uptight. I thought the incubus was bad, but now that he's gone, this hang-up is ten times worse. I don't want to go through the rest of my life coming on to every man I meet. If there was only a way to get the incubus back."

Once more her sobs began, and Dr. Degradian's heart melted. "Stop sniffing," he told her. "Perhaps there is a way. Suppose you come in on Monday afternoon."

Alone in his office, he pondered the problem. Removing a patient's hallucinations was part of his job, but restoring them would be quite another matter. Nothing in psychiatric procedure offered any precedent, and he'd have to start from square one.

Suppose there *was* such a thing as an incubus? Angela thought so, as did the priest who'd exorcised it. And since the exorcism had worked, maybe the incubus did exist. But if so, how could he find it? You don't just look up an incubus in the Yellow Pages.

Stung by inspiration, he reached for the phone book, then riffled through it as he searched for the proper heading.

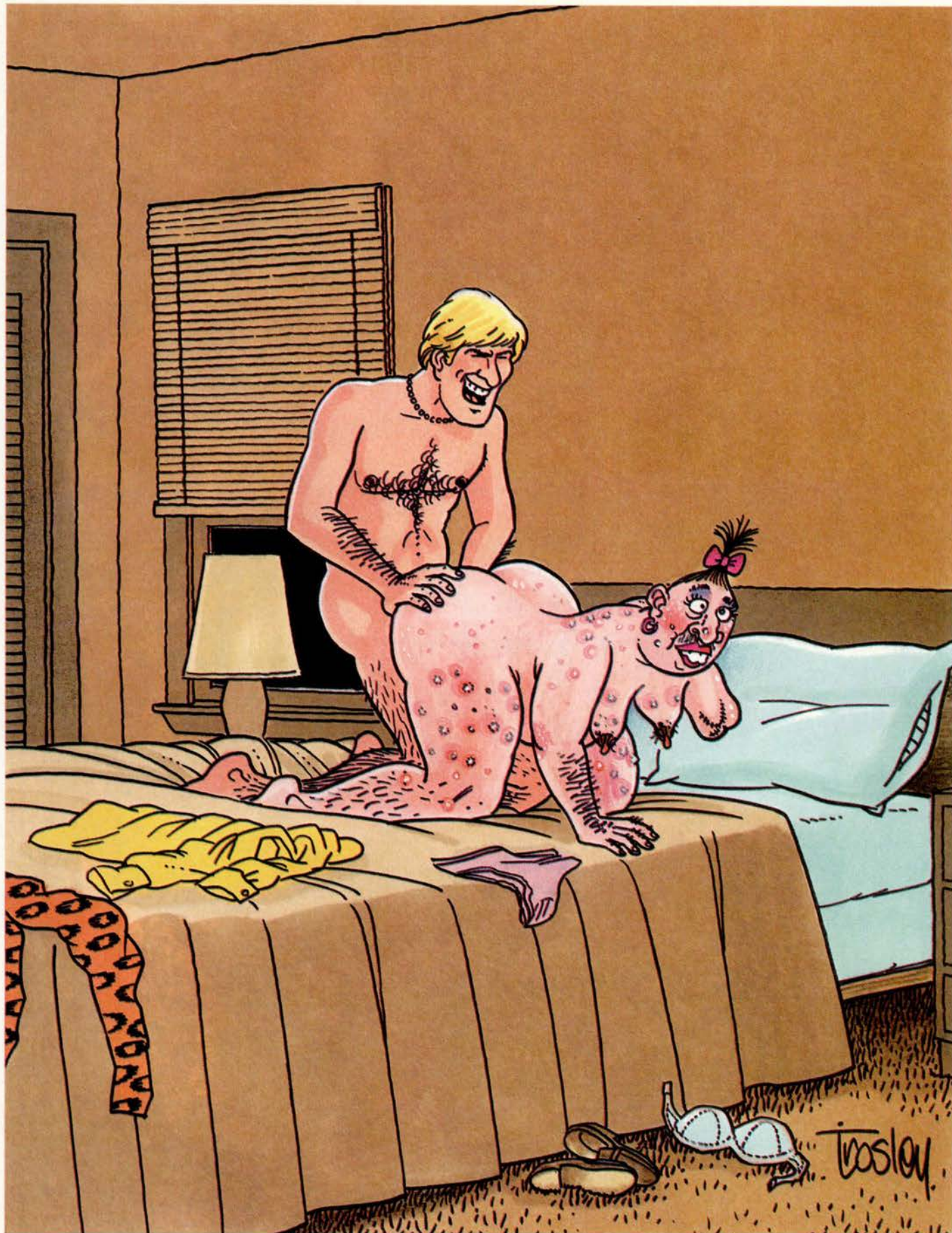
*Obstetricians, Ophthalmologists, Opticians—* nothing there. He turned back a few pages, and suddenly he found it.

*Occultists.*

(continued on page 120)







*"Society finally accepts the fact that sex is purely a matter between  
a man and whatever he can pick up on a Saturday night!"*



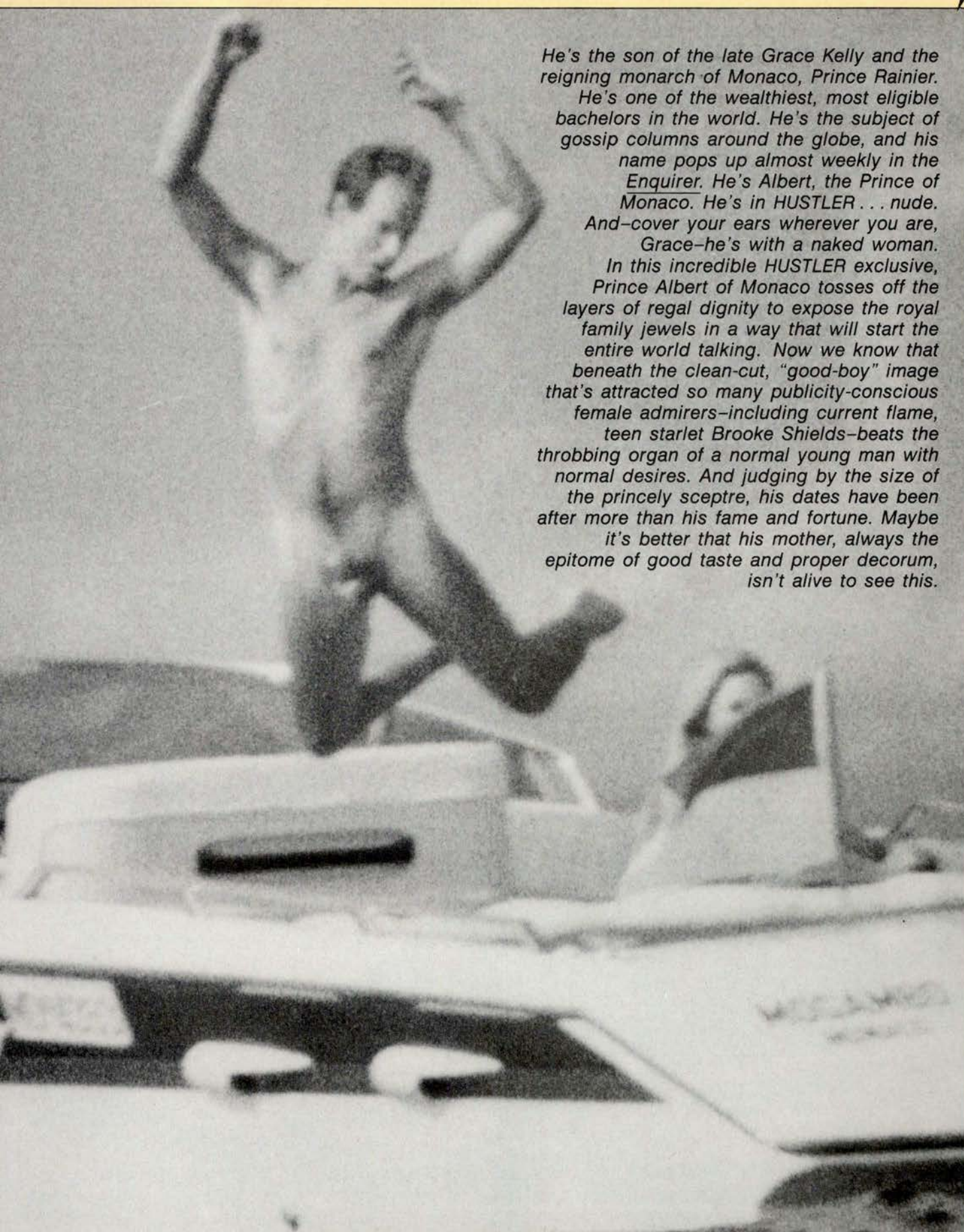
**EXCLUSIVE  
PHOTOS**



# **PRINCE ALBERT OF MONACO, NUDE!**







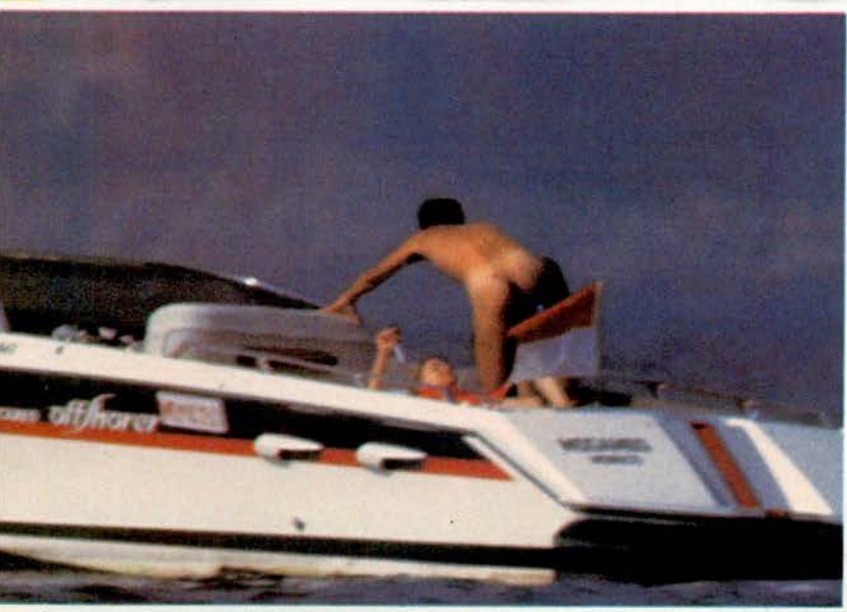
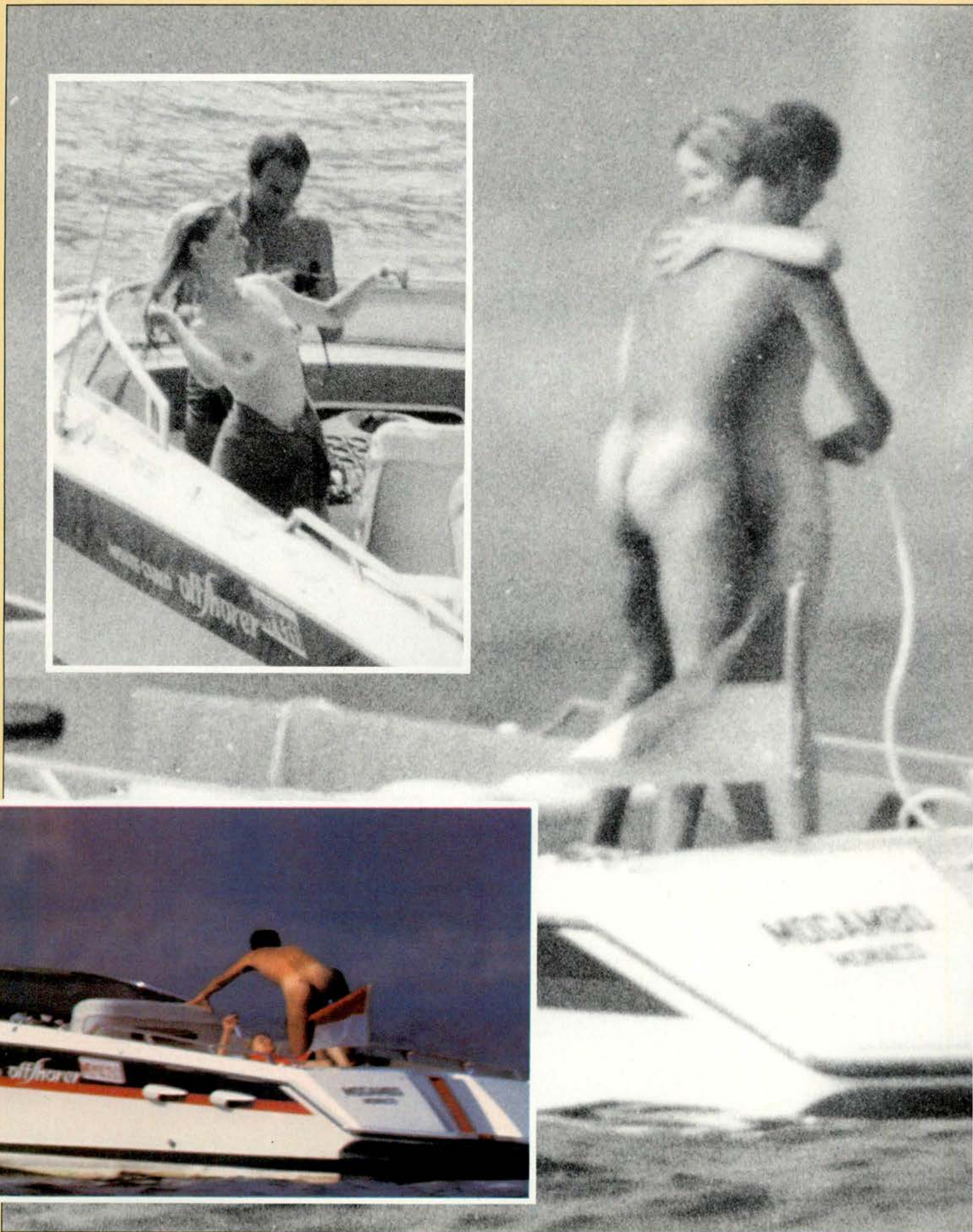
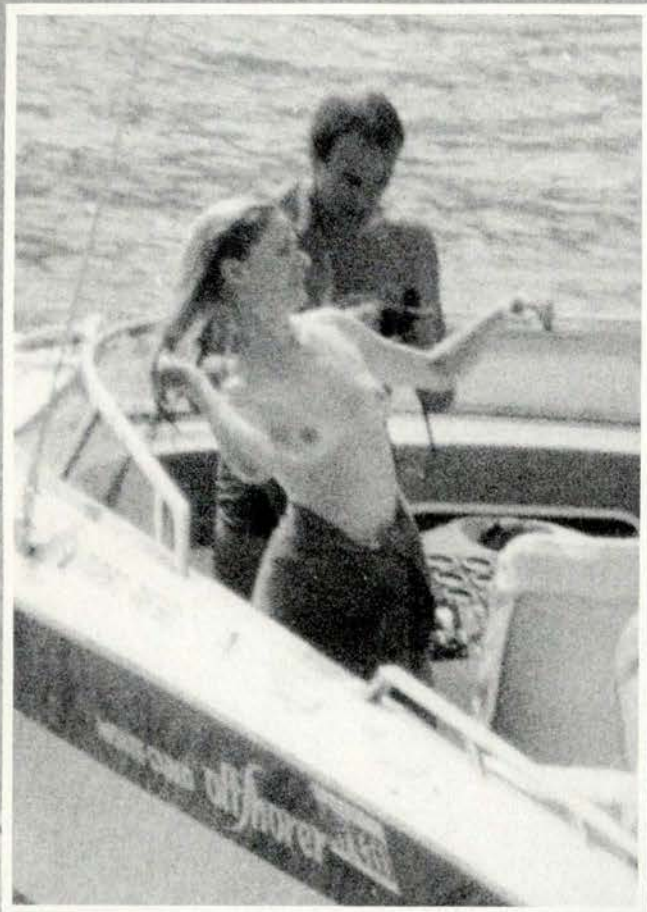
He's the son of the late Grace Kelly and the reigning monarch of Monaco, Prince Rainier.

He's one of the wealthiest, most eligible bachelors in the world. He's the subject of gossip columns around the globe, and his name pops up almost weekly in the *Enquirer*. He's Albert, the Prince of Monaco. He's in *HUSTLER*... nude.

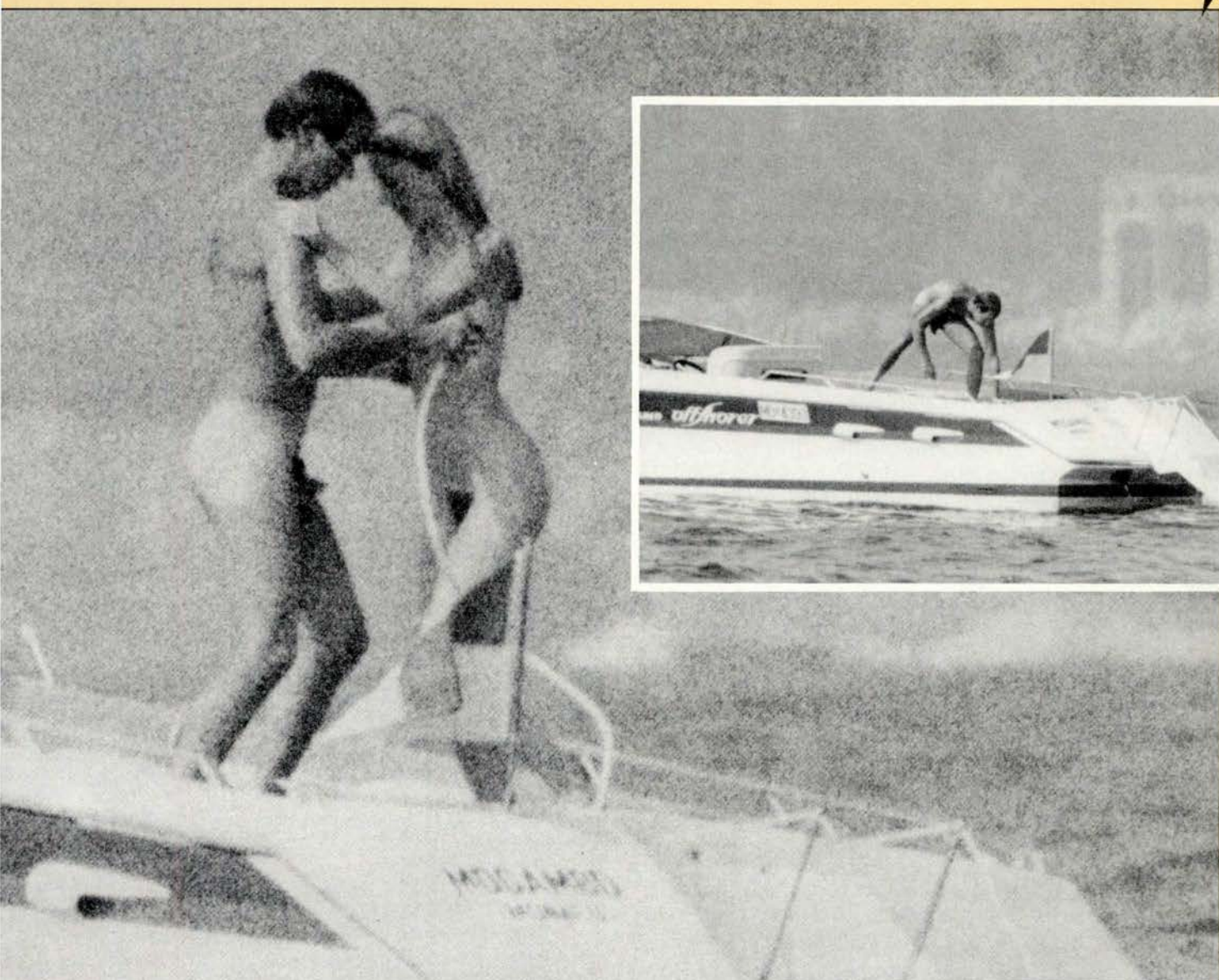
And—cover your ears wherever you are, Grace—he's with a naked woman.

In this incredible *HUSTLER* exclusive, Prince Albert of Monaco tosses off the layers of regal dignity to expose the royal family jewels in a way that will start the entire world talking. Now we know that beneath the clean-cut, "good-boy" image that's attracted so many publicity-conscious female admirers—including current flame, teen starlet Brooke Shields—beats the throbbing organ of a normal young man with normal desires. And judging by the size of the princely sceptre, his dates have been after more than his fame and fortune. Maybe it's better that his mother, always the epitome of good taste and proper decorum, isn't alive to see this.









## THE PRINCE AND THE UNKNOWN BIMBO

Photographers waited for days on the French Riviera to snap these candid shots of the prince at play. But who's that lady? And why is she playing with the prince's hose? These questions may remain forever unanswered, but the fact that the two enjoyed hours of love under the sun is captured on film for all time.











# HUSTLER®

This article was removed by LFP as per legal obligation



# HUSTLER MAGAZINE PHOTO CONTEST MODEL RELEASE



Here is the model release you must send with your entry (preferably, more than one photo) in HUSTLER's *Beaver Hunt* contest—see opposite page. Models should be shown totally nude, and faces must be visible. Novelty photos will be considered. Mail to: HUSTLER *Beaver Hunt*, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, CA 90067-3054.

Please Print

Model's Name \_\_\_\_\_ Name to Be Published \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

Date of Birth \_\_\_\_\_ Phone (include area code) \_\_\_\_\_

Model's Social Security Number \_\_\_\_\_

Occupation \_\_\_\_\_

Hobbies \_\_\_\_\_

Sexual Fantasies \_\_\_\_\_

Include separate sheet if necessary

Photographer \_\_\_\_\_

## NOTE: PRIZE MONEY SENT TO MODEL ONLY

I hereby give HUSTLER Magazine, its affiliates, successors and assigns, and those acting under its permission or upon its authority, permission to copyright and/or publish any photographs of myself with or without my name and to make any changes or any additions whatsoever to such photographs, portraits or any of the above information. I understand that editorial matter will accompany these photos. I also understand that if the editors so decide, my photographs can be published in GENTLEMAN'S COMPANION Magazine's photo contest, *My Woman... My Wife*, in which case the prize awarded is \$50, or in another affiliated magazine for an amount to be determined by that magazine. I certify that I am of full age and am possessed of full legal capacity to execute the foregoing authorization.

**WARNING: ANYONE SIGNING THIS RELEASE FORM OTHER THAN THE MODEL WILL BE SUBJECT TO MONETARY DAMAGES AND/OR CRIMINAL PROSECUTION.**

I DECLARE UNDER PENALTY OF PERJURY THAT ALL OF THE INFORMATION I HAVE GIVEN ABOVE IS TRUE AND CORRECT.

Model's Legal Signature \_\_\_\_\_

Date \_\_\_\_\_

## THE SHRINK

(continued from page 112)

The list was long, and the accompanying display ads were of little help. He couldn't use a palmist, a spirit medium or a team of fortune-tellers who promised to work their crystal balls off for you.

For a moment he was tempted by a necromancer who proclaimed, "You raise the cash—we raise the dead! Contact the corpse of your choice without paying a stiff price! All major credit cards accepted."

It sounded good, but he wasn't looking for a chance to palaver with a cadaver. The incubus, if such a thing existed, was very much alive. He needed someone specializing in witchcraft or black magic.

His eyes strayed to the bottom of the listings. "Malcolm Hex, M.D. Witch Doctor. Call anytime—midnight till dawn."

He reached for the phone.

\* \* \*

Promptly at the stroke of 12, Dr. Degradian entered the witch doctor's office in a rundown section of town and seated himself in the shabby little reception room. He picked up a tattered copy of *Who's Who in Hoodoo*, but before he could start reading it in the guttering candlelight, Malcolm Hex appeared and ushered him into his office.

The office looked encouraging; its walls were covered with magical spells scrawled in blood, and a goat skeleton was hanging in one corner. Malcolm Hex was obviously a black magician, black as the ace of spades.

It seemed a little strange to see a tall man in a business suit seated behind a desk while stirring the contents of a bubbling cauldron, and Dr. Degradian couldn't control his curiosity. "What's in the pot?" he inquired.

"Just the usual voodoo goo," Malcolm Hex smiled. "Bat brains, human entrails, lizard eyes, that sort of thing."

"Toadstools?"

"No. My toads are all constipated."

Dr. Degradian stared uneasily at a shrunk head dangling from the ceiling; it reminded him of his congressman. "Your ad said you're an M.D.," he said.

"And so I am," Malcolm Hex agreed. "Master of Demonology."

"Can you conjure up a demon?"

"Evocation is my vocation. Just say the word, and I'll say the spell."

"What about an incubus?"

"No problem." The black man rose, stripping off his jacket and shirt. Reaching into a desk drawer, he pulled out a jar of newt's blood and smeared its contents over his face, then stuck a gleaming white object into his nose.

"What's that?" the psychiatrist asked.

"Just a baby's femur. I've got to bone up for the occasion."

Malcolm Hex began to stir the cauldron

again, and a hiss of steam arose. "Now about this incubus of yours," he said. "Are you quite sure that's what you want? Most of my male clients prefer a succubus."

Dr. Degradian reddened. "This isn't for me. It's for a young lady I know."

"I see. Suppose you tell me about her."

"Well, to begin with, she's a widow."

Malcolm Hex frowned and stopped stirring. Then he took the bone out of his nose and dropped it into the pot. "Sorry," the black man said. "I don't do widows."

\* \* \*

On Sunday morning Dr. Degradian called Angela. "Any luck?" she asked.

"Not yet. But I'm still trying."

"You'd better come up with something," she told him. "If not, I'm leaving town tomorrow."

The psychiatrist's heart skipped a beat. "Where are you going?"

"Bangkok. I like the name."

She hung up, leaving him speechless. Poor girl—he knew he couldn't bear to lose her now, but how could he prevent it?

Desperately, Dr. Degradian wrestled with his problem and lost. If a witch doctor wouldn't help, he'd have to do the job himself.

He spent the rest of the morning racing from one bookstore to another. Most of them were closed, and the few that were open didn't have what he needed. It was late afternoon when he stumbled into a dingy second-hand shop and unearthed the proper volume from a dusty stack in the rear of the establishment, beside an autographed copy of the Bible.

At home he spent the evening hours feverishly scanning the crumbling yellowed pages of the ancient iron-bound *grimoire*, translating the Latin text as he went. Just before midnight he found the right incantation, and another hour passed before he finished drawing a pentagram on the kitchen floor, set tall candles in place and began to utter the spell aloud.

As he did so, he was still conscious of his own doubts. Here he was, a member of an illustrious profession that included such historic figures as Sigmund Freud and Joyce Brothers, resorting to sorcery! But he had no choice, and if it worked . . .

A rumbling sound arose. Suddenly, his nostrils were assailed with the noxious odor of sulfur and brimstone, like rush-hour on a freeway. Then, just beyond the chalk-drawn outline of the pentagram, a towering spiral of smoke whirled and coalesced into solid shape.

Dr. Degradian stared at the object in horror as it squatted before him.

The naked body was manlike, but its skin was green and purple; no man ever wore such horns or looked so horny. It was an incubus, no doubt of that, for now its grinning countenance changed into the face of Burt Reynolds.

(continued on page 128)



# \$10,000 Beaver Hunt Contest

All New!

\$10,000 is nothing to sniff at! And HUSTLER is offering just that to the girl chosen to be our 1984 Beaver of the Year. Now, in addition to the \$100 prize awarded to every Beaver whose photo appears in these pages, each issue we'll select one girl to be our Beaver of the Month. She'll appear in HUSTLER's new photo-feature, *Beaver Spotlight*. (Be sure to check out our first winner on pages 126-127 of this issue.) Every monthly winner will go on to compete in our Beaver of the Year contest, with a grand prize worth \$10,000. Part of this lucky Beaver's prize will be contracts to

appear as a HUSTLER model and to star in an upcoming HUSTLER movie. So hurry and send in as many photos as you like; a good Polaroid will do fine. If you're unsure about the picture's quality, feel free to send more than one. All photographs submitted become the nonreturnable property of HUSTLER Magazine. Send your entry to HUSTLER Beaver Hunt, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, CA 90067-3054. Be sure to use the model release on page 120, or a facsimile. And fill it out clearly so we'll know where to send your Beaver her \$100.

Photo by Husband



A housewife and mother from Harleysville, Pennsylvania, 26-year-old Crystal Lee dreams of having a threesome with her husband and another girl. She spends her leisure time at the beach.

Photo by V. Johnson



Montgomery, Alabama, is home for Sharron Hooe, a 26-year-old waitress who likes to cook and sew. Her favorite fantasy is taking on "one man after another after another...."



Photo by Friend



Zina Walkenshaw, 43, is a Galena, Kansas, nurse who goes fishing and swimming in her spare time. Her fantasy-to appear in HUSTLER-has now been fulfilled.



Pat Jackson, a student from Morristown, Tennessee, enjoys roller-skating, hiking and loving her man. This 30-year-old's special wish is "making passionate love on a moonlit beach."

Photo by Mark

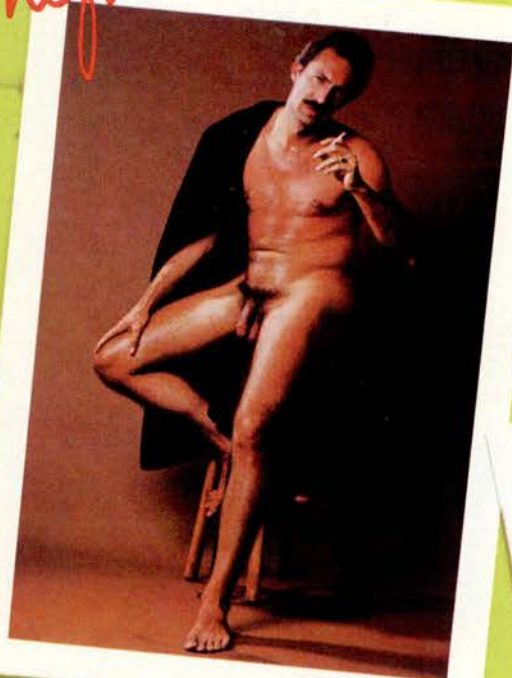


Twenty-three-year-old Yvonne C. says all her fantasies have been fulfilled. She's a housewife from Fresno, California, whose hobbies include bowling, camping and "just having fun."

Photo by Bill



# One for the Ladies



Our brother-and-sister entry, Wes Ford (left) and Angel (below), hail from Tustin, California. Thirty-six-year-old Wes is an attorney who'd enjoy having two or more beautiful women attack him on a deserted beach. Angel, 18, is a receptionist who dreams of making love in a heart-shaped tub.



Photos by Lia Segerblom and Friend

Photo by Louis

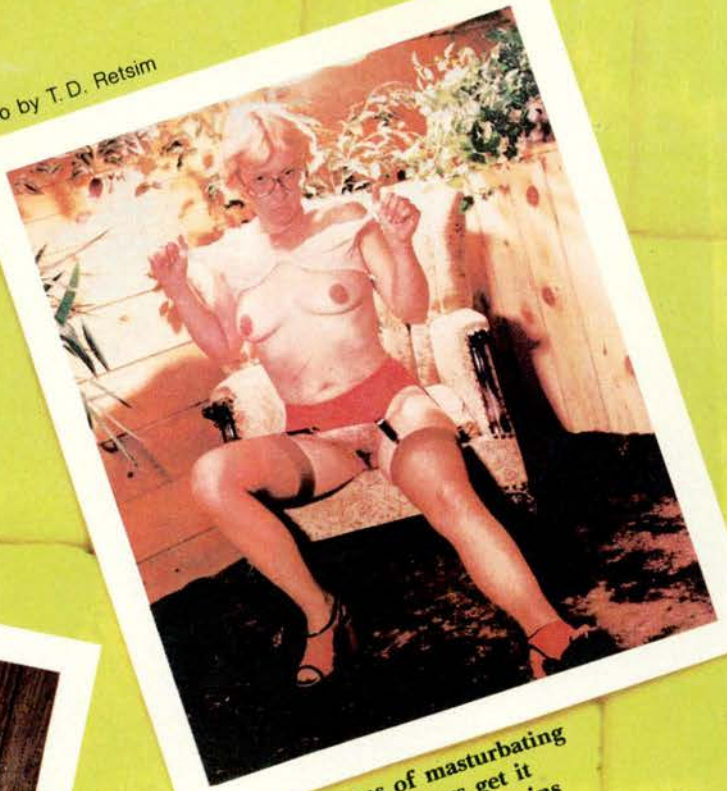


Boating and swimming keep 31-year-old Bonnie Cizek happy. A factory worker from Vero Beach, Florida, she'd love to get it on with her ex-husband and another woman.





Photo by T. D. Retsim



Gypsy, a 31-year-old topless dancer from West Columbia, South Carolina, enjoys tanning, quilting and canning. Making it underwater would satisfy her fantasy.



Cathy, 28, dreams of masturbating while watching two guys get it on... then "fucking their brains out." This painter from Fort Lauderdale, Florida, likes dancing in the nude and boating.

Photo by Ike



Making love in a hot tub full of noodles (no kidding!) would fulfill Jonnie Nichols's fantasy. She's a 29-year-old landscaper/cocktail waitress from Frederick, Maryland, whose hobbies are drawing and cooking.



Photo by Boyfriend



Coppell, Texas, is where you'll find Barbara, a 26-year-old housewife and dancer who enjoys bowling, camping and fishing. Her fondest sexual dream? She'd like to screw her husband and another girl onstage in front of an audience.

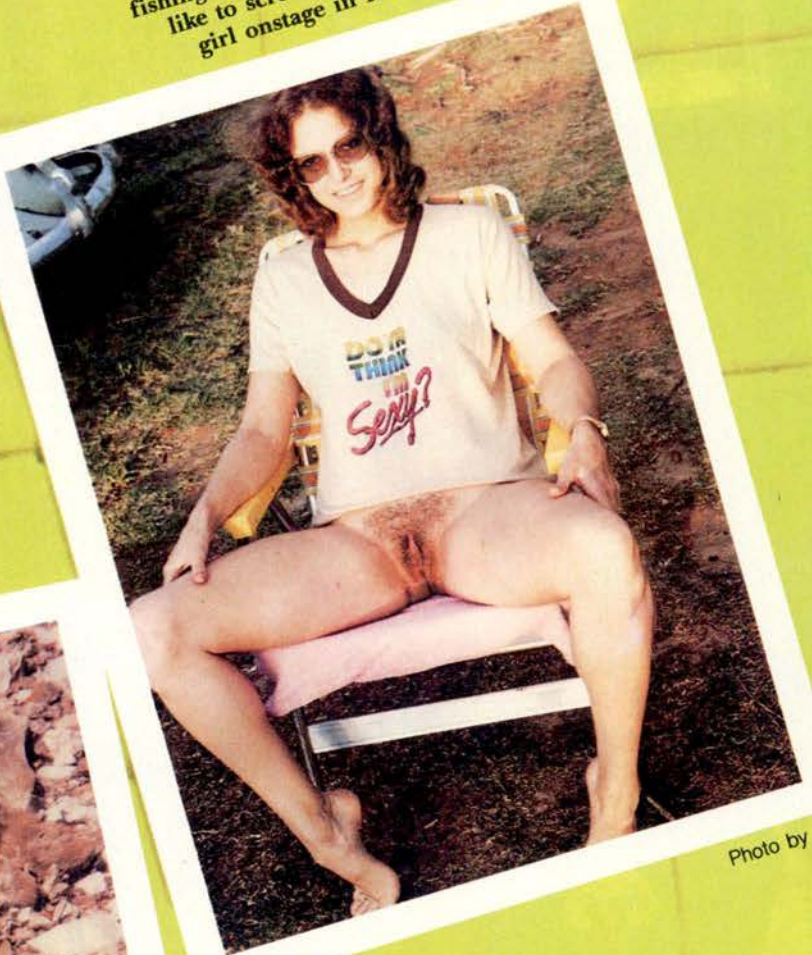


Photo by Bob

Fucking a Conan-type muscleman would fulfill Maria Blackwell's fantasy. This 18-year-old bank teller from Lakewood, California, gets off on kite flying, cooking and S&M.



Photo by Husband

Sunbathing and swimming are Dee's favorite pastimes. A 28-year-old housewife from the Midwest, she fantasizes about starring in a porn movie.







# BEAVER SPOTLIGHT

Beaver lovers in Orlando, Florida, will be pleased to see these photos of hometown product Martine Ponty . . . but not nearly as pleased as Martine was to be selected our very first Beaver of the Month. A full-time model whose hobby is photography,







Martine becomes the first of 12 finalists eligible to be named HUSTLER's 1984 Beaver of the Year. Appearing in the *Beaver Spotlight*, Martine says, gave her the "absolute thrill" of her life. She was so thrilled, in fact, that she volunteered to stay and pose for even more photos after the shoot was finished. "This was like a dream-come-true for me," Martine smiles. "Back when I first sent in my Polaroid, I never imagined I'd get the chance to do an extensive layout." When she's not in front of the camera—or behind it—our first Beaver of the Month likes to worship the sun on the nude beaches located near her home. We're sure lots of readers will soon be worshipping Martine.





(continued from page 120)

"Jesus Christ!" the psychiatrist cried.

"I'm afraid you must have the wrong spell," the creature told him. "I'm an incubus." He gestured toward his thighs.

"I can see that, all right," Dr. Degradian said. "You certainly are well organized."

"Flattery will get you nowhere," the creature growled. "What do you want?"

"I have a task for you."

The demon cringed. "Please." He sighed loudly, and the dishes in the kitchen cupboard began to shake. "In case you don't know it, I happen to be the last of my line. Nobody else does this sort of thing anymore, and I'm all booked up. Fed up too." He sighed again, breaking several glasses on the drainboard. "If you only knew how sick I am of visiting all those little old ladies in retirement homes—all those women's libbers."

"It's nothing like that," Dr. Degradian assured him.

"You don't know what I've been through," the incubus croaked. "In the good old days, before this damned permissiveness came in, everything was easy. I dated good-looking unmarried women, beautiful young wives with elderly husbands, even schoolgirls. A little loving went a long way, and giving them what they wanted was a piece of cake, in a manner of speaking. But today . . ." The incubus shuddered. "Today they've all read

those sex manuals; they've watched too many X-rated movies."

He gestured toward his face. "I even have to keep changing my appearance to satisfy them. First it was Paul Newman, then Robert Redford. Now it's this Burt Reynolds character, and next year I suppose I'll have to do an entire rock group. Look at me—I'm worn out, nothing but skin and bones! It's getting so I'm not even good for a one-night stand anymore. What I need is a leave of absence, a black sabbatical. And you expect me to take on a new job?"

Dr. Degradian shrugged. "Calm yourself. It's not a new job. I want you to go back to an old one. Her name's Angela."

The creature began to tremble. "Oh, no!"

"You remember her?"

"Remember her?" the incubus wailed. "Why do you think I'm in this condition? She's the one who really wore me out. Another go-round with her, and I'll be wearing a truss!" He shook his head. "No way! Angela is a nympholept. An incubus can't help her. What she needs is a psychiatrist."

"But you're my last chance—"

"Sorry." The thing yawned wearily, blowing out several candles in the process. "Now if you'll excuse me, I must be on my way. I'm calling it a night." Then, in a puff of smoke, he disappeared.

\* \* \*

Monday dawned. Dr. Degradian aired the place out and scrubbed the kitchen floor,

then sank into bed and an uneasy slumber. He wouldn't have gone to the office at all if it weren't for Angela's appointment.

He dragged himself in, carrying his load of guilt. He had failed the girl, and now there was no hope to cling to. Instead, he clung to his desk as she breezed in, lovely as ever, her eyes bright with expectation.

"How did you manage yesterday?" Dr. Degradian asked. "Were you able to cope?"

Angela blushed prettily. "There was no one to cope with," she said. "Finally, I went for a walk to take my mind off you-know-what."

"Did that help?"

"Yes, a little. I lucked out by finding a construction site where I could watch the erection of a tall building."

Dr. Degradian nodded, bracing himself for the inevitable question.

Angela's blue eyes stared at him, alive with anticipation. "And what about you, Doctor? Did you get the incubus back?"

"I'm afraid not."

The girl's eyes brimmed with tears, and Dr. Degradian agonized at the sight of her despair. "He said that you were a nympholept and that no one could help you but a psychiatrist."

Angela stared at him. Then, surprisingly, she smiled. "You're a psychiatrist."

Dr. Degradian shrugged. "But you refuse treatment. What can I do?"

"Marry me."

"What?!"

"Marry me!" Angela rose. "Don't you see? I've had a thing about you all along." She nodded eagerly. "Who needs an incubus anyway—all those horns and that smelly sulfur and brimstone!"

"But—"

"No buts. I've made up my mind. We're going to get married!"

And then the nympho leapt.

The wedding took place the following week, and Dr. Degradian stiffened himself for the ordeal ahead. That night, after Angela retired to bed, he was still undressing in the bathroom when she called to him.

"Coming," he said.

The prediction proved correct. And much to his astonishment his new bride was completely satisfied. Snuggling against the pillows, she offered him a happy smile. "So that's what an orgasm is," she murmured. "I always wondered."

"You mean you never—?"

"Not until now." Angela put her arms around him. "Darling, do you think you could possibly—?"

"It seems highly probable," Dr. Degradian told her.

And so it turned out to be a happy marriage after all. As a matter of fact, Angela really didn't become frigid until almost three months later. . . .

♥♥

# The EROTIC

♥♥

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# Honey

IT'S BEEN A LONG NIGHT FOR DON. HE'S USED EVERY LINE BUT THE KIND YOU SNORT, AND HE STILL CAN'T GET LAID. THIS IS THE LAST WOMAN HE'S GOING TO APPROACH.



LATER, AT HOME, DON OPENS UP TO THE WOMEN WHO NEVER LET HIM DOWN.

WELL, HUSTLER, IT'S TIME FOR SEX WITH THE PAGES AGAIN... I'M BEGINNING TO FEEL LIKE A CONGRESSMAN.



DON TURNS TO HIS FAVORITE SECTION OF THE MAGAZINE.

WHY CAN'T MORE WOMEN BE LIKE HONEY? SHE'S BEAUTIFUL, OUTSPOKEN, UNCOMPROMISING, BRIGHT, FUNNY... AND SHE SWALLOWS! IF SHE WERE REAL, SHE COULD STRAIGHTEN OUT MY PROBLEM IN A HURRY.





SUDDENLY...



LET'S STRAIGHTEN OUT ONE THING AT A TIME, DON.

HUH??!!

IT'S EVERY READER'S DREAM-COME-TRUE-A SURPRISE VISIT FROM HONEY'S MOUTH.



HEY! THIS CAN'T HAPPEN... YOU'RE A CARTOON! WON'T I GET A PAPER CUT OR SOMETHING?

MMMM-MM.

HEY! MOVE OVER, HONEY! LET US OUT!

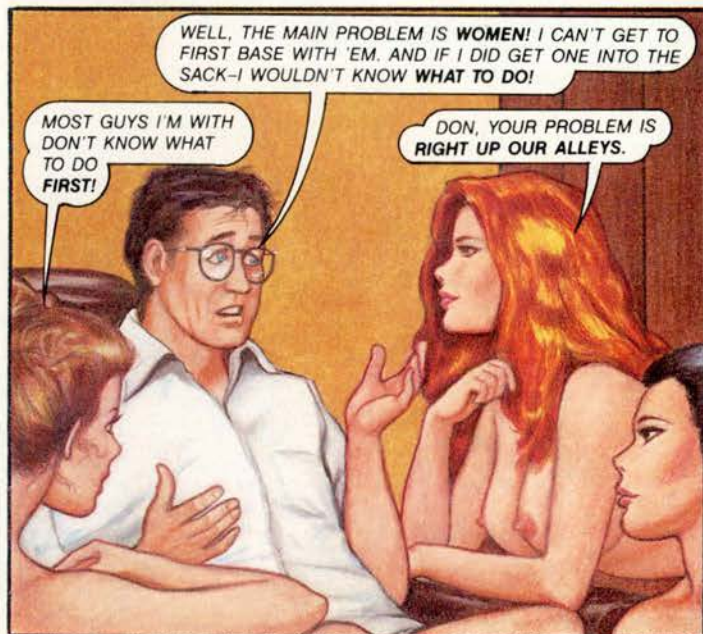
IT LOOKS LIKE DON'S STRUCK THE JACKPOT.



OKAY, DON. WE'RE ALL HERE NOW. WHAT'S THAT PROBLEM YOU WERE TALKING ABOUT?

YOU MEAN YOU'RE HERE TO HELP ME?

LARRY ASKED US TO GIVE SOME OF THE READERS SPECIAL ATTENTION. YOU GUYS ARE OUR CUSTOMERS TOO, Y'KNOW.



WELL, THE MAIN PROBLEM IS **WOMEN!** I CAN'T GET TO FIRST BASE WITH 'EM. AND IF I DID GET ONE INTO THE SACK-I WOULDN'T KNOW WHAT TO DO!

MOST GUYS I'M WITH DON'T KNOW WHAT TO DO FIRST!

DON, YOUR PROBLEM IS RIGHT UP OUR ALLEYS.

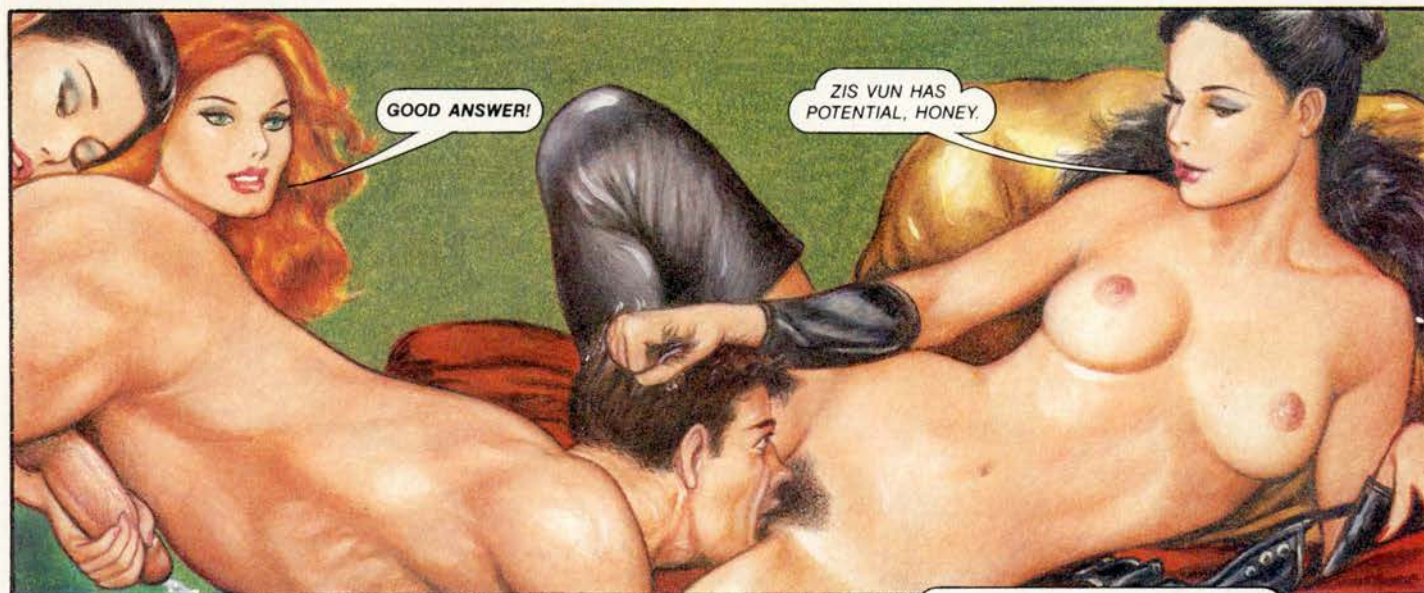
FIRST, HONEY GIVES DON A FEW TIPS ABOUT STARTING A CONVERSATION.



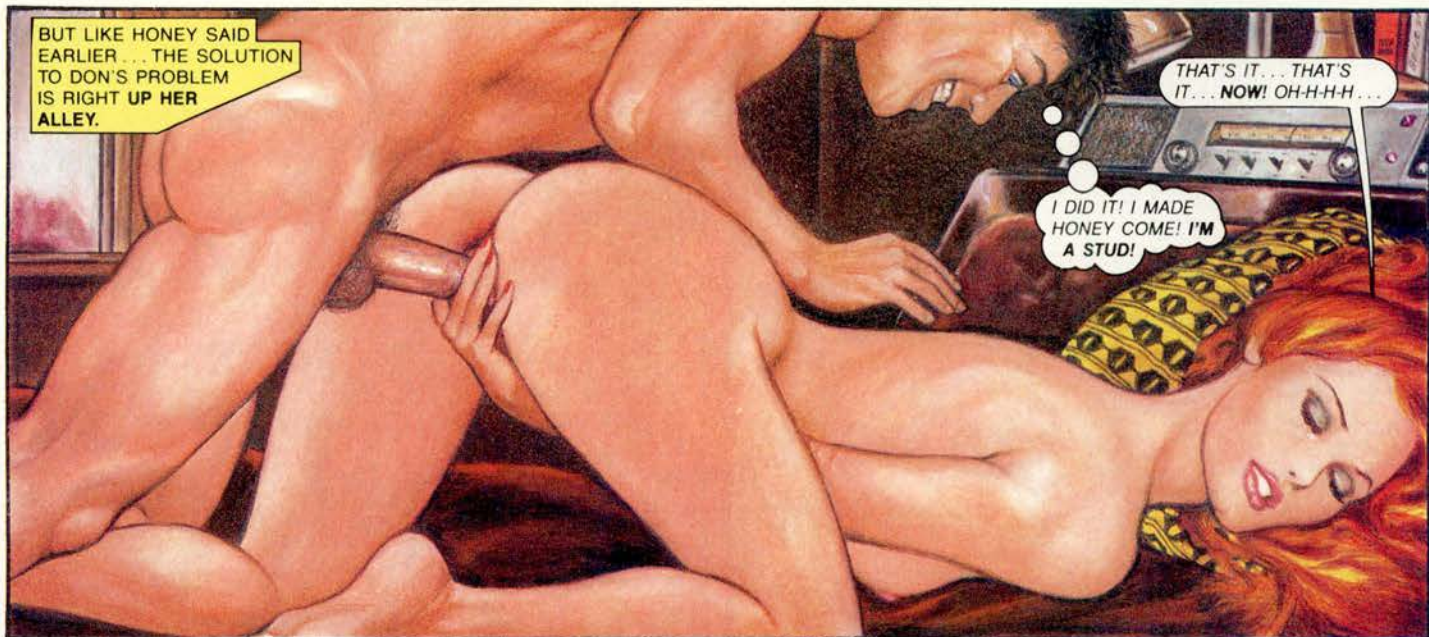
THERE ARE OPENING LINES... AND THEN THERE ARE LINES THAT MAKE GIRLS **OPEN**. JUST BE **HONEST**. TRY IT ON POON HERE. TELL HER WHAT YOU'RE THINKING.

YOU'RE G-GORGEOUS, AND... AND I W-WANT YOU!









BUT LIKE HONEY SAID EARLIER... THE SOLUTION TO DON'S PROBLEM IS RIGHT UP HER ALLEY.

THAT'S IT... THAT'S IT... NOW! OH-H-H-H...

I DID IT! I MADE HONEY COME! I'M A STUD!

WITH THEIR TASK FINISHED, HONEY AND THE GIRLS RETURN TO THE PAGES OF HUSTLER.

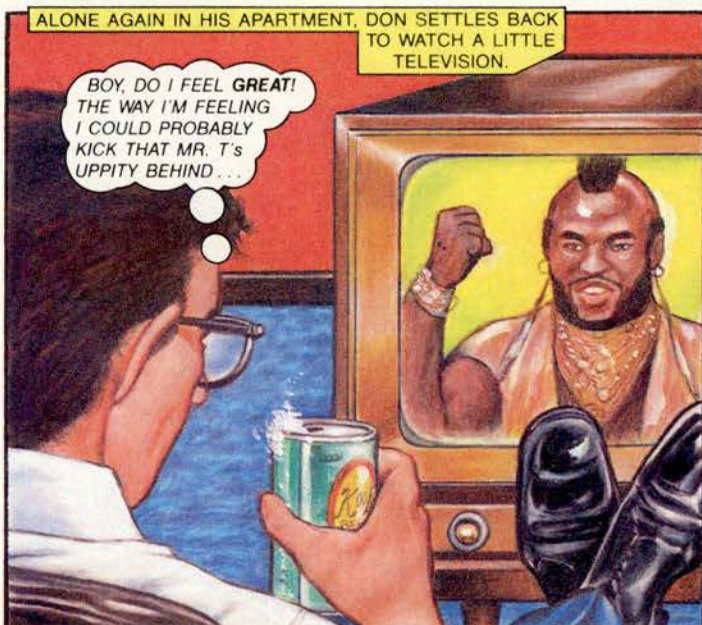


WELL, DON, NOW YOU'VE GOT A GOOD DOSE!

WHAT?

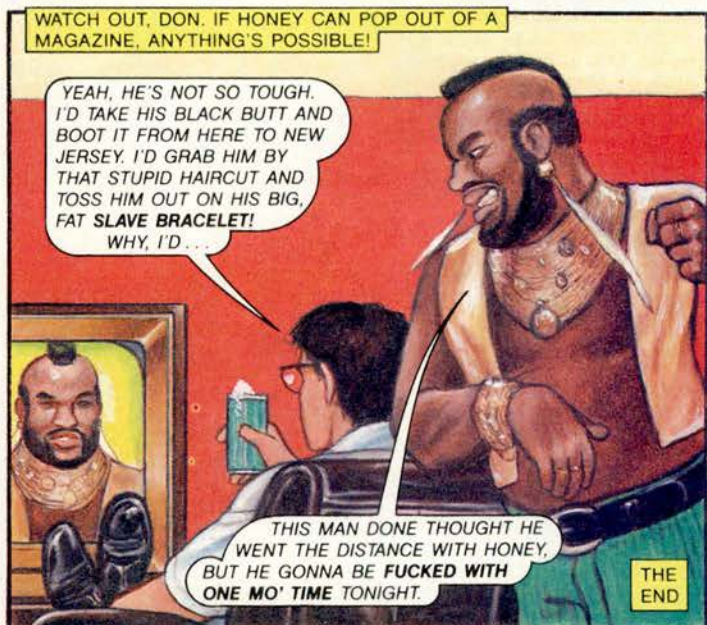
OF SELF-CONFIDENCE, SILLY! KNOCK 'EM DEAD!

JUST DON'T KNOCK ZEM UP! AU REVOIR, DON.



ALONE AGAIN IN HIS APARTMENT, DON SETTLES BACK TO WATCH A LITTLE TELEVISION.

BOY, DO I FEEL GREAT! THE WAY I'M FEELING I COULD PROBABLY KICK THAT MR. T'S UPPITY BEHIND...



WATCH OUT, DON. IF HONEY CAN POP OUT OF A MAGAZINE, ANYTHING'S POSSIBLE!

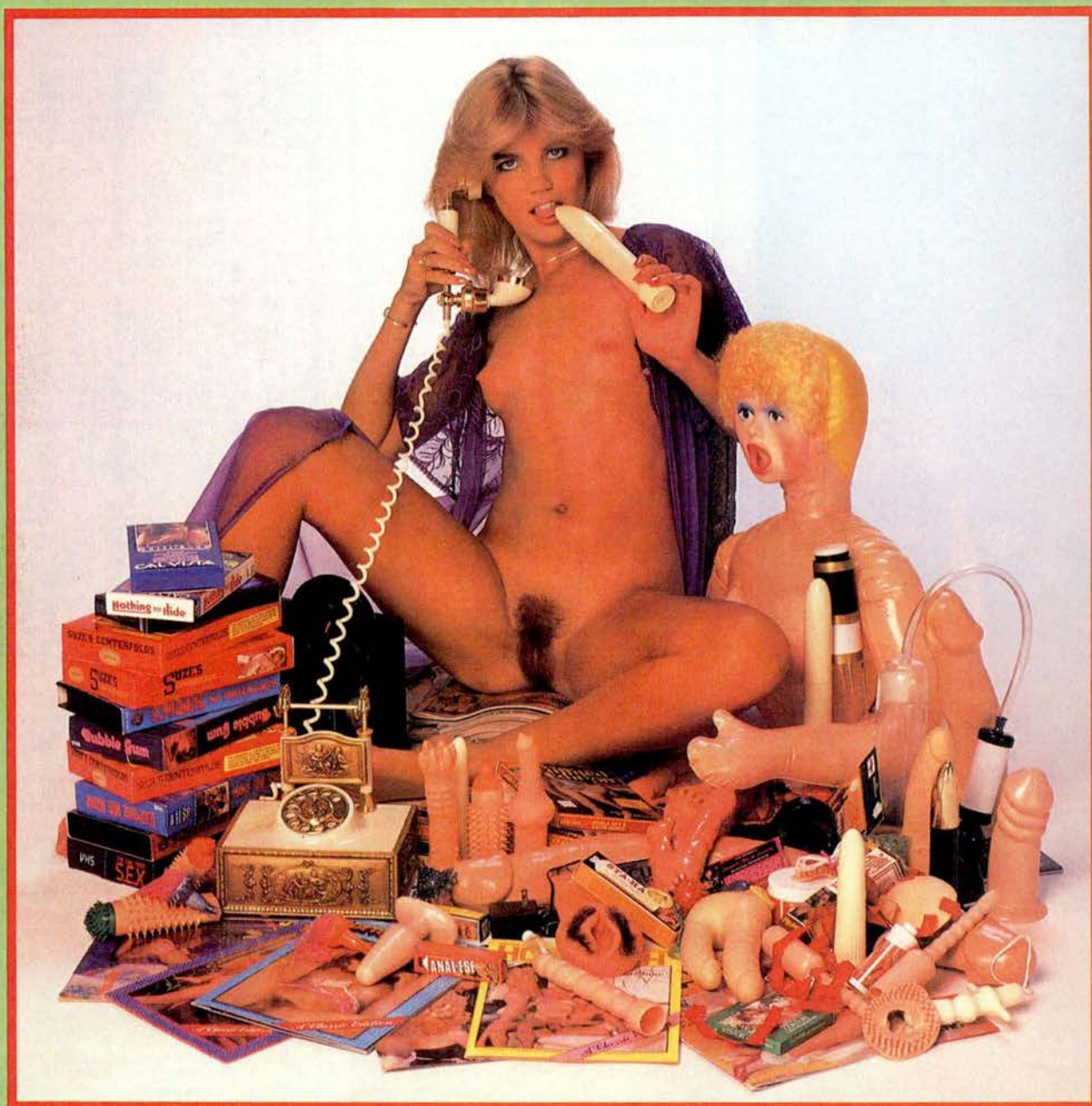
YEAH, HE'S NOT SO TOUGH. I'D TAKE HIS BLACK BUTT AND BOOT IT FROM HERE TO NEW JERSEY. I'D GRAB HIM BY THAT STUPID HAIRCUT AND TOSS HIM OUT ON HIS BIG, FAT SLAVE BRACELET! WHY, I'D...

THIS MAN DONE THOUGHT HE WENT THE DISTANCE WITH HONEY, BUT HE GONNA BE FUCKED WITH ONE MO' TIME TONIGHT.

THE END



# HUSTLER'S MAILORDERMANIA



HUSTLER believes in the American concepts of free enterprise and free speech. The advertisements on the following pages are *paid* for by companies to promote their products; HUSTLER does not necessarily endorse these companies or their products. As a service to our readers, the *Mail-Order Feedback* page keeps you informed about misleading advertising, as well as good bargains in the adult-products marketplace (see page 159). But if a company crosses the line and engages in out-and-out fraud, we'll remove it from these pages. As always, we depend on your letters to alert us to those shady outfits . . . or to particularly good deals.



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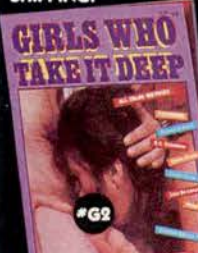
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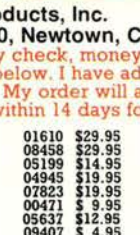
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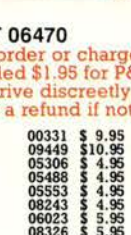
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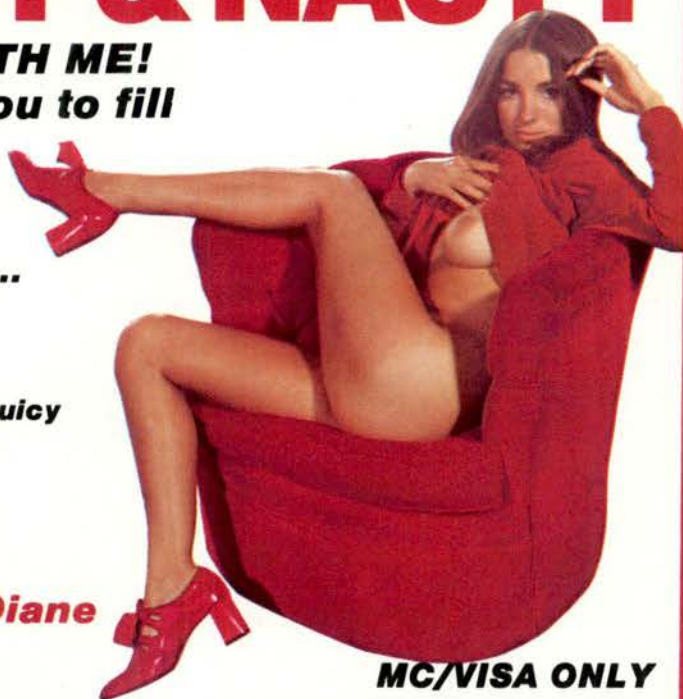
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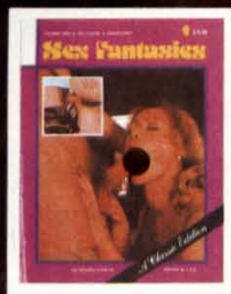
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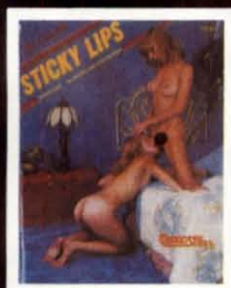
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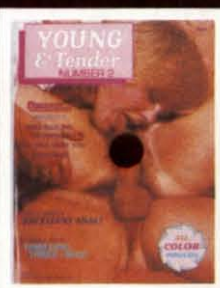
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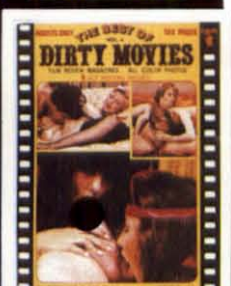
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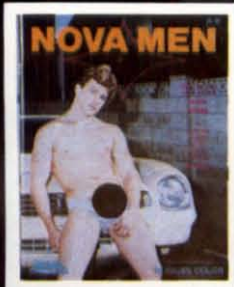
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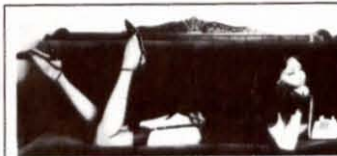


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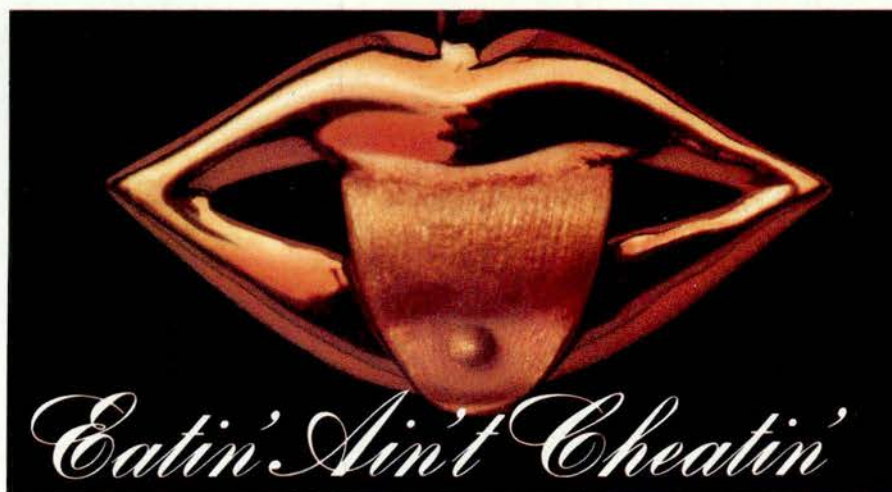


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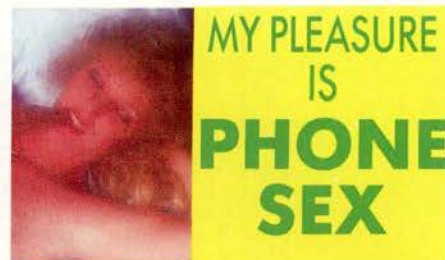
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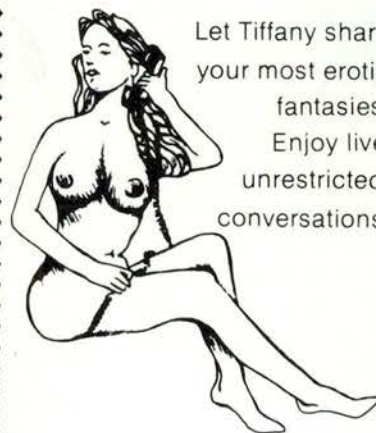
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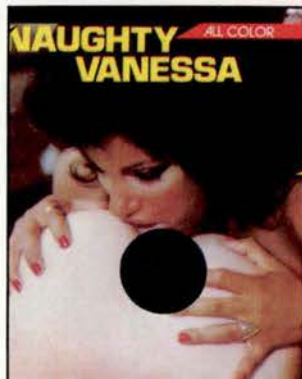
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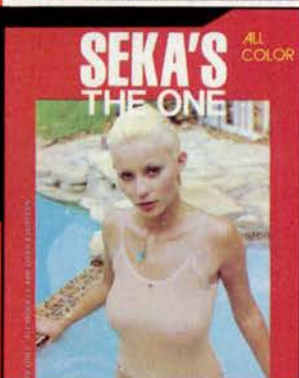
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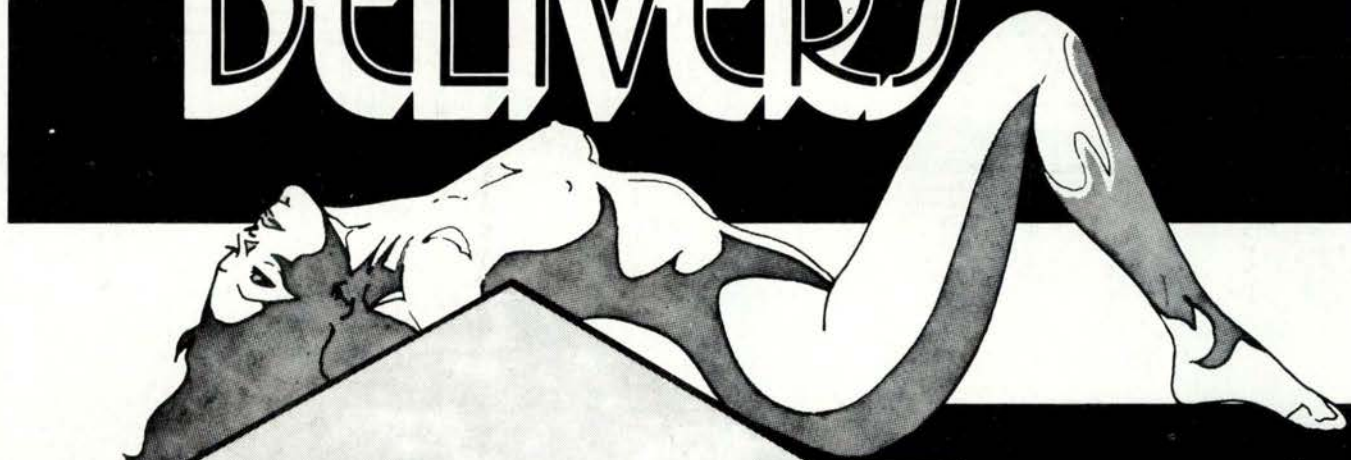
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☐ One For \$8 ★ ☐ Any Four For \$15  
☐ Any Six For \$18 ★ ☐ Any Twelve For \$24  
☐ ALL Twenty Only \$30! (Just \$1.50 Each!)

Postage: 1 to 6 Mags - \$3.00 ★ 12 to 20 Mags - \$4.00

GENTLEMEN! Please Send Item(s) Indicated.  
I Enclose \$ \_\_\_\_\_ Note: Add Proper Postage.  
☐ Cash ☐ Money Order ☐ Check (Fastest Service with Cash or M.O.)  
☐ Ship C.O.D. I Enclose \$8 Extra as Deposit.  
We Specialize in Foreign & Canadian Orders. No Foreign C.O.D.'s. **Make  
Payable in U.S. Funds Only.** Add 10% For Guaranteed Delivery Insurance.

Name (Print) \_\_\_\_\_  
Address/Apt \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_

State/Zip \_\_\_\_\_

Please Sign: I certify I am over 18 years of age & request sexually  
oriented material. I am not a postal inspector or law enforcement official  
engaged in entrapment.

Signature/Age/Date \_\_\_\_\_



# FREE

## AN INVITATION TO THE SEXUAL ADVENTURE OF YOUR LIFE!

• 32-page full-color "Bedside Companion" features hundreds of ways to make you a better lover... everything from Erection Creams to Glowing Vibes!

• **THE MAGIC SEX SPOT** — it's your opportunity to get up to \$15.00 worth of sex aids for only 99¢! • **PLUS** a chance to enter the Bedside Companion Sweepstakes and win a brand-new 1983 fully-equipped Sports Car! That's right... all FREE when you send us the coupon below. We'll rush you your personal copy of The Bedside Companion by return mail... in a plain unmarked package of course!



**HUNDREDS OF BEDROOM IDEAS AND BIZARRE EROTIC EXPERIMENTS FREE!**

FC156

Please send me the "Bedside Companion" package absolutely FREE! Code 04952.

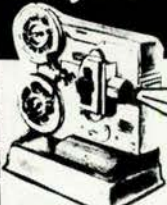
NAME

SIGNATURE (I am over 18 years of age)

ADDRESS

CITY STATE ZIP

## FREE! MOVIE PROJECTOR



WITH PURCHASE OF ANY 4 COLOR STAGS

200 FT. SPECIAL STAG COLLECTION

**OR 50% OFF (No Projector)**

In Place of Projector. We'll Give You 50% Off! PAY ONLY \$3.95 EACH — Or All 8 Only \$25 —

**EXTRA BONUS**

Giant Porno Catalog 100's of PHOTOS Films — Magazines



**SPECIAL INTRODUCTORY OFFER ONLY \$6.95 EACH**

**GENUINE HARDCORE GROUP ORGY ACTION!**

- ☐ Creamy Lips
- ☐ Dirty Orgy
- ☐ Deep Sucker
- ☐ Golden Shower
- ☐ Virgin Sex
- ☐ Orgy Fuckers
- ☐ Hot Tarts
- ☐ Gang Sex

Postage 50c Per Film! ☐ Super 8MM Add \$1 Each

Rush Wholesale • Box 85006, L.A., CA 90072

WITH PROJECTOR ☐ \$6.95 ea. ☐ All 8 \$50  
WITHOUT PROJECTOR ☐ \$3.95 ea. ☐ All 8 \$25

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY STATE ZIP

## 10 INCH PENIS IS NOW POSSIBLE... AND IT'S GUARANTEED!

only \$6<sup>95</sup> complete

NO MATTER WHAT SIZE YOU ARE NOW... YOU WILL GAIN UP TO 4 INCHES, NOT IN 6 WEEKS... BUT WITHIN 48 HOURS... AND IT'S GUARANTEED!

That's right! If you are 6 inches when erect we guarantee to make your penis up to 4 inches longer also thicker and firmer. You no longer need pills, drugs or weights. The TENSOR is the simple, natural way to prosthetically increase your penis to it's maximum dimensions. It will also help control premature ejaculation. The TENSOR does all this and we GUARANTEE IT! Now being sold exclusively by mail.

The regular price is \$19.95 only \$6<sup>95</sup>  
Special Customized Heavy Duty Model only \$9.95

Mail to: HOLMES & ASSOC. Dept. 501B  
P.O. Box 64748, Los Angeles, CA 90064

## PHONE FANTASY

Climax with pretty Terri or one of her sexy friends by phone  
**1-415**

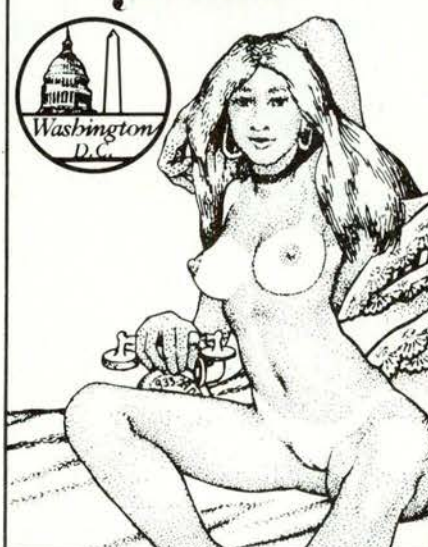
**346-3209**

1850 Union St., #408-HW  
San Francisco, CA 94123



ALL MAJOR CREDIT CARDS

## TALK TO A SEXY GIRL NOW!



## CANDY'S Phone FANTASY

I am the only one who has the most beautiful & classy ladies who would love to share your wildest fantasies with you over the phone.

PLEASE call me now at: 301-933-2900

24 Hours

• VISA • MC • OTHER MAJOR CREDIT CARDS

## TELE-SEX

### Get Off Over The Phone

Call our sexy ladies, or have them call you. BOTH ways will satisfy you

**CALL NOW**  
**1-618-345-8550**

## PHONE FANTASY

I'm Hot, Wild and Ready Call Me



Ask For De De

Visa/MC/AE FREE Long Distance Call-Backs  
**(213) 271-4249**

## CUM with ME

I'm Joan... Please call Now!!

(213)

**271-4240**

VISA/MC Free long distance callbacks

## Do you want a huge dong?

Have you ever envied those who had them... erect measurements of 9, 10, even 11 inches. We wish we could promise you that 11-inch equivalent of the Hewbrew National Salami, though we'd be lying if we did. But if you are average hung WE CAN AND DO promise you at least an 8-inch ram-rod in less than 8 weeks. Won't she be surprised when she sees it? And won't you feel ten times the man you used to be when you slide it in and reach the end? **SAFE TO USE.** No drugs to take, no lead weights to wear, no anesthetizing creams to use. And the most amazing part is the price... only \$7.95. Imagine, an 8-or-more-inch cock in 8 weeks or less for just \$7.95... practically nothing when compared to the pleasure you and your partner will derive from it. **DON'T WAIT.** The sooner you get started the sooner you'll have your new giant ram-rod. Send \$7.95 plus \$1 postage and handling to: EXER-TONE-PLUS, Box 55093, Sherman Oaks, CA 91413





# XXX SPECIALTY MAGS

AND MATCHING COLOR FILMS

## Exotic, Erotic, Blazing Hot Sex

MAGS: 1-\$10 Any 3-\$25 Any 6-\$44 All 14-\$89

Plus Bonus Mag FREE

FILMS: 1-\$25 Any 3-\$69 Any 5-\$99

### 100% GUARANTEE

We guarantee these magazines and films to be hardcore, all color, showing complete insertion and climax or your money back.

### BONUS MAG

196 pg. Color  
Sex Bonanza

FREE with 6 or  
more mags.

\$15 ALONE.

All models 18 yrs.



### YOUNG & LEGAL



TT

### 96 PG. EUROPEAN STYLE



A

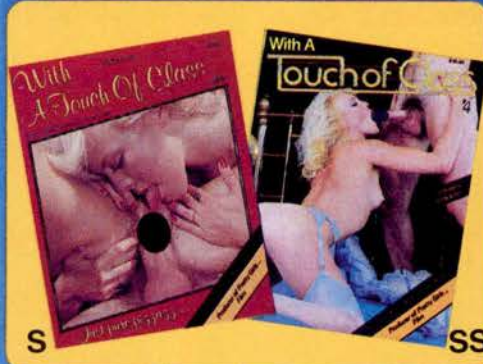
AA

### HOT FETISH



FF

### PLATINUM BEAUTIES



S

SS

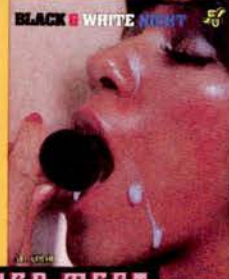
### TOP FILM REVIEW



J

JJ

P



PP



BIG GAY

INTER RACIAL

### PACIFIC PLEASURE

P.O. Box 1821  
Studio City, CA 91604

I certify that I am over 18 years old.

Signature \_\_\_\_\_

Print Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_



### ORDER BY MAIL — LIST YOUR CHOICES BY LETTER(S)

MAGS: \_\_\_\_\_

FILMS: \_\_\_\_\_ ("R" not on film)

☐ Super 8 ☐ Reg. 8

• \$1 post. & hand. per item • CA residents add 6½% tax

TOTAL ENCLOSED: \$ \_\_\_\_\_ x-Ø



# Wet Tease™

by Second Glance

A sexy "wet-looking" completely dry T-shirt screen printed full color front and back.

A unique gift idea!

Order now for Christmas delivery!

**Satisfaction Guaranteed or your money back.**

Send check or money order to:  
Second Glance  
P.O. Box 10051 F.S.  
Greenville, S.C. 29601

☐ Small  
☐ Medium

Photo  
by  
Don  
Williams



I am enclosing \$12.95 (☐ Check ☐ Money Order) for one "Wet Tease" T-shirt plus \$1.50 for postage and handling. If I order 2 or more it is only \$10.95 each plus postage and handling. S.C. residents add 4% sales tax.

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_

## I'LL MAKE US BOTH COME!!

When I spread it wide open, rub it, finger it & masturbate just for you! I also do sucking pictures and other home sex with my husband &

PICTURES: 4 for \$1 - 24 for \$5 HOME MOVIE & 24 PIX - Only \$10!



## TWO NASTY GIRLS

Will pull up their dresses, pull down their panties, and masturbate just for you! They'll do other things too, if you tell us what you like. I can't mention acts in this ad, but our home movies and pictures are better than the commercial stuff!!

24 PIX-\$5 MOVIE-\$6 BOTH-\$10

MRS. MARY FOSTER BOX 2666 VAN NUYS, CA 91401

## YOUR MISTRESS IS WAITING



She will fulfill all your fetishes and fantasies on the telephone

**MISTRESS MORGAN**  
**(212) 582-8181**

24 hrs. MASTER or VISA only

STIMULANTS AND  
GENERIC DIET AIDS

# ENERGIZE

## Your Lifestyle!



Why let fatigue spoil your fun? Stimulate your performance and get a charge out of life, whether dancing 'til dawn or making the most of your day. Look and feel at your physical and mental peak with the most powerful stimulants and diet aids available without prescription. Add zest to your life! Call now for instant ordering and immediate delivery!

Regular and Double Strength \$12 for 100  
\$27.50 for 500  
\$50 for 1,000  
Triple Strength \$15 for 100  
\$35 for 500  
\$60 for 1,000

Larger quantities available at discount prices

Orders only call TOLL-FREE

**800-526-4387**

**NVE ENTS.**

1282-84 St. George Ave., Avenel, N.J. 07001  
For information call (201) 750-1570

For Black or Yellow Capsules call 1-800-624-3147

Distributor inquiries invited. Will match or beat any reasonable price. "WE ARE THE SOURCE"

**CAUTION:** Persons under medical care for high blood pressure, diabetes or thyroid disease should consult a physician before taking these products. Do not exceed recommended dosage and keep out of reach of children.

## REAL SEX OVER THE PHONE...

Let a Sexy, Horny, Beautiful Woman turn you on with her most Intimate Fantasies

Ask for Mickey



Visa/MC/AE FREE Long Distance Call-Backs

**(213) 271-4249**

Get turned on by phone when I give your permission to have sex your way. Call me, *Pleasure*, or one of my girl friends, or guys at  
**1-901-454-6026**

**Free** \_\_\_\_\_ **Free**

Sexy swingers girls, guys, couples names and phone numbers in your area call **Tasha**

**1-901-323-9401**

P.O. Box 22715 Memphis, TN 38122



# CUM

## WITH ME!

In a sizzling session of hot and nasty talk!

*I'm one hot California girl who loves all kinds of sex! My cunt gets all juicy when I think about what we can do.*

*Laura*

**NO CALL BACK!  
NO WAITING!**

*This is a personal ad.  
I'm at this number  
waiting for your  
call.*

(415) VISA M/C ONLY

# 668-9515

**DO IT!**

## Fur Your Pleasure™

\$19.95 ea

TWO FOR \$34.95



**"THE LOVE GLOVE"™**

Excite your partner with this soft genuine fur mit. Create erotic adventures as wild as your own imagination with "The Love Glove"™, an ideal holiday gift! 14 day money back guarantee. Send check, money order, MasterCard or Visa Card # and expiration date to Fur Your Pleasure, P.O. Box 8441, Cherry Hill, N.J. 08002. NO C.O.D. Add \$1.95 for P and H. New Jersey residents add 6% sales tax. Specify left or right hand. One size fits all. Allow 6-8 weeks for delivery.

# HERPES

Sufferers—new, all-natural and effective doctor's treatment available at last! Get relief and peace of mind. Send *immediately* for complete details:

**ALTERNATIVE  
TREATMENT CENTER**

565 SIR FRANCIS DRAKE BLVD.,  
DEPT. 2  
GREENBRAE, CALIFORNIA 94904

*Pillow Talk  
International*

Talk to me, baby  
and I'll cum with  
you.

Call now  
213/785-8801

VISA M/C or  
AMX

Send \$20

to me,  
Desiré

Free photo

6513 Lankershim Blvd., #89  
No. Hollywood CA 91606

## WILD PHONE SEX

48

with  
**Bi-Sexual  
Nymphos**  
at  
**Peggy's**



(415) 864-1535 Credit Cards

# DIET AIDS

WITH CAFFEINE AND PPA  
PLUS DIET PLAN  
LOSE 8-25 LBS.  
IN 2-6 WEEKS  
GUARANTEED RESULTS

## STIMULANTS

WITH CAFFEINE & E. S.

**\$12.50** 50  
DAY SUPPLY

For 100 Pills

**\$17.50** 100  
DAY SUPPLY

For 200 Pills

**\$27.50** 250  
DAY SUPPLY

For 500 Pills

**\$45.00** 500  
DAY SUPPLY

For 1,000 Pills

**SPECIAL**  
ANY 2000  
CAPSULES OR TABLETS

**\$75.00**

**TAMPER PROOF BOTTLES**

All products are trademarked.

NOT SOLD TO MINORS

IT IS A VIOLATION OF  
FEDERAL LAWS TO MAKE  
FURTHER DISTRIBUTION OF  
THESE PRODUCTS UNLESS  
PROPERLY LABELED

NOT SOLD TO MINORS

Not for children, elderly, pregnant, those  
taking other drugs, or those with high  
blood pressure or thyroid conditions.

Exceeding recommended dose may  
cause nervousness, sleeplessness or  
change in heart rate and rhythm.

**DIET AIDS  
WITH  
STIMULANTS**

250mg Cal. 37.5 PPA

**DEXLENE**  
CAPSULE

250mg Cal. 37.5mg PPA

**FASTLENE**  
CAPSULE

250mg Cal. 37.5 PPA

**AMP. 25**  
CAPSULE

250mg Cal.  
37.5 PPA

**HR TABLET  
VALENTINES**

37.5mg PPA  
TABLET

**DIET ONLY  
DONNELA**

**AWAKE AND ALERT  
STIMULANTS**

For Driving - Studying - Work

350mg Cal. 25mg ES  
No. 1 Strongest Stimulant

**MAGNUM CAPSULE**

275mg Cal. 37.5mg PPA

**SP'D 37.5**  
CAPSULE

300mg Cal. 25mg ES

**EXCALIBUR**  
CAPSULE

275mg Cal.  
25mg ES

**TABLET  
BLUE OR GREEN  
SPECKS LAYERED**

325mg Cal. 25mg ES

**YELLOW  
BIRD**

**YELLOW/RED  
SPECKS  
TABLET**

325mg Cal. 25mg ES

**WHITE  
BIRD**

**RED/YELLOW SPECKS  
TABLET**

325mg Cal. 25mg ES

**RED SUNRISE**  
TABLET

175mg Cal. 25mg ES

**HR JS**  
CAPSULE

25mg ES

**RED  
KROSS**

500 - \$15.00  
1000 - \$25.00

85mg Cal. 25mg ES

**li'l  
DONNA**

500 - \$15.00  
1000 - \$25.00

THESE PRODUCTS  
CONTAIN:

Caffeine, Ephedrine  
Sulphate & Pheno-  
propanolamine.

© HR 1981 R. DEER-B.D.I.

ADD \$1.00  
1st CLASS  
Postage

**BODY DYNAMICS**

P.O. Box 36039 OAKLANDON, IND. 46236

COD. ☐ VISA ☐ MAST. ☐ MO. ☐ CASH ☐

7 DAY 24 HOUR  
CALL SERVICE

**1-317-631-8718**

**1-317-631-7227**

**BIG ORDER DISCOUNT**



**BETA AND VHS VIDEO TAPE OWNERS**  
**PRIVACY IS YOUR KEY**  
**WITH THE LOCKBOX**  
**FEATURING OUR INDIVIDUAL**  
**PUSHBUTTON EJECTION SYSTEM**

- Handsome Walnut Finish Cabinet
- Stackable



Example Of Individual Pushbutton Ejection

**PVT-15WL (LOCKBOX)**  
 HOLDS 15 VIDEO TAPES  
 11 1/4" H - 20" W - 6 1/4" D  
 \* 2 KEYS INCLUDED \*  
 (Video Tapes Not Included)

**\$69.95**  
 SHIPPING & HANDLING INCLUDED

**PUSH-AMATIC™**  
 22458 VENTURA BLVD., ST. "E"  
 WOODLAND HILLS, CA 91364

Send Check or Money Order To:

Qty	Model	Price Each	Total
	PVT-15WL	\$69.95 shipping included	
CA. DELIVERY ADD 6 1/2% SALES TAX			
U.S. DOLLARS ONLY—NO C.O.D.s—TOTAL \$			

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
 Address \_\_\_\_\_  
 City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_  
 OR CHARGE TO MY \_\_\_\_\_ VISA \_\_\_\_\_ MASTERCARD \_\_\_\_\_  
 # \_\_\_\_\_ Exp. Date \_\_\_\_\_

SIGNATURE \_\_\_\_\_  
 SATISFACTION GUARANTEED OR FULL REFUND  
☐ Please send FREE brochure on Video & Audio Accessories Continental U.S. only

**PHOTO ID**

**PERSONAL ID**  
 EXPIRES ON 1987  
 BIRTHDAY

**IN FULL COLOR**  
**SEALED**  
**IN PLASTIC**  
**Good In**  
**All States**  
**and Provinces**

Fast Service  
 Moneyback Guarantee

Certificate of Birth

**\$6** 2 or more \$5.00 EACH  
 Order with friends!

CARDINAL PUBLISHING, DEPT. 317  
 2071 Emerson, Box 5200 • Jacksonville, FL 32207

**PHOTO ID**

**LET'S CUM TOGETHER** I'm Hot and Horny

Ask for Judi



Visa/MC/AE FREE Long Distance Call-Backs  
**(213) 271-4240**

**SMALL PENIS?**  
**ERECTION PROBLEMS?**

LINGA-100 is the pure, natural laboratory blend designed to actually enlarge the penis and induce & maintain multiple, long term erections. LINGA-100 allows a more intense, deeply satisfying male climax while developing sexual power, physical strength and mental alertness. LINGA-100 was developed by top Swiss scientists involved in natural sex hormone research. Thousands of European men have experienced dramatic results. Impotency overcome. Increases in organ size of one-to-two inches not uncommon. LINGA-100 is perfect for the older man's problems. Studies reveal women definitely consider the penis as the real measure of the man. Let LINGA-100 increase your sexual power and size. Only \$8.95 postpaid. Order now!

**EUROPEAN MEDICAL LABS**  
 Dept. J105, Box 7057, Burbank, Cal. 91510

**BE A BETTER LOVER!**  
 No Pills - No Gimmicks.  
 SIMPLY APPLY CREAM AND SOFT LATEX SUPPLEMENT OVER HEAD OF PENIS.  
 ADDS INCHES IMMEDIATELY \$4.95

**ENLARGE YOUR PENIS... SECRETLY**  
 NO ONE WILL KNOW EXCEPT YOU

**200 FT. SALE COLOR CATALOG INCLUDED**  
**FREE MOVIE VIEWER**  
 \$1 POSTAGE & HANDLING

**Climax Movies**  
☐ After School Suck Off  
☐ Golden Showers Sister  
☐ Kidnapped Slave  
☐ All You Can Suck Mom  
☐ It's So Wet Daddy  
☐ Cheerleader

**\$1 EACH ALL SIX ONLY \$5**

Sian Disc. • Box 32 Dept. 501B • N. Hwy. 4, CA 91602

# Learn the Scientific Approach to SEDUCTION

The power to meet and seduce women need no longer be a secret. This new sixty-minute tape has been developed by a professional psychologist to eliminate any questions. It's based on a tested and proven technique which will explain easy-to-use methods for conquering the women of your dreams, plus explicitly intimate real-life examples of how the technique really works. Master the art of SEDUCTION today!

To order **CREATIVE SEXUAL SEDUCTION** just send \$11.95 (check, money order, or charge to VISA, Master Card) plus \$1.50 postage and handling to: **S.T. Sounds, Dept. H12, P.O. Box 67068, Los Angeles, CA 90067.**

Enclosed is my ☐ check ☐ money order (cash not accepted), or charge to my ☐ VISA ☐ MC:

Interbank No. \_\_\_\_\_ Exp. Date \_\_\_\_\_  
 mo. year

Signature \_\_\_\_\_

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_



## PRESENTING THE S.P.E.R.M.™ T-SHIRT \$8.95\*



AT LAST... THE GREAT EQUALIZER.  
**SOCIETY FOR THE PROTECTION OF EQUAL RIGHTS FOR MEN™**

The 50% polyester and 50% combed cotton shirt provides soft, great looking and long wearing comfort. S, M, L or XL

- Please state size, quantity and color.
- Choose from tan, navy blue, maroon, yellow, light blue.
- Mail with check or money order to:

**M.S.S. ENTERPRISES**

P.O. Box 13774, Portland, Oregon 97213

\*Please add \$1.50 for postage and handling.

Allow 2 to 4 weeks for delivery.



**A GREAT GIFT IDEA!**



This column's purpose is to help you order by mail. We advise our readers on how to conduct business with mail-order firms and alert them to frauds, shady practices and faulty products. We also review mail-order sex products, including those advertised in *HUSTLER*, not to endorse them but to let you know what you'll be getting for your money. Since we depend on you to help us keep the marketplace clean, please write *HUSTLER Mail-Order Feedback*, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, CA 90067-3054, and alert us to any problems you're having.

Besides to us, we suggest you complain about your mail-order problems to your local Better Business Bureau, state Attorney General's office or the chief federal authority—the Consumer Advocate Office, U.S. Postal Service, Washington, D.C. 20024.

Edited by Lonn M. Friend

## GETTING TOUGH

I read and respect *HUSTLER* a lot, but there's something I just don't understand. In your August *Mail-Order Feedback* you warned readers for the second time against purchasing videotapes from a shady company called *Video Wholesale Distributors* (P.O. Box 7990, Van Nuys, CA 91409). Yet right there on page 134 of the same August *HUSTLER* is a full-color advertisement for the guys you've told us are ripoffs. What gives, *HUSTLER*?

—P. I.

Orlando, Florida

As hard as we try sometimes, we just can't keep all the bad seeds out of our advertising pages. It's only from your complaints that we evaluate those questionable companies and bring the truth to *HUSTLER* readers and potential adult-product buyers. It just so happens, however, that P.I.'s point regarding *Video Wholesale* is well taken; so well taken, in fact, that we've permanently banned any more *Video Wholesale* ads from ever appearing on the pages of *HUSTLER*—or any other Larry Flynt publication. It's not that we're censors; it's simply a case of not condoning ripoffs!

In addition, we are now taking a harder line on those companies advertising in *HUSTLER* that generate the most complaints to *Mail-Order Feedback*. Another cheap-shot outfit whose ad has appeared many times on these pages is *Promotional Merchandising* (Box 27041, Los Angeles, CA 90027). But you won't be seeing it again either. And that's not the end, by any means. *HUSTLER* will be

watching very closely any and all advertisers receiving an inordinate number of complaints. And if it's our belief that those outfits are practicing blatant fraud or highly misleading advertising techniques, we'll kick them out... for good.

Remember, though, we need your help in keeping *HUSTLER*'s ad pages clean. If you feel you've been ripped off, drop us a line. It might save you—and a lot of future victims—time and money.

## DYNAMITE, MY ASS!

I ordered some magazines from *Dynamite Sales Co.* (P.O. Box 763, Van Nuys, CA 91408) from an ad on page 103 of the August *HUSTLER*. The booklets I received were in no way dynamite—in fact, they were limp, soft-core pricketeases mags. I expected a lot more, and I'm a little pissed off.

—D. N.

Massena, New York

As we've said many times, a lot of companies promise hard-core in their ads but deliver low-quality, soft-core garbage. *Dynamite Sales Company*, however, is not one of these dealers. It is, rather, a dependable outfit specializing in "rubber products" that only dabbles in magazine sales. If you look closely at the ad mentioned above, nowhere does the text declare that these magazines are hard-core. There is no promise of insertion or anything else that would indicate hard-core. For this reason we don't believe *Dynamite* has done any disservice to our reader... and we hope D. N. understands this.

Be aware that a new company called *Dynamag Sales* (owned and operated by the same people and at the same address) is promising and delivering the hottest in full-size, hard-core, all-color glossy magazines. For a catalog of all *Dynamag*'s titles send \$3 to Dept. H, P.O. Box 763, Van Nuys, CA 91408. You won't be disappointed.

## SPANKS A LOT

My fetish is good, down-home ass-whacking. I love to see girls getting their butts slapped and smacked. Do you know where I can get some hot magazines featuring this kink?

—R. E.

Tucson, Arizona

Appreciators of posterior-pain infliction will do back flips over an extensive, exciting line of spanking mags imported directly from England, a country

where sexual spanking is the rage. *Marlowe Sales* (11085 Olinda St., Sun Valley, CA 91354) is distributing the infamous *C.P. Punished* series of spanking and chastisement magazines. Whips, canes, bare hands—even an old-fashioned hickory switch—turn up pounding soft behinds in the series' dozens of titles.

And if you like to watch moving butts getting banged, check out *Marlowe*'s videos, *Elizabeth and Her Aunt* and *Mummy, Daddy and Jenny*. In the latter title, poor daughter Jenny—clad only in a skimpy vest—gets a bamboo rod across her bare cheeks until both loving parents are satisfied that the punishment's complete. They really whip it good!


The *C.P.* magazines cost \$7.50 apiece; any ten cost \$45. The videotapes are available on Beta or VHS for \$69.95 each. Include \$1 shipping and handling per item—\$2 per item for air mail. For more information write *Marlowe* or call toll-free (800) 854-2003, Ext. 871. California residents dial (800) 522-1500, Ext. 871.

If you're bored with the everyday fuck-and-suck, *Marlowe* may have something you can really get behind...

## THE SCIENCE OF SEDUCTION

If you've read all those goofy "How to Pick Up Girls" books and haven't had much success, fear not. There's a brand-new audio-cassette tape offering an original and imaginative approach to the art of seduction.

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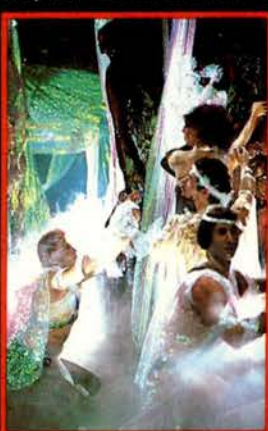
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Can you make love with language as well as you can with your cock? Or do you turn red and start to stammer every time you have to express yourself? Do women go wild when you whisper in their ears? Or is all you can think of "sweet nothings"? Let's face it. To get what you want from sex, sometimes you've got to use words that aren't in the dictionary.

Part 1 of this quiz tests how well you talk dirty; Part 2 tests how many dirty words you know; Part 3 tests your knowledge of suggestive phrases made famous in films.

## Part 1: Multiple Choice

1. You'd say, "I love your tight, hot cunt, baby":

- A. only at gunpoint.
- B. to your lover just before ejaculating.
- C. to the supermarket checker on a Sunday morning.
- D. to a casual acquaintance after a few drinks.

2. You're making love, and your lover asks you to "talk dirty." You:

- A. ask her what she wants you to say.
- B. come before you can say a word.
- C. Call her a slut, a bitch or a whore, then get up and leave.
- D. tell her you love her wet cunt and give her the fucking of her life.

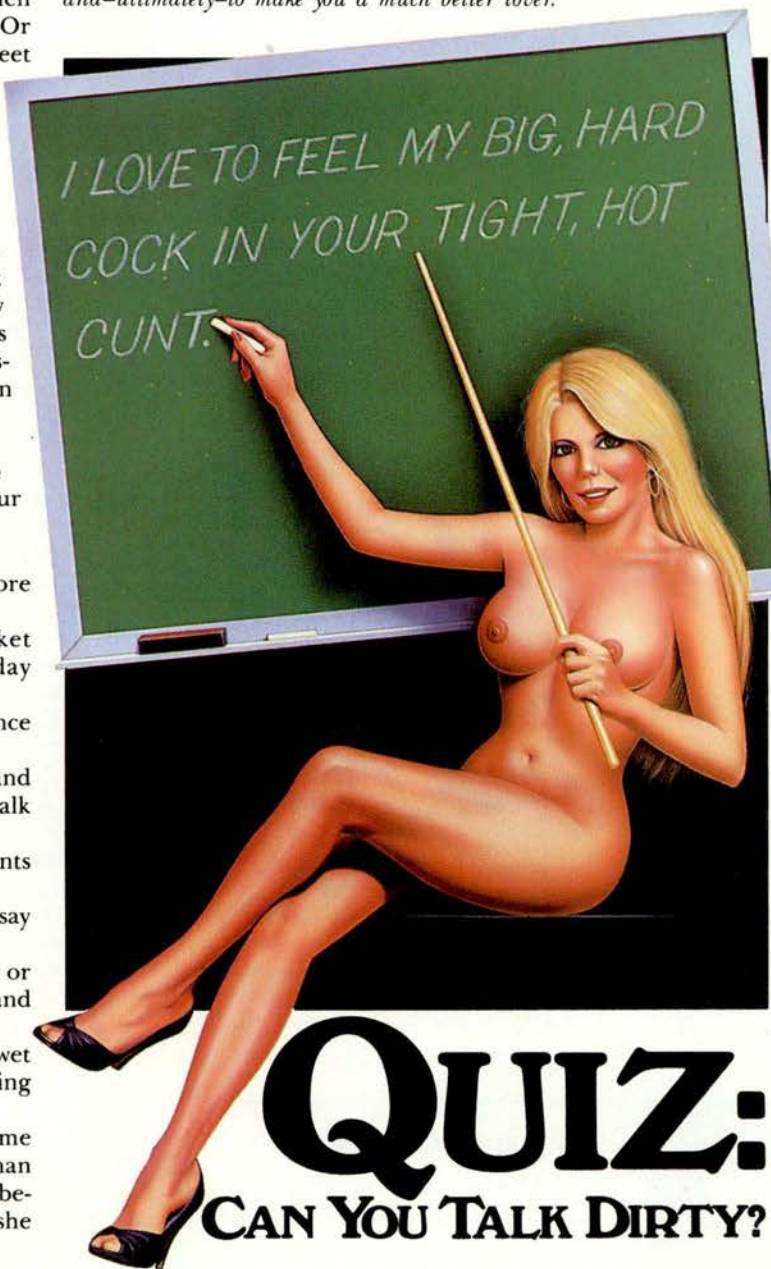
3. You're engaged in some heavy petting with a woman you've never made love to before. It's time to see if she wants to fuck. You:

- A. ask her what she likes to eat for breakfast, hoping that she'll pick up on your message.
- B. tell her you'd like to run your tongue all over her body, then sink your pulsating cock into her gorgeous pussy.
- C. pull your cock out of your pants and say, "Let's fuck."
- D. take her by the hand and lead her into the bedroom.

4. You're on a business trip, far from your steady lady. You're so horny, you're practically blue in the face. To relieve the tension without cheating on her, you:

- A. call a local phone-sex service.

Many areas in the sexual world have remained hidden for too long behind the doors of fear, ignorance, inexperience and hypocrisy. In keeping with HUSTLER's belief that the repression of any and all sexual information is physically and emotionally damaging, we present this series of revealing articles to keep your sexual knowledge current, to lessen your inhibitions and—ultimately—to make you a much better lover.



# QUIZ: CAN YOU TALK DIRTY?

by Gerald Collins

B. call your girl and masturbate with her over the phone.

C. pick up a copy of HUSTLER.

D. take a cold shower.

5. You're in bed with your girlfriend, and you want a blowjob. You:

A. tell her you'd like her to wrap her wet lips around your throbbing rod.

B. pull out your cock and say, "Suck it, bitch."

C. point to your crotch and make sucking noises.

D. slyly tell her that you're feeling in-

credibly horny tonight.

6. While making love, your woman screams, "Fuck my cunt with your big prick!" You:

A. plug your ears.

B. look down at your crotch to see if she's talking about you.

C. pull out, spit on her and leave.

D. do as the lady says.

7. The phrase is "I want to fuck you all night, you slut." You'd most likely say it to:

A. a girl you've just met.

B. yourself.

C. your lover.

D. no one.

8. You're at a singles bar, cruising for women. Out of nowhere an attractive woman comes up to you and accidentally spills a scalding-hot drink on your lap. You:

A. scream, jump up and run into the men's room to clean up.

B. grab some napkins, dry off and make the most of her efforts to apologize.

C. tell her she's a stupid, clumsy bitch and make her wipe it up.

D. ask her if she's got anything else hot, wet and exciting to put over your lap.

9. At a stoplight you look over at the next car and notice an absolutely stunning woman flashing her tits at you. You:

A. roll down your window and ask, "Wanna fuck?!"

B. blush, look away and rearend the car in front of you.

C. smile, wait for the light to change, drive off and hope she follows you.

D. follow her home.

10. You're in a grocery store's produce department. A woman you've been trying to get to know for weeks picks up a large cucumber and says, "This is about the right size." You:

A. say, "Really? I like them bigger, myself."

B. say, "Great. Then why don't I shove it up your ass?"

C. tell her you just happen to have a "cucumber" about the same size that's throbbing for her hot lips.

D. ask her if she'd like to come over to your place for some cucumber salad.



11. You're about to fall asleep when the phone rings, and a panting female voice you don't recognize says, "My wet, hot pussy needs your big, fat cock." You:

A. pull out your penis and start jacking off.

B. tell her what an asshole she is for calling at that hour.

C. tell her how much your big, fat cock needs her wet, hot pussy.

D. hang up immediately.

### Part 2: True or False

1. "Cock-blocking" is usually enjoyable to both sexual partners.

True False

2. Women with big "kanakas" are a real turn-on.

True False

3. "Little man in the boat" is a slang term for clitoris.

True False

4. A "skin flute" is a traditional musical instrument played in Africa.

True False

5. "Greek" is a word used to describe oral sex.

True False

6. "Roman" refers to orgies.

True False

7. "French" refers to anal sex.

True False

8. "English" refers to making love with your clothes on.

True False

9. "Watersports" refers to making love in a pool or lake.

True False

10. A "French tickler" is a type of bait used for fly fishing.

True False

11. "Half-and-half" means a blowjob and a fuck.

True False

12. "Rimming" is a type of basketball shot.

True False

13. "Around the world" refers to a total-body tongue massage.

True False

14. "Wanking" is squeezing and sucking a woman's tits.

True False

15. Someone who likes to "snork dork" is a cocaine freak.

True False

### Part 3: Suggestive Phrases From Films

When it comes to carnal come-ons, Hollywood has been ahead of the game for decades. If you have any doubts about how to use the language you've learned in this quiz, take a tip from the flicks. To test your knowledge of suggestive film phrases, pick the person and movie that correspond to the quotation. Don't worry if you fuck up—just try to learn from your mistakes.

1. "You know how to whistle, don't you, Steve? You just put your lips together . . . and blow."

A. Dorothy Lamour to Jon Hall in *The Hurricane* (1937).

B. Red Skelton in *Whistling in Dixie* (1942).

C. Lauren Bacall to Humphrey Bogart in *To Have and Have Not* (1944).

2. "You're six-foot-seven inches? Never mind the six feet. Let's talk about the seven inches!"

A. Lee Remick in *Never Give an Inch* (1971).

B. Al Pacino in *Cruising* (1980).

C. Mae West in *Myra Breckinridge* (1970).

3. "I'm going to clip my fingernails and shove my fingers up your ass."

A. Marlon Brando to Maria Schneider in *Last Tango in Paris* (1972).

B. W. C. Fields to a customer in *The Barber Shop* (1933).

C. Peter Lind Hayes to Tommy Rettig in *The 5000 Fingers of Dr. T* (1953).

4. "I'm just a normal 15-year-old girl. Actually, I'm not normal. I'm still a virgin."

A. Lisa Lucas in *An Unmarried Woman* (1978).

B. Julie London in *The Girl Can't Help It* (1956).

C. Nancy Kwan in *Nobody's Perfect* (1968).

5. "Your mother sucks cocks in hell!"

A. Oscar Homolka in *I Remember Mama* (1948).

B. Boris Karloff in *The Devil Commands* (1941).

C. Linda Blair in *The Exorcist* (1973).

### SCORING

Part 1: Add up your total points.

1. A-1; B-4; C-2; D-3

2. A-3; B-1; C-2; D-4

3. A-1; B-4; C-2; D-3

4. A-2; B-4; C-3; D-1

5. A-4; B-2; C-1; D-3

6. A-1; B-3; C-2; D-4

7. A-2; B-1; C-4; D-3

8. A-1; B-3; C-2; D-4

9. A-2; B-1; C-3; D-4

10. A-1; B-2; C-4; D-3

11. A-3; B-2; C-4; D-1

**11-19 points:** You're a prude. You're probably blushing right now, because even reading dirty words can make you uneasy. The only word you ever associate with sex is *don't*, which is just as well, since you wouldn't know how to ask for it anyway. You're the kind of guy who believes you don't use "that kind of language" around women, even if they ask for it.

**20-28 points:** You're too crude. In fact, you're the type that makes four-letter words obscene. Women are insulted by your use of foul language. What's worse, you expect your women to be pure of mouth while they're putting up with your verbal diarrhea. Try saving your garbage mouth for nights out with the boys, and remember that women need respect as well as rough language.

**29-37 points:** You could stand to be a little rude. You're a bit embarrassed by dirty talk, but not too much to give a good tongue-lashing. Women may be charmed by your tendency to giggle and blush in bed at first, but your awkward approach can make the going a little rough for you at times. Loosen up.

**38-44 points:** You're lewd, but women love it. You use words in bed better than you use your hands and cock. You can talk your way right between the thighs of any woman you want, and you probably do it all the time. Pat yourself on the back, if you're not too busy patting someone else's.

**Part 2:** Give yourself one point for each correct answer.

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1. False. "Cock-blocking" refers to interrupting sex.
2. False. Kanakas are testicles.
3. True.
4. False. A skin flute is a penis.
5. False. "Greek" is a term for anal sex.
6. True.
7. False. "French" refers to oral sex.
8. False. "English" refers to bondage and discipline.
9. False. "Watersports" refers to enemas and golden showers.
10. False. A French tickler is a condomlike gadget that is worn on the penis to enhance the sensations felt during sex.
11. True.
12. False. "Rimming" refers to licking someone's asshole (anilingus).
13. True.
14. False. To wank is to masturbate.
15. False. "Snork dork" is another term for fellatio.

**0-6 right:** And you thought using the dictionary was a good way to expand your vocabulary! You may be a whiz with your Webster's, but you flunk out when it comes to talking dirty. Try reading the walls next time you take a dump—there are more dirty words than just *fuck*.

**7-11:** You'll pass, but you're not a pro yet. You could still color your off-color language by keeping your ears open the next time you hit the streets.

**12-15:** You should be damn proud of your filthy mouth. People probably invite you to orgies just so you can tell them what they're doing. Congratulations.

**Part 3**  
1. C    3. A    5. C  
2. C    4. A

## WORLD SERIES OF POKER

(continued from page 76)

A hush came over the 750 spectators inside the cardroom, as well as hundreds more watching closed-circuit television outside. Then they buzzed with anticipation and stood on tiptoe to see the card that would tell whether McEvoy had \$540,000 and the championship.

Pandemonium broke loose when the dealer exposed the useless 3 of clubs.

"All right!" McEvoy shouted, foam trickling from the corner of his mouth as he ripped off his black-felt cowboy hat, climbed on top of his chair and jabbed one fist and then the other high into the air. "All right!" he repeated, ripping open the buttons of his shirt and revealing a hairy chest matted with perspiration.

Within minutes he was surrounded by dozens of newsmen and cameramen shoving lenses and microphones into his beaming face. And when Horseshoe president Jack Binion appeared at his side with

5,400 freshly minted \$100 bills, McEvoy began tossing around the bundles of cash as if they were Monopoly money.

"Altogether I'm coming up with a couple of hundred thousand," he said. "Six or seven people had pieces of me."

Actually, McEvoy admitted at a press conference half an hour later that he had so desperately needed money to live on during the tournament, he had sold off 66% of his eventual winnings to friends and other gamblers for less than \$100 per percentage point. But that was of little concern now. What really mattered was being able to call himself the World Champion.

And almost immediately he began acting like a champion—tipping the casino's dealers \$25,000 and passing out \$1,000 among the security guards.

"I used to be the black sheep of the family, but now I have more money than the whole family combined," McEvoy exulted. "I tried for years to figure out a way to be my own boss and my own man. I had to follow my heart, and now I'm at the absolute pinnacle."

But in the back of the room some of the more-experienced pros were second-guessing Peate's questionable bet that had paved the way for McEvoy's winning of the championship.

"It was ridiculous," snapped Stu Ungar. "I can't see putting in all your money with a king-jack before the flop. I wouldn't do that in a million years."

\* \* \*

Several hours later, just before a spectacular pink-and-magenta sunrise filled the Las Vegas sky, McEvoy's newfound celebrity status was confirmed with appearances on CBS television's network news and ABC's *Good Morning America*. As his image was flashing on the screen, the place where his rags-to-riches story unfolded was quickly vanishing from sight. Replacing the cigarette-scarred poker tables and battered racks of chips were the original furnishings of this tiny section of Binion's Horseshoe Casino—banks of gleaming slot machines being plugged into electrical outlets by a maintenance crew.

Through the passageway where velvet ropes had restrained six-deep rows of poker fans, workers carried out the over-size mural depicting the World Series Gallery of Champions. The vacant picture frame in its lower right-hand corner would eventually be filled with the face of Tom McEvoy, displaying the ear-to-ear grin that symbolized his unlikely transition from clock-punching accountant to world-class gambler.

"I'll be playing poker the rest of my life," he said, still savoring his astonishing longshot victory in Las Vegas. "I've fulfilled the American dream."

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When I first heard the word *fist-fucking*, I thought it sounded like getting punched in the asshole. Needless to say, that idea certainly didn't turn me on. My boyfriend Tom was reading a copy of *HUSTLER* to me and read the term, and I remember saying, "Yuck! How could anybody get off on something like *that*?!" Little did I know. . . .

We've got this gay friend, Bob, who is a real kick. He's always telling us about the latest weird stuff in his life, the new men, the new kinks. It was Bob who introduced me and Tom to "poppers"—the real thing, amyl-nitrite ampuls—and he taught me little special tricks about blowjobs. Lots of stuff. Anyhow, I asked Bob about fist-fucking, and he said I'd love it.

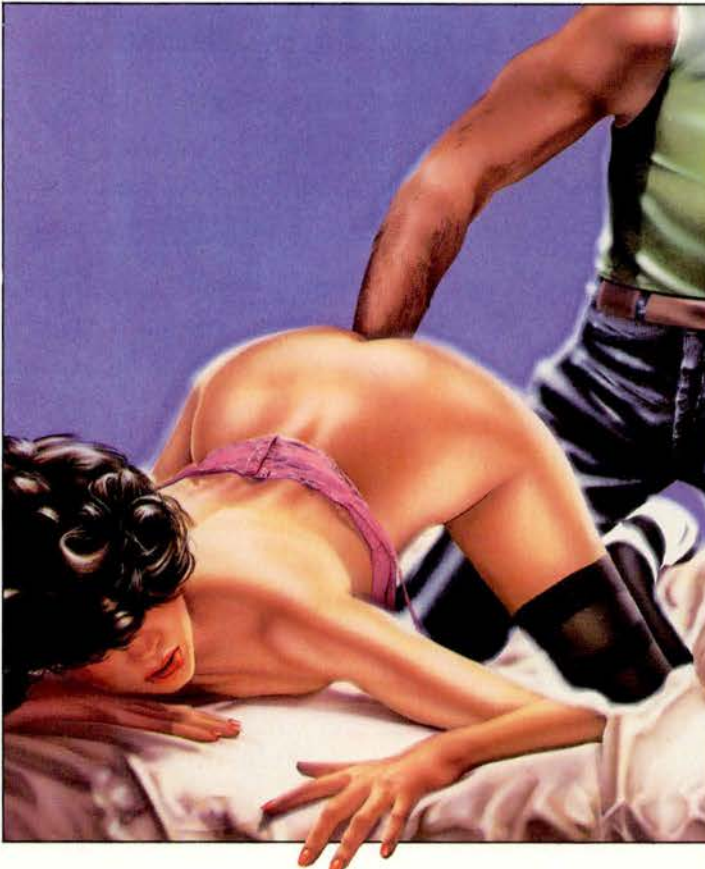
I argued with him, saying that having an arm up your rearend sounded awful. But Bob said, "Oh, *no*, it feels *fine*. And gee, proctologists do almost the same thing when they give your little butt an exam. Try it, sweetie."

I decided to give it a shot. About a week later Tom took me out for a special dinner. It was our anniversary, sort of: We'd been going out together for four months to the day. We had dinner and got pretty looped on drinks, then headed home. When we got to my place, Tom was all over me. He grabbed my ass and pulled me close to him, grinding his stiff cock against me in big, rolling motions.

We kissed hard—big, wet, sucking kisses, nibbling each other's lips while our tongues snaked together. His hands started creeping up the back of my legs, under my dress, to feel my pantie-covered ass cheeks. I felt wet and warm already; so I pushed my hips down onto his fingers, letting them touch and feel how moist my pussy was getting. But I pulled away from his mouth and hands and whispered: "Hold on. I have something special in mind tonight." He smiled lustily, and I led him to the back of my apartment.

When we got to the bedroom, I quickly stripped off his clothes and looked at his pretty erection. Tom was nicely built. A touch over six inches, his beautiful, thick cock was just the right size for me. Once I had him lying naked on the bed with his

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## FIST-FUCKING: A CRAMPING TWIST

by Carol Mason

thick pole stiff and hard, I got naked myself. He quietly told me to come over to him, but I giggled and said, "No, you have to come *here*." Then I got off the bed and bounced into the bathroom.

Tom joined me with a puzzled look on his face—and a long hunk of meat guiding his way. I had prepared everything for the evening before we'd gone to dinner. I held out the rubber enema bag and the plastic nozzle to Tom, then got down on my hands and knees on the cold tile floor, raising my butt high in the air.

Inside the bag, I told him, was a strong enema solution, and I wanted him to give it to me. Tom had never done this before, but I told him how—just like Bob had told me the day before—and he handled it like a pro. He greased up the black-plastic nozzle with K-Y Jelly, then

eased it into my bunghole.

My ass muscles tightened around the nozzle, then relaxed. Tom raised the bag and let the soothingly warm fluid pour through the tubing and deep into my bowels. Finished, he withdrew the nozzle, and I clamped my sphincters shut, holding on as tightly as I could. I stood up and felt the solution slosh inside me.

"Now go wait for me," I told Tom. "I'll be right out." Bashfully, I closed the door, trying to hold the enema inside of me. I sat on the toilet, straining to keep tightly closed, but less than a minute later I couldn't hold back any longer. It felt like all my insides were splashing into the toilet. But now I was clean inside. I washed up good and went back to the bedroom.

Tom was lying on his side on the bed, watching me curiously. His erection had wilted to a cute little bud, but I knew I could take care of that in a hurry. I cupped my hands around his cock and balls, running my long fingernails around the soft flesh of his prick.

It began to twitch a little and get longer and thicker as I caressed him. Tom smiled. I wrapped my lips around his organ and felt it grow inside my mouth. I sucked, swirling my tongue around his rod, nipping the head and the small flap of skin behind it, bobbing my head as Tom quickly hardened to his full length.

He pushed me over onto the bed and held me. His fingers explored my vagina, feeling my puffy, aroused lips and the wetness down there. We lay side by side awhile, then I hoisted my leg over his hip, guiding his rigid prick into my cunt. I pushed forward, inching Tom's cock into me, feeling his meat surrounded by my warm, tight pussy muscles. I pumped him for a couple of minutes; the position we were in put incredible pressure on my clitoris as we fucked, and I came—a small orgasm, but I knew that there would be more.

Rolling Tom over onto his back, I squatted above him, riding him like a horse, loving the feel of his dick sliding up into my body. I reached back and rolled his testicles firmly in my hand. He groaned,



stroking harder. He climaxed into me with strong thrusts, and it felt great.

I climbed off of him and leaned over to the bedside table, a string of Tom's cum still connecting us. In the drawer was a bottle of lotion—something else our friend Bob suggested—that warms and tingles when you spread it on. I gave it to Tom, then turned over onto my back. His big, experienced hands covered my breasts, belly and thighs with lotion, making every inch of my body tingle.

When he was finished with my front side, I rolled over, spreading my legs slightly. He worked up from my ankles, along my legs and up to my ass. Then, without touching my pussy or ass, he started massaging downward, from my shoulder blades down my spine, from my fingertips up my arm, everywhere but where I *really* wanted it. At last he let his fingers reach down between my cheeks.

"I want you to fist-fuck me, Tom," I said.

He made a noise that sounded like a cross between a laugh and a moan, then said, "Okay, honey. You asked for it." Gently at first, he prodded my asshole with his index finger. He poked it inside—first one knuckle, then the whole length. I exhaled with a big *whoosh*—it was almost like having the enema nozzle up there again—then I eased backward, impaling my butt on his finger. He lubricated his hand with the lotion and poured some di-

rectly on the crack of my ass, letting it dribble down. He wiped the creamy liquid around my anus and his fingers.

His middle finger joined the other one, and with those two wonderfully thick fingers inside me, I started rolling my hips. More lotion—and more fingers! He had three fingers in me, pushing in, pulling out, stretching my asshole wide. I was about to tell him to stop, that three fingers were as much as I could handle, when I remembered the poppers in the drawer. I reached over and pulled out an ampul and cracked it under my nose.

Suddenly, my whole body felt a rush. My heart started beating harder, my head felt light, and—best of all—my asshole relaxed. Tom could feel this and jammed *four* fingers into me. I thought I was getting torn apart! He dropped more of the erotic lotion on my ass. I sniffed more of the amyl nitrite, feeling loose and giddy again. Tom continued pushing.

Finally, he had his whole hand inside my bowels! I groaned in pain and pleasure. Tom's free hand crept around and manipulated my clit, probing into my sopping pussy as his other hand reamed my ass. In and out, over and over—it felt like a gigantic dildo exploring my guts. His arm was so far into me, I thought he could reach right out of my throat. I sniffed again at the near-empty popper, feeling my ass muscles clench and relax, loosen and

tighten, as my lover fist-fucked me. I never knew something could hurt so much and feel so *good* at the same time.

He synchronized his movements in my cunt and ass. As his fingers probed my gushing pussy, his arm pulled out of my asshole to his wrist; then that huge hand pressed into my butt channel while his fingers pulled out of my twat. Both of my holes made strange, liquid sounds as Tom fucked me with his hands. *Thank God I took an enema first.* I certainly didn't want Tom to get a handful of shit!

With each arm stroke, his cock hardened against the back of my leg, and the unbelievably intense sensations soon pushed me over the brink. Bucking my hips, I screamed and grunted, climaxing with Tom's hands inside me.

My body was still trembling and sweating from orgasm, but Tom was ready for more. He withdrew his arm and hand from my plowed ass a slow inch at a time; it made a *plop* when the last of his fingers came out. Oh, what a relief—like taking a healthy shit. But then, just as his other hand pulled out of my pussy, he rammed his cock into it from behind. I'd been nearly ready to collapse, but feeling his balls slapping my ass as he porked me was rejuvenating. I threw my head from side to side, my hair swinging into the air, then whipping down at the pillows.

My breath came in clumsy, animalistic grunts. At that moment nothing in the world mattered except the feeling between my legs. Tom's hands pulled the round globes of my rump apart. Next, he pulled his hips back and slid his cock out of me—then aimed the thick knob of his dick at my anus. In a single stroke he stuck himself all the way in, stuffing my sore bowels full of cock. I moaned again and again, pounding the pillow with my fist, jamming my ass onto Tom's prod.

He smacked my ass with his hands—hard, repeatedly. The stinging sensation drove me up and over an orgasmic peak again. And I felt Tom's penis twitch inside my butt as gobs of white-hot cum sprayed the insides of my ass. Finally, we both collapsed on the bed sheets. Our bodies were drenched, and we both smelled of everything you could imagine—cum, sweat, even shit. Too pooped to move—pardon the expression—we lay there, his arms around me, our legs tangled together.

I could not *believe* how tender my asshole was for the next couple of days, but our gay friend Bob told me not to worry, that my sphincters would go back to normal eventually. He was right, and Tom and I have added a new kink to our sex life. It's not something we do all the time, understand, just on special occasions. And next month we'll have been together exactly one year. Wouldn't you call that a special occasion? You bet your ass! 🍌

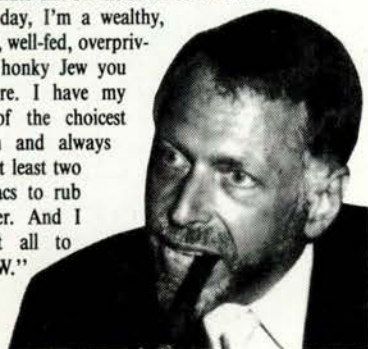
## Al Goldstein, when did you start reading SCREW?



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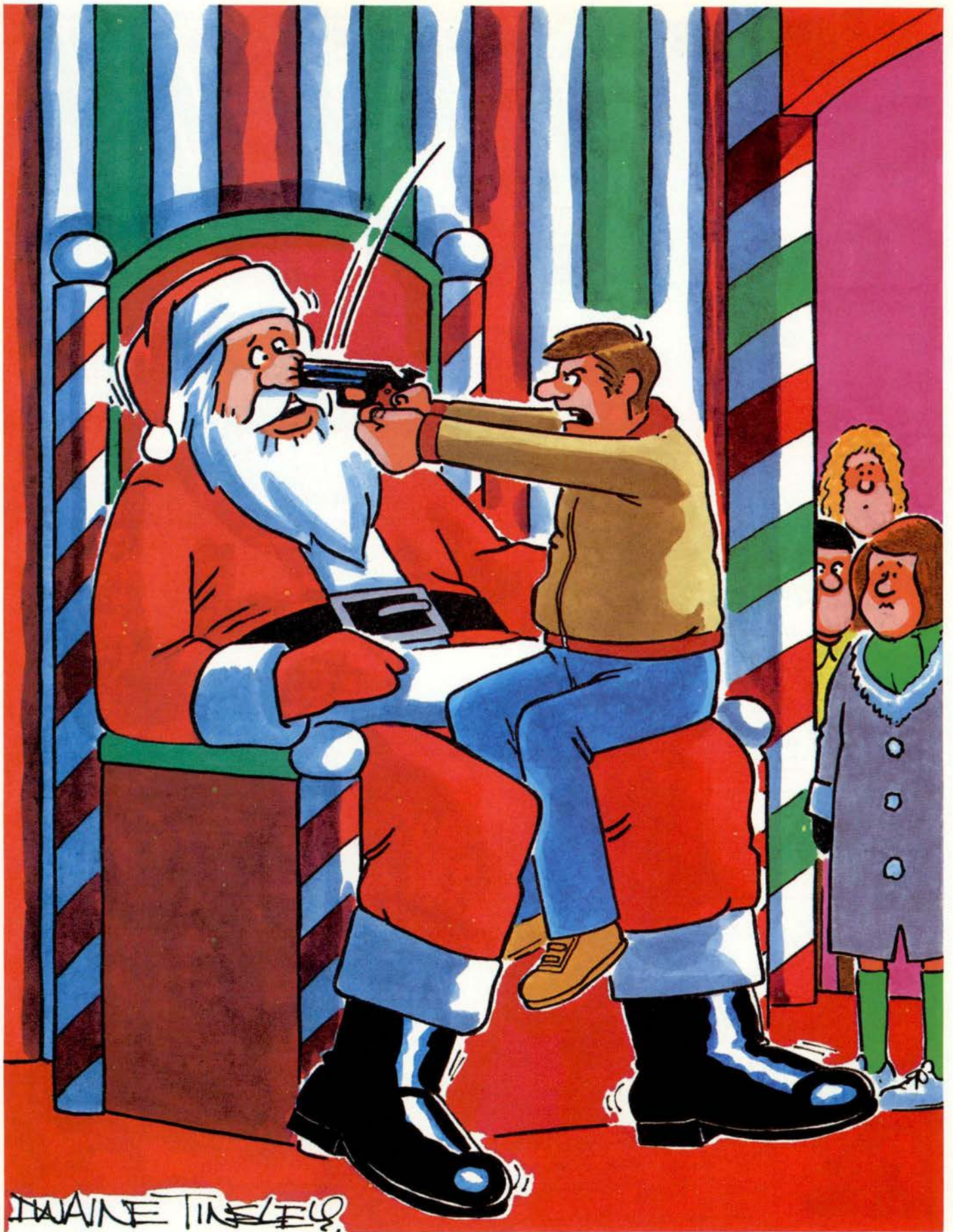
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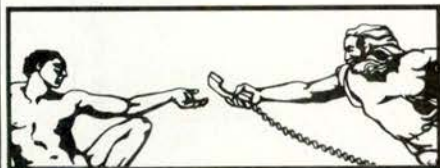
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# NEXT MONTH

January issue on sale

November 22, 1983

ISABELLA



we're starting a trend that'll have you voting for HUSTLER Magazine month after month.

**NINTH ANNUAL REVIEW OF MEN'S MAGAZINES**—Who could possibly be a better critic of your erotic reading choices than Larry Flynt himself? Now you don't have to waste your time reading them all to prove to yourself that HUSTLER is truly the best men's magazine. In this absolutely, positively unbiased and truthful evaluation of the leading men's periodicals, Larry rips them all apart. He points out their strengths and weaknesses—so you come out on top.

**HUGH HEFNER NUDE!**—He built a publishing empire on the backs of beautiful women... and they were more than willing to get on their backs. Now you're going to see never-before-published photos of *Playboy* publisher Hugh Hefner *nude*—caught in the act with his former arm-ornament, gorgeous Karen Christy. HUSTLER is taking you inside the famous Hefner bedroom, whose round bed, camera and collection of sex aids (the type his magazine won't accept ads for) have been emulated in the homes of black and Latino "playboys" all across the U.S.

You'll get America's first look at Pepsi speed freak Hefner's prize sex toy, the "Blue Max"—an exercycle with a dildo-seat that moves up and down when the rider (of whichever gender) pedals! Don't miss these unbelievably explicit photos of the rabid rabbit-pusher in the raw, which HUSTLER has refrained from printing for years because we'd have been found *obscene*—even in San Francisco. But ready or not, Hef... here they come!

**OPEN WIDE AND SAY AHHHHH!**—Put your treasure where her mouth is. This **SEX PLAY** on oral sex is full of mouth-watering tips that'll keep her happy and you ecstatic. The secrets and pleasures of the best mouthing-off await you in this guide to lip-smacking fun.



TAG-TEAM  
LUST



# PLAYBOY

JANUARY 1984 •

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

SMUT PUBLISHER  
**BOB GUCCIONE**  
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CHAINS IN A CANDID  
PLAYBOY INTERVIEW

HEF'S TIPS FOR  
LIVING ON LESS

GHETTO GLAMOUR...  
**THE WOMEN  
OF HARLEM**

NEPOTISM:  
WOULD YOU  
LET YOUR  
DAUGHTER  
RUN YOUR  
COMPANY?

HOW TO RUN  
A SUCCESSFUL  
GAMBLING CASINO  
BY VICTOR LOWNES

From slaves to hookers, black women have been the side-dish of white men ever since Thomas Jefferson could get it up. PLAYBOY

risked life and limb to "get down" to America's most famous ghetto and photograph them in their native environment. It's a finger-lickin' good pictorial you won't want to miss.

Coming next month in **PLAYBOY**



A man with glasses, identified as James Watt, is shown from the chest up, looking upwards. Above his head, a large, brown, dome-shaped object floats in the air. The background is a solid blue color.

**JAMES WATT IS SECRETARY OF THE INTERIOR.  
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# **THE MAN WITH NO BRAIN**

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## EROTIC FILMS

Edited by Lonnn M. Friend

Millions of adults watch *X-rated* movies; yet most publications have constantly ignored the obvious need to inform the public as to which films are ripoffs and which ones aren't. *HUSTLER's* reviews of hard-core erotic films have long been regarded as the yardstick of the industry. We take this function seriously, and we'll continue to keep you abreast of the latest adult-film releases, and also do our best to spur porn producers on to even better productions.

### That's Outrageous

**F**ully Erect. Produced, written and directed by F. J. Lincoln; starring Jamie Gillis, Franie LoMay, Natasha, Anna Ventura, Joey Silvera, Tiffany Clark, Mai Lin, David Ambrose and Lisa Cintrice. Running time: 85 minutes.

If for no other reason, *That's Outrageous* is an adult film every porn lover should see because it



'*Outrageous*': Gillis embraces French model Franie LoMay. brings to the blue screen two of the most genuinely seductive and incomparably beautiful new faces anywhere. They're real-life French high-fashion models Franie LoMay and Natasha—and their sexploits in this exquisitely produced picture are as hot as



Jamie Gillis awaits Lisa Cintrice's longing lips in 'That's Outrageous.'

any of their American-actress colleagues.

In his best performance in years Jamie Gillis plays a dual role as an overambitious lover who's lost his heart to a pair of French sisters, LoMay and Natasha. One girl knows him as Paul, a successful photographer; but to the other sister he's Phillippe, a starving writer. Juggling his afternoons and evenings with the girls, Gillis maintains his charade for quite a while. However, things backfire when he plots to enjoy an incestuous *menage a trois* with both sisters by throwing a masquerade party.

Calling on his friend Rick (Joey Silvera) to help by making sure both girls are sufficiently blitzed on champagne, Gillis blows the game himself by passing out between the sisters. Waking up, the girls realize that they were almost fooled—and that their lover is a phony. So they leave Gillis, who's still drunk—and naturally depressed. As time passes, the forlorn Gillis moves to New York to pursue his photography, while the sisters remain in France. Soon, though, they decide they both love him too much to lose him. The girls fly to New York to share a life of love and lust.

*That's Outrageous* was filmed entirely on location in Paris and New York, and that adds a rich and real flavor to the underlying love story. One scene has model Anna Ventura being seductively photographed by Gillis and Silvera on a busy Paris street. The reactions of the passersby are exciting and spontaneous. There is most assuredly a "feeling" to this film—and that special quality is rare in adult pictures these days.

As far as the lovemaking goes in *That's Outrageous*, it's a sexual souffle made most delicious by

the presence of the luscious ladies mentioned at the outset of this review. Gillis makes love to both girls under entirely different circumstances in a number of varied situations.

In the very first sex scene the blond LoMay unleashes a furious collection of ass and hip gyrations under Gillis's thrusting cock that would qualify her as an aerobics instructor at any health club in the world. Similarly, the auburn-haired Natasha proves to audiences that European women know the fine art of giving head as well as—or better than—anyone.

On top of this, Silvera and Ventura carry on an erotic affair that offers some pretty hot moments of its own. For instance, there's a wildly passionate "first fuck" encounter between the two in which Ventura has a nipple-hardening orgasm.

The flick's *piece de resistance*, though, is a soft-focus lesbian-fantasy sequence between LoMay and Natasha. The scene's tender, smooth-and-slow sensuality recalls the finest David Hamilton photos. These girls don't just eat each other's pussies—they savor them.

If there's a serious flaw in this film, it's that we never get to see Gillis have his dreamed-of threesome. On the whole, however, *That's Outrageous* is an ambitious and richly entertaining adult motion picture, brimming with burning sex and beautiful women. It's a *must see* for anyone who mistakenly believes that good pornography has to come out of a San Francisco warehouse.

—L. M. F.

*This hard-on rating guide is based on a quality-for-your-money formula. However, since many X-rated films are censored to conform to "local community standards," the movies we review here might not be exactly the version you see. Therefore we suggest you check with your theater to make sure that you are getting the real thing.*

## RATING GUIDE

- FULLY ERECT**  
Superior. A top production that delivers fullest satisfaction.
- THREE-QUARTERS ERECT**  
Good. A well-made film that's guaranteed to please.
- HALF ERECT**  
So-so. This may get you off, but its appeal is limited.
- ONE-QUARTER ERECT**  
Poor. Don't expect much, and you won't be disappointed.
- TOTALLY LIMP**  
A waste of time and money. Avoid this one at all costs.